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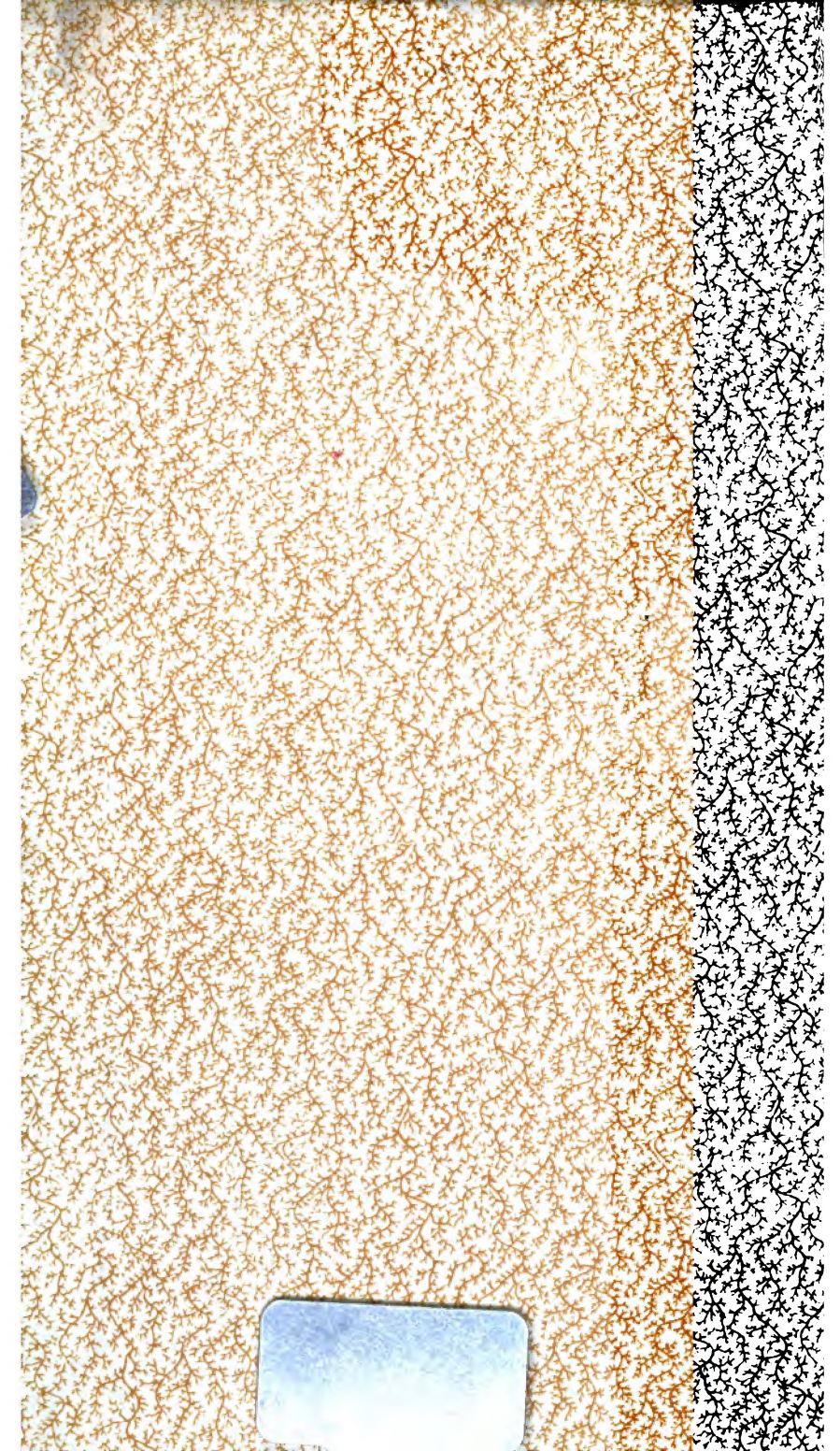
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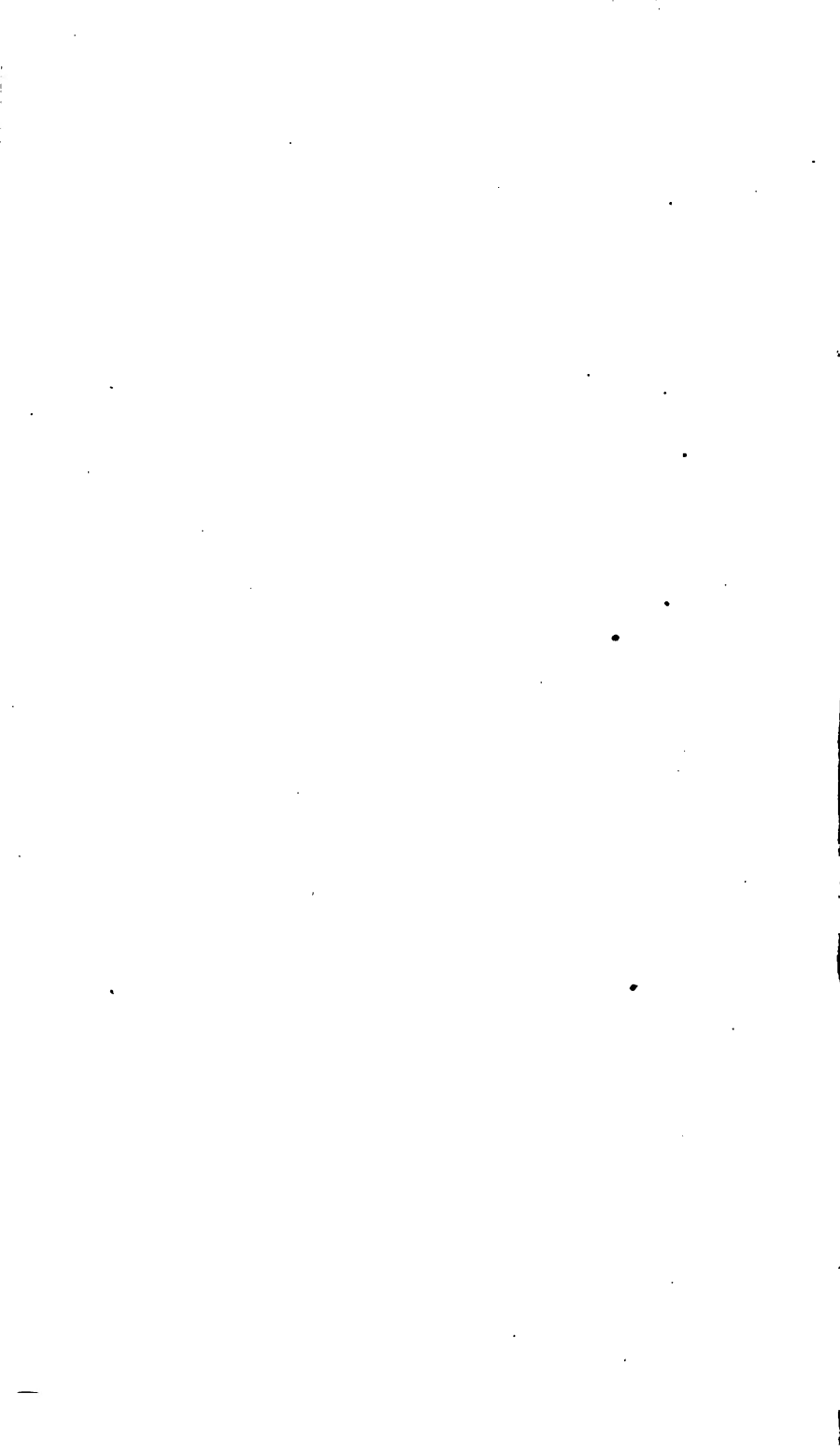


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**THE**  
**CRITICAL REVIEW:**

**OR,**

***ANNALS OF LITERATURE.***

**VOL. XVI.**





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## CRITICAL REVIEW.

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No. I.

ART. I.—*Chronicle of the Cid, from the Spanish; by Robert Southey.* 4to. pp. 468. 1l. 15s. bds. Longman: 1808.

IN his preface to this very curious, and in many respects very interesting work, Mr. Southey has given his readers ample information respecting the sources from which he has derived his materials for it: since it is not, as the title would seem to import, the translation of one entire piece of Spanish history. It must be an object of great importance to all lovers of antiquity to ascertain how far the actions ascribed to an individual warrior, whose sword controlled the fate of one of the greatest nations in Europe during more than half a century, are to be set down to the account of fiction and credulity, or taken with just allowances for the extravagances and exaggerations of a romantic age, or admitted as facts and placed on a footing with the general mass of received history. An investigation of this nature into the authenticity of the life of 'our Cid Ruydiez the Campeador' cannot, we fear, at the present day be made with any expectation of an accurate result. Of those amongst us who are the least versed in the mysteries of old romance, or romantic history, few will have forgotten that the cool-headed and shrewd Cervantes has placed our Cid on the same shelf with Bernardo del Carpio and the twelve Paladins of France; and some will perhaps remark in the 'true history of the Cid Hamet Benegeli,' who recounted in *Arabic* the famous exploits of the knight of La Mancha, something like a covert allusion to 'the Moor Abenalfarax,' who is quoted as authority for all the wonderful deeds of Ruydiez. On the other hand we ought to remember that the gravest and most judicious of Spanish historians, have not scrupled to build on so seemingly doubtful a foundation; and we must admit

that Cervantes is hardly to be consulted as an impartial judge respecting matters that wear in any degree the air and semblance of romance. Where it is so difficult, or rather impossible, to find a decisive basis on which to rest our judgments, it becomes the more desirable to resort to every mode of evidence that can throw the greater weight of probability into the one or the other scale of the balance; and the most satisfactory testimony to be obtained in a case of this nature must, it seems to us, be that of the dates, either positive or to be collected from circumstances of the original documents; for if these can be traced with any tolerable certainty to the age of the events recorded, or to the following, or any other period not very far remote from it, it will be made to appear highly credible that the history is true, at least in fundamental points. The romances of Arthur had no existence before the time of our Norman ancestors, and those of Charlemagne and his 'Dousiperes' were probably unknown till long after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty.

The principal body of this work is composed of the 'Chronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruydiez Campeador,' the earliest printed copy of which bears date 1552; and it is stated to have been then published by command of Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor Charles V. from an ancient MS. which had been preserved from time immemorial in the royal monastery of Cardena, the depositary of the bones of its illustrious hero. Mr. Southey compares together the various opinions which have been maintained concerning its author and the date of its composition. The latter he fixes with apparent confidence, at the latest, before the close of the 13th century, i. e. within about 150 years of the Cid's death. The honours of authorship he refuses, on the strength of the internal testimony, to Abenalfarax, (whose name it bears, and who was the son of Gil Diaz, a converted Moor and one of the most celebrated of the Cid's companions,) and thinks they rather belong to some Spaniard who perhaps made use of Arabic documents in its composition. The printed copies of this chronicle, Mr. S. informs us, are very imperfect; and he has therefore endeavoured to supply its deficiencies and connect the history of its hero by blending with it so much of the substance of two other works, (also of high antiquity) as he judged necessary for the purpose.

Of these supplemental authorities, the first is the 'Chronica general de Espnana,' of which the *Editio princeps* bears date Zamora 1541. It was printed under the direction of

Florian de Ocampo, chronicler to the emperor Charles the fifth, king of Castile and Arragon, from a MS. then in the possession of the licentiate Martin de Aguilar. Several other MSS. are said to have existed of it at the same time, and Master Ocampo is severely blamed for having neglected to compare them together previous to publication, by which he would have avoided many gross defects and inaccuracies. Mr. Southey also takes him to task for using in his title-page the expression, 'que mandó componer el serenissimo Rey Don Alonso,' instead of 'que fizo el muy noble Rey Don Alonso,' which is borne by all the other MSS. It seems that common tradition, on the authority of Don John Manuel, nephew to king Alonso the Wise, has assigned that celebrated monarch as the real author of the chronicle in question; and the words adopted by Ocampo, contrary, as Mr. S. insists, to the faith of all the MSS, would seem to make it, not the king's own work, but that of some other person at his express command. It may be said, however, that such expressions as 'made' or 'caused to be made,' 'did' or 'ordered to be done' are very often confounded, especially in speaking of the actions or works of princes; and we do not feel certain that either the words 'que fizo' in the title-page, or the positive assertions said to be contained in the preface, are sufficiently convincing to fix the actual authorship on so great and illustrious a personage. The fact has certainly been doubted by some learned Spaniards; but it is of little importance to the present question. All we are interested in is the public nature, and the date of the document which, whether composed by Don Alonso himself or only by his order, seems to be placed beyond doubt at some period between the middle and end of the thirteenth century.

The second is the 'Poema del Cid' first published by Sanchez in his 'Collection de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV.' from a very ancient but imperfect MS. preserved at Bivar, the birth-place of the hero. At the foot of the MS. is an inscription on which the date 'En era de mil e CC...XLV. a os,' is distinguishable. Mr. Southey endeavours very ingeniously to account for the vacancy without supposing it to have been originally supplied by another C. The *Æra*\* 1345 corresponds with the year of our Lord 1207;

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\* The Spanish mode of computing dates by the *Æra*, which was in use among them till the end of the 14th century, is explained in a note to the Chronicle; but its origin, which is said to have formed the subject of many learned dissertations, does not seem to be at all clearly ascertained.

but Mr. Southey is of opinion that the language of the poem is considerably older than that of the works of Gonzalo de Berceo who flourished so early as 1220. Sanchez, he says, conjectures that it was composed within fifty years after the Cid's death.

'Be that as it may,' adds Mr. S. 'it is unquestionably the oldest poem in the Spanish language. In my judgment it is as decidedly and beyond all comparison the finest.'

In another place he says,

'I have preferred it to the Chronicles sometimes in point of fact, and always in point of costume; for as the historian of manners, this poet, whose name unfortunately has perished, is the Homer of Spain.'

To the ancient romances (a word answering to our popular ballads) of the Cid, Mr. Southey acknowledges little obligation, and indeed estimates the worth of the Spanish romances in general much lower than we have been accustomed to rate them. He says that, with the exception of those contained in the *Guerras civiles de Granada*, they are 'infinitely and every way inferior' to our own national ballads.

One thing more we shall observe before we enter more particularly into the contents of the work: whatever degree of credit may be thought due to the facts which it records, it must, supposing Mr. Southey's account of the MSS. to be correct, be admitted as a most authentic, valuable, and interesting document of the manners and sentiments of the age in which those MSS. were composed. It will be remarked that the highest date to which Mr. Southey has been able with any confidence to carry either of them, very nearly corresponds with that of Joinville's history; but that the events related are considerably more than a century antecedent. With this view, it would be an object of great curiosity to institute a comparison between the contemporary state of France and Spain, with respect to learning, religion, and, above all, to the influence of the singular institutions of chivalry on the character and opinions of the people. But whether considered abstractedly or comparatively, as a fountain of authentic information on historical facts, or merely a striking and faithful picture of manners, we feel no hesitation in pronouncing that 'the Chronicle of the Cid' is one of the most interesting pieces which of late years have been added by antiquarian research to the stock of modern literature.

Of the style adopted by Mr. Southey in his translation, we shall say little, but that it is, in our opinion, very judiciously chosen, with the exception, perhaps, of a few words and phrases which ought to have been avoided as obsolete, or not easily intelligible, and wearing an appearance of unreasonable affectation, e. g. 'orgullrus,' for 'the nonce,' 'Pagandom,' 'guidage' (for guidance,) 'to dispeed himself' 'hight' (for called, or named,) 'Alvar Fafiez, you are Sib to the damsels,' 'he was their father's brother, and had been their *Ayo*,' 'and he *downed* with the dead man,' 'to *prink and prunk*,' 'Arbalisters,' for cross-bow-men, &c. &c. &c.; but these are not of very frequent occurrence. Mr. Southey must not misunderstand us. We do not object to him the offence of *coining*, but of using obsolete, unusual and harsh expressions when there is no reason for it, and when he actually *goes out of his way* to find them. In p. 31 on the word *cilicio*, translated 'sackcloth,' Mr. Southey remarks in a note.

'The *cilicio* was however made sometimes of such materials, that to call it either hair-cloth or sack-cloth would be a contradiction in terms. In a future work, therefore, wherein it will frequently be necessary to mention it, I shall venture to anglicize the original word, which in all probability has already been done by some of our Catholic writers. I believe there are few words in any European language for which a precise term may not be found in our own; but our dictionaries are miserably imperfect. The Reviews have more than once censured me for having introduced new words, when not my English but their own ignorance was in fault.'

We are in too good a humour with Mr. Southey for the high entertainment he has afforded us, to notice with any asperity this little instance of pettishness on his part, which we shall pass over by simply observing that there is but a slight shade of difference between coining words and employing words which have been so long disused as to bear the appearance of new coinage; nor does he at all shift the fault from his own shoulders by pretending to fix it on those of his monitors; since it is not a mark of very gross ignorance, even in the censors of *modern* literature, not to be aware of every word existing in Wickliff's Bible or Trevisa's Chronicle. Besides, to use an obsolete word *without reference to any authority*, and then to fall foul of an unlucky wight who has ventured to condemn it for *Birmingham*, wears too much the appearance of 'a trap to catch the knowing ones;' and we think too highly of Mr. Southey to suppose that he would triumph in the success of such an expedient.



If we are not much mistaken, another and a much more serious charge will be presented against Mr. Southey, on account of the style of his translation, by those over-righteous censors who are always on the watch for victims of their inquisitorial zeal, and to fix, by a forced construction, the imputation of impiety, blasphemy, and atheism, on the most innocent opinions or expressions. We apprehend that Mr. Southey has either from want of foresight, or from an utter contempt of their malice, laid himself open to some of these charitable conclusions; and shall not be at all surprised to hear it roundly stated that 'the Chronicle of the Cid,' is an open and scandalous attack upon revealed religion. The truth is, that Mr. Southey, in antiquating his phraseology has fallen into a very close imitation of the scriptural historical style. Nothing can be more true than that this style is, of all others, the most simple, the most pure, and, in every respect, the best model that our language affords, of clear unornamental narrative. This alone, we conceive would be a sufficient justification of Mr. Southey for adopting it. But if a further defence should be thought requisite let us apply to any one of these pious gentlemen who happens to understand Latin, and request him to take up an old chronicle of the 13th or 14th century, and turn it literally into English, using only such words and phrases as were current two centuries ago. He will very soon start back with religious horror upon the discovery that he has, unawares, been *prophaning* the sacred language of our translated Bible. The truth is, it was the object of the authors of that translation to give to the public a plain version of the scriptures, in that style and language which were most familiar to every description of hearers; and therefore a professed imitator of the common phraseology of the 15th century can resort to no model so safe and unquestionable. Nevertheless, we think Mr. Southey would have done more wisely to avoid the recurrence of a few peculiar modes of expression, which, without doing him any great service, may have appeared the most obnoxious to *truly orthodox* censoriousness.

We now proceed to give our readers, by examples, some idea of the nature of the entertainment they may expect to derive from a perusal of the work.

Rodrigo (or Ruy) Diaz, was born at the little town of Bivar near Burgos, in the year 1026, of the family of the ancient counts of Castile, but a short time before that district, under the new title of a kingdom, was united to Leon by King Ferdinand I. His first exploit in arms was that which is so celebrated as the subject of the chef d'oeuvre of Cor-

neille ; and on that account the detail of it here given, on which the tragedy was founded, must be in some degree interesting to all our readers :

At this time it came to pass that there was strife between Count don Gomez, the lord of Gormaz, and Diego Laynez the father of Rodrigo : and the Count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. Now Diego was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonour. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night : nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence, as if the breath of his shame would taint them. Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortes, and was held to be best in the war, and so powerful that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Howbeit all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice from heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field ; and his father seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. The sword had been the sword of Mudarrar in former times, and when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's. And he went out and defied the count and he slew him, and smote off his head, and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore him to his appetite, the tongue, quoth he, which insulted you, is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wroged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose and embraced his son and placed him at the table, saying that he who had brought him that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.

From what follows shortly after, it will appear that the poet has taken great liberties with the history, but no more than were absolutely necessary for the sake of dramatic effect.

King Don Fernando was going through Leon, putting the kingdom in order, when tidings reached him of the good speed which Rodrigo had had against the Moors. And at the same time there came before him Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the count, who fell on her knees before him and said, 'Sir, I am the daughter of count Don Gomez of Gormaz, and Rodrigo of Bivar has slain the count, my father, and of three daughters whom he has left I am the youngest. And, Sir, I come to crave of you a boon, that you will give me Ro

drigo of Bivar, to be my husband, with whom I shall hold myself well married, and greatly honored; for certain I am that his possessions will one day be greater than those of any man in your dominions. Certes, Sir, it behoves you to do this, because it is for God's service, and because I may pardon Rodrigo with a good will.' The king held it good to accomplish her desire, and forthwith ordered letters to be drawn up to Rodrigo of Bivar, wherein he enjoined and commanded him that he should come incontinently to Palencia, for he had much to communicate to him upon an affair which was greatly to God's service, and his own welfare and great honour.

When Rodrigo saw the letters of his lord the king, he greatly rejoiced in them, and said to the messengers that he would fulfil the king's pleasure, and go incontinently at his command. And he dight himself full gallantly and well, and took with him many knights both his own, and of his kindred, and of his friends. And he took also many new arms, and came to Palencia to the king with two hundred of his peers in arms, in festival guise; and the king went out to meet him, and received him right well, and did him honour; and at this were all the counts displeased. And when the king thought it a fit season, he spake to him and said, that Donna Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the count whom he had slain, had come to ask him for her husband, and would forgive him her father's death; wherefore he besought him to think it good to take her to be his wife in which case he would show him great favour. When Rodrigo heard this it pleased him well, and he said to the king that he would do his bidding in this, and in all other things which he might command, and the king thanked him much. And he sent for the bishop of Palencia, and took their vows and made them plight themselves, each to the other, according as the law directs. And when they were espoused the king did them great honour, and gave them many noble gifts; and added to Rodrigo's lands more than he had till then possessed; and he loved him greatly in his heart, because he saw that he was obedient to his commands, and for all that he had heard him say.

So Rodrigo departed from the king, and took his spouse with him to the house of his mother, and gave her to his mother's keeping. And forthwith he made a vow in her hands that he would never accompany with her, neither in the desert nor in the inhabited place, till he had won five battles in the field. And he besought his mother that she would love her even as she loved him himself, and that she would do good to her and shew her great honour, for which he should ever serve her with the better good will. And his mother promised him so do; and then he departed from them and went out against the frontier of the Moors.

This proceeding on the part of the lady must, we fear, seem rather shocking to decency, if not to probability, in the eyes of modern refinement; and there appear, indeed, to be some considerable doubts attending the whole story. Mr.

Southey, however, is inclined to admit its truth without qualification. The marriage proved a most fortunate one. Ximena Gomez brought the Cid two daughters, the wives first, of the Infantes of Carrion, and afterwards of the Kings of Arragon and Navarre. She was the partaker of all his prosperous and evil fortunes; and throughout the work there occur several traits of domestic affection and tenderness, which are far from the least interesting passages contained in it. She survived her husband a few years, and was buried with him in the monastery of Cardeña.

When the French were in Spain during the last war, nothing excited their curiosity till they came to Burgos, and heard that *Chimene* was buried at Cardeña: but then every day parties were made who visited her tomb, and spouted over it passages from Corneille.

We have seldom met with a more entertaining trait of French nationality. Mudarra, mentioned in the extract, was one of the Infantes of Lara, a romantic brotherhood, whose history is detailed very much at large in Mr. Southey's notes.

After his action with the five Moorish kings, the reputation of Ruy Diaz was fixed at the court of Castile; and, during the remainder of Ferdinand's reign, he was the firmest support of the throne; and the most active champion of the Christian cause, in the several wars against the Moors of Estremadura and Portugal. On one of his expeditions a signal instance of the reward of charity is recorded, which, it is presumed, will hardly obtain implicit credit at the present day among us heretics; but which, even now, it would probably be a sin of the first magnitude to doubt of in the latitude of Burgos. He and his companions met on the road a leper struggling in a quagmire, who prayed them for the love of God to help him. The rest passed by with silent compassion; but Rodrigo not only extricated the poor wretch from his peril, set him before him on his horse, and brought him to the inn where he lodged for the night, but made him partake of the same dish *and of the same bed* with himself. Christian charity certainly never extended further than this; and it had its desert: for in the middle of the night there stood before Rodrigo 'one in white garments, breathing celestial odours, who said,

'I am St. Lazarus; and know that I was the leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honour for the love of God: and because thou didst this for his sake, hath God now granted thee a great gift; for whosoever that breath which thou hast felt shalt come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin,

that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else, so that thy honour shall go on increasing from day to day,' &c. &c.

But this miracle of the leper is, it seems, no uncommon occurrence in the lives of saints. It was after the conquest of Coimbra, (the most important of Ferdinand's exploits against the Moors), that Ruy Diaz received the honour of knight-hood, which, in that early age of chivalry, was still an object of rare and difficult acquisition; and about that time the deputies from the five kings whom he had conquered first saluted him with the title of Cid (Lord), which Ferdinand decreed he should from thenceforth bear, as a mark of especial distinction from all his other nobles.

The death of Ferdinand (A. 1065), was an event most disastrous to the repose of the christian states in Spain; since, agreeably to the pernicious practice then prevalent in many parts of Europe, he on his death-bed divided his dominions among his three sons, reserving out of that distribution, certain smaller territories also for the subsistence of his daughters. The kingdom of Castile, and with it the important services of the Cid, fell to Don Sancho as his allotment. 'Now the kings of Spain, were of the blood of the Goths, *which was a fierce blood*, for it had many times come to pass among the Gothic kings, that brother had slain brother upon this quarrel; and from this blood was Don Sancho descended.' Accordingly, no sooner had he successfully repelled an invasion of the king of Arragon (in which the Cid had performed such important services, that he was in consequence elevated to the highest rank in the army, and thenceforth styled the 'Campeador,\*' than he discovered a pretext for invading the dominions of his brother Garcia, king of Galicia. Of course we shall not pretend to give a summary of the transactions of the war that ensued; but perhaps we shall hardly find a more favourable specimen of the spirit with which Mr. Southey has performed his task than in the account of the final battle of Santarem. With regard to the principal actors whose names occur in the following extract, it will be sufficient to state that Count Garcia Ardoñez was a Castilian nobleman of the highest rank in the service of King Sancho; Alvar Fañez Minaye, the hero of the day, was through life the favourite friend and companion of

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\* Because, says the text, 'when the host was in the field, it was his office to choose the place for encampments;' other writers, however, give a different etymology of the term.

the Cid, and next to him in renown; Rodrigo Frojaz was a nobleman of Galicia, and had received very ill treatment from his sovereign Don Garcia, to whom nevertheless he continued to devote his honour and his life.

Count Don Garcia came in the front of king Don Sancho's army, and in the one wing, was the Count de Monzón, and Count Don Nuño de Lora; and the Count Don Fruela, of Asturias, in the other; and the king was in the rear, with Don Diego de Osma, who carried his banner; and in this manner were they arrayed on the one side, and on the other, being ready for the onset. And king Don Garcia bravely encouraged his men, saying, vassals and friends, ye see the great wrong which the king my brother doth unto me, taking from me my kingdom; I beseech ye, help me now to defend it, for ye well know that all which I had therein I divided among ye, keeping ye for a season like this. And they answered, great benefits have we received at your hands, and we will serve you to the utmost of our power. Now when the two hosts were ready to join battle, Alvar Fañez came to King Don Sancho, and said to him, Sir, I have played away my horse and arms, I beseech you give me others for this battle, and I will be a right good one for you this day; if I do not for you the service of six knights, hold me for a traitor. And the Count Don Garcia, who heard this, said to the king, give him, sir, what he asketh, and the king ordered that horse and arms should be given him. So the armies joined battle bravely on both sides, and it was a sharp onset; many were the heavy blows which were given on both sides, and many were the horses that were slain in that encounter, and many the men. Now my Cid had not yet come up into the field.

Now Don Rodrigo Frojaz, and his brother, and the knights who were with them, had resolved to make straight for the banner of the king of Castille. And they broke through the ranks of the Castillians, and made their way into the middle of the enemy's host, doing marvellous feats of arms. Then was the fight at the hottest, for they did their best to win the banner, and the others to defend it; the remembrance of what they had formerly done, and the hope of gaining more honours, heartened them; and with the Castillians there was their king, giving them brave example as well as brave words. The press of the battle was here; here died Gonzalo de Sies a right valiant Portuguese on the part of Don Garcia, but on Don Sancho's part the Count Don Nuño was sorely wounded, and thrown from his horse; and Count Don Garcia Ordóñez, was made prisoner, and the banner of king Don Sancho was beaten down, and the king himself also. The first who encountered him was Don Gumes Echiguiz, he from whom the old Sousas of Portugal derived their descent; he was the first who set his lance against King Don Sancho, and the other one was Don Moniuho Hermigiz, and Don Rodrigo made way through the press and laid hands on him and took him. But in the struggle his old wounds burst open, and hav-

ing received many new ones he lost much blood, and perceiving that his strength was failing, he sent to call the king Don Garcia, with all speed. And as the king came, the Count Don Pedro Frojaz, met him, and said, an honourable gift, sir, hath my brother Don Rodrigo to give you, but you lose him in gaining it. And tears fell from the eyes of the king, and he made answer, and said, it may indeed be that Don Rodrigo may lose his life in serving me, but the good name which he had gained, and the honour which he leaveth to his descendants, death cannot take away; saying this, he came to the place where Don Rodrigo was, and Don Rodrigo gave into his hands, the king Don Sancho his brother, and asked him three times if he was discharged of his prisoner; and when the king had answered, yes, Don Rodrigo said, for me, sir, the joy which I have in your victory is enough; give the rewards to these poor Portuguese, who with so good a will have put their lives upon a hazard to serve you, and in all things follow their counsel, and you will not err therein. Having said this, he kissed the king's hand, and lying upon his shield, for he felt his breath fail him, with his helmet for a pillow, he kissed the cross of his sword in remembrance of that on which the incarnate Son of God had died for him, and rendered up his soul into the hands of his creator. This was the death of one of the most worthy knights of the world, Don Rodrigo Frojaz. In all the conquests which king Don Fernando had made from the Moors of Portugal, great part had he borne, insomuch, that that king was wont to say, that other princes might have more dominions than he, but two such knights as his two Rodrigos, meaning my Cid and this good knight, there was none but himself who had for vassals.

Then king Don Garcia, being desirous to be in the pursuit himself, delivered his brother into the hands of six knights, that they should guard him, which he ought not to have done. And when he was gone, king Don Sancho said unto the knights, let me go, and I will depart out of your country and never enter it again; and I will reward ye well, as long as ye live: but they answered him, that for no reward would they commit such disloyalty, but would guard him well, not offering him any injury, till they had delivered him to his brother, the king Don Garcia. While they were parleying, Alvar Fañez Minaya came up, he to whom the king had given horse and arms before the battle; and he seeing the king held prisoner, cried out with a loud voice, let loose my lord the king, and he spurred his horse and made at them, and before his lance was broken he overthrew two of them, and so bestirred himself that he put the others to flight; and he took the horses of the two whom he had smote down, and gave one to the king and mounted the other himself, for his own was hurt in the rescue; and they went together to a little rising ground where there was yet a small body of the knights of their party, and Alvar Fañez cried out to them aloud, ye see here the king our lord, who is free; now then remember the good name of the Castilians, and let us not lose it this day. And about four hundred knights gathered about him. And while they stood there



they saw the Cid Ruydiez coming up with three hundred knights, for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his green pennon. And when king Don Sancho beheld it his heart rejoiced, and he said, now let us descend into the plain, for he of good fortune cometh; and he said, be of good heart, for it is the will of God that I should recover my kingdom, for I have escaped from captivity, and seen the death of Don Rodrigo Frojaz who took me, and Ruydiez, the fortunate one cometh. And the king went down to him and welcomed him right joyfully, saying, in happy time you are come, my fortunate Cid, never vassal succoured his lord in such season as you now succour me, for the king my brother, had overcome me. And the Cid answered, sir, be sure that you shall recover the day, or I will die; for wheresoever you go, either you shall be victorious, or I will meet my death.

By this time king Don Garcia returned from the pursuit, singing as he came full joyfully, for he thought that the king his brother was a prisoner, and his great power overthrown. But there came one and told him that Don Sancho was rescued, and in the field again; ready to give him battle a second time. Bravely was that second battle fought on both sides; and if it had not been for the great prowess of the Cid, the end would not have been as it was: and in the end, the Galegos and Portuguese were discomfited, and the king Don Garcia taken in his turn. And in that battle, the two brethren of Don Rodrigo Frojaz, Don Pedro, and Don Vermui, were slain, and the two sons of Don Pedro, so that five of that family died that day. And the king Don Sancho put his brother in better ward than his brother three hours before had put him, for he put him in chains, and sent him to the strong castle of Luna. (p. 44.)

The remainder of the history of Don Sancho presents almost as good a lesson for ambition as the life of Charles the twelfth of Sweden. After the conquest of Galicia, he turned his arms against his second brother, Alonzo king of Leon, whom he compelled to seek refuge with Alimaymon the Moorish king of Toledo. But, ill satisfied with all his acquisitions, as long as any thing remained to be acquired, he lastly embarked his honour on the pitiful enterprise of wresting from his sister, Donna Uracca, the single town of Zamora, which had been assigned as her portion by the last will of King Ferdinand their father. Before this place he perished, in the year 1073, in the 8th of his reign, by the hand of an obscure assassin named Vellido Dolfos.

During the whole of these transactions, we hear little of 'my Cid' except indeed on a certain occasion, in which he rescued the king from the most imminent danger by opposing himself singly to thirteen armed assailants, of whom he slew eleven. This anecdote will probably be ranked in the same class with the miracle of the leper. But the infrequency of the

Cid's appearance is accounted for in a way very honourable to himself, since it is apparent that he disapproved altogether of the ambitious designs of his sovereign. He was with the army, however, on the occasion of Sancho's assassination, and pursued the murderer, who nevertheless reached Zamora in safety, because the Cid, in his too great haste to overtake him, had forgot to buckle on his spurs, on which occasion he uttered a portentous anathema; 'cursed be the knight who ever gets on horseback without his spurs!'

Of the residence of Don Alonso, at the court of Alimaymon, some very interesting particulars are related, illustrative of the rude hospitality of the times, and the magnificence of a Moorish court. The story of his pretended sleep in order to overhear the dialogue between Alimaymon and his favourites respecting the defeasibility of Toledo, has been copied into every Spanish history, and is certainly by no means, improbable in itself, but it presents, together with the further circumstance of Alonso's equivocal oath, (by which, in swearing perpetual amity to Alimaymon and his sons, he reserved the right of disturbing his grandson, when, and as often as he should feel inclined,) a very curious example of the total want of a sense of common honesty, so frequently observable in the transactions of the dark ages, especially where a *misbeliever* is party to the contract. Another instance of the same sort occurs in the conduct of the Cid himself, who, when in banishment, being reduced to great distress, takes up money of two Jews of Burgos, on the security of two trunks, full of *imagined treasure* but of *real sand*. This is a trick worthy of Gil Blas, or of that more accomplished swindler, Don Raphael himself; and it requires a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the true character of the ages of chivalry, not to start with surprise at finding such an action ascribed to the most honourable knight in Christendom.

The death of Don Sancho did not put an immediate stop to the calamities of the people of Zamora: and the third book of the history opens with a very particular account (well worthy of notice for the insight which it affords into some of the customs of the age, of the 'impeachment' of the town for harbouring the murderer, and of the combat undertaken on the occasion, by Diego Ordoñez, the challenger, singly against five of Donna Urraca's champions. Nor is what follows at all less interesting with respect to the oath of purgation, which Don Alonso was obliged to take previous to the admission of his claims on the succession to the crown, for the purpose of clearing himself from suspicions which appear to have been strongly entertained of his being

accessary to the murder. On this occasion the conduct of the Cid gave very great offence to the king; which, it seems, he did not cordially forgive till many years after, when the personal conquests of that hero had rendered him equal in power to any sovereign prince in Spain, and it became a matter of prudence, or even necessity to keep him in his allegiance to the crown of Castile.

‘ And the king came forward upon a high stage, that all the people might see him, and my Cid came to him to receive the oath; and my Cid took the book of the gospels and opened it, and laid it upon the altar, and the king laid his hands upon it, and the Cid said unto him, “ King Don Alfonso, you come here to swear concerning the death of King Don Sancho your brother, that you neither slew him nor took counsel for his death: say now, you and these hidalgos, if ye swear this.” And the king and the hidalgos answered and said, “ yea, we swear it.” And the Cid said, “ If ye knew of this thing, or gave command that it should be done, may you die even such a death as your brother Don Sancho, by the hand of a villain whom you trust; one who is not a hidalgo, from another land, not a Castilian;” and the king and the knights who were with him, said, Amen. And the king’s colour changed; and the Cid repeated the oath to him a second time, and the king and the twelve knights \* said Amen in like manner, and in like manner the countenance of the king changed again. And my Cid repeated the oath unto him a third time, and the king and the knights said amen; but the wrath of the king was exceeding great, and he said to the Cid, “ Ruydiez, why dost thou thus press me, man? To-day thou swear’st me, and to morrow thou wilt kiss my hand.” And from that day forward, there was no love towards my Cid, in the heart of the king.’

The new monarch had not long to wait for an opportunity of venting the ill humour thus conceived against the champion of the crown. The immediate cause of his banishment is not worth relating; but some circumstances attending his departure are so very interesting, that, notwithstanding the amplitude of our extracts already made, we cannot refrain from giving them in this place. As soon as his sentence had been pronounced,

‘ The Cid sent for all his friends and his kinsmen and vassals, and told them how King Don Alonso had banished him from the land, and asked of them, who would follow him into banishment, and who

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\* These twelve knights answer in a remarkable manner to the ‘Compurgators’ of our old Saxon law. We do not find that Mr. Southey has observed this resemblance; but the reader will find in his notes, some good illustrations of the Spanish laws in this respect.

would remain at home. Then Alvar Fañez, who was his cousin-german, came forward and said, "Cid, we will all go with you through desert, and through peopled country, and never fail you. In your service we will spend our mules and horses, our wealth, and our garments, and ever while we live, be unto you loyal friends and vassals." And they all confirmed what Alvar Fañez had said, and the Cid thanked them for their love, and said there might come a time in which he should guerdon them.

And as he was about to depart, he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw his hall deserted, the household chests tin-fastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "My enemies have done this, God be praised for all things." And he turned toward the east, and knelt and said, "Holy Mary mother, and all Saints, pray to God for me, that he may give me strength to destroy all the pagans, and to win enough from them to quite my friends therewith, and all those who follow and help me." Then he called for Alvar Fañez, and said unto him, "Cousin, the poor have no part in the wrong which the king hath done us, see now that no wrong be done unto them along our road," and he called for his horse. And then an old woman was standing at her door, said, "go in a lucky minute, and make spoil of whatever you wish." And with this proverb he rode on, saying, "friends, by God's good pleasure, we shall return to Castile, with great honour and great gain." And as they went out from Bivar, they had a crow on their right hand, and when they came to Burgos, they had a crow on the left.

We pass over the following particulars of the Cid's banishment in order to come to the very affecting passage descriptive of his parting from Donna Ximena his wife, and his daughters, who were then at the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardena, in the neighbourhood of the city of Burgos.

The cocks were crowing again, and the day began to break, when the good campeador reached St. Pedro's. The abbot D. Sisebuto was saying matins, and D. Ximena, and five of her ladies of good lineage were with him, praying to God and St. Peter, to help my Cid. And when he called at the gate, and they knew his voice, God, what a joyful man was the Abbot D. Sisebuto! Out into the court-yard they went, with torches and with tapers, and the Abbot gave thanks unto God, that he now beheld the face of my Cid. And the Cid told him all that had befallen him, and how he was a banished man; and he gave him fifty marks for himself, and one hundred for D. Ximena and her children. "Abbot," said he, "I leave two little girls behind me, whom I commend to your care. Take you care of them, and of my wife, and of her ladies: and when this money be gone, if it be not enough, supply them abundantly; for every mark which you expend upon them, I will

give the monastery four, and the Abbot promised to do this with a right good will. Then D. Ximena came up, and her daughters with her, each of them borne in arms, and she knelt down on both her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly; and she would have kissed his hand, and she said to him, 'lo, now you are banished from the land of mischief-making men, and here am I with your daughters, who are little ones, and of tender years, and we and you must be parted, even in your life-time, for the love of St. Mary, tell me now what we shall do.' And the Cid took the children in his arms, and held them to his heart and wept, for he dearly loved them. 'Please God and St. Mary,' said he, 'I shall yet live to give these my daughters in marriage with my own hands, and to do you service yet, my honoured wife, whom I have ever loved, even as my own soul.'

A great feast did they make that day, in the monastery of the good Campeador, and the bells of St. Pedro rung merrily. Meantime tidings had gone through Castile, how my Cid was banished from the land, and great was the sorrow of the people. Some left their houses to follow him, others forsook their honourable offices which they held. And that day, a hundred and fifteen knights assembled at the bridge of Arlanzon, all in quest of my Cid; and there Martin Antolínez joined them, and they rode on together to St. Pedro's. And when he of Bivar knew what a goodly company was coming to join him, he rejoiced in his own strength, and rode out to meet them, and greeted them full courteously; and they kissed his hand, and he said to them, "I pray to God that I may one day requite ye well; because ye have forsaken your houses and your heritages for my sake, and I trust that I shall pay ye two fold." Six days of the term allotted were now past, and three only remained; if after that time, he should be found in the king's dominions, neither for gold nor for silver could he then escape. That day they feasted together, and when it was evening, the Cid distributed among them all that he had, giving to each man according to what he was; and he told them, that they must meet at mass after matins, and depart at that early hour. Before the cock crew, they were ready, and the Abbot said the mass of the Holy Trinity, and when it was done, they left the church and went to horse. And my Cid embraced D. Ximena and his daughters and blest them; and the parting between them was like the separating the nail from the quick flesh; and he wept and continued to look round after them. Then Alvar Fañez, came up to him and said, "where is your courage my Cid? In a good hour were you born of woman. Think of our road now: these sorrows will yet be turned into joy," (P. 103.)

We have found ourselves insensibly drawn in, by the very interesting nature of the work, to give a much more ample detail of its contents than we at first intended, yet, copious as we have been in our extracts, we have omitted several pas-

sages which we had marked with the pencil, as deserving of particular attention, and as we proceed, shall be compelled to abridge still more of the pleasure which we had wished to convey to our readers.

(*To be continued*).

## ART. II.—*Philosophical Transactions for 1808. Part I.*

*I. The Bakerian Lecture, on some new Phenomena of Chemical Changes produced by Electricity, particularly the Decomposition of the fixed Alkalies, and the Exhibition of the new Substances which constitute their Bases; and on the general Nature of Alkaline Bodies. By Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S. M.R.I.A.*—We have noticed in a former number of our journal, Mr. Davy's conjecture, that by the application of those high powers of electricity developed by the galvanic apparatus, a more intimate knowledge of the true elements of bodies might be acquired, than what is hitherto possessed. We have now to relate the brilliant success of this admirable experimentalist and acute reasoner in the prosecution of his labours, which have led him to the discovery of the bases of the fixed alkalies. After describing the powers of his apparatus, and an unsuccessful attempt to effect the wished for decomposition, he says—

‘The presence of water appearing thus to prevent any decomposition, I used potash in igneous fusion. By means of a stream of oxygen gas from a gazometer applied to the flame of a spirit lamp, which was thrown on a platina spoon containing potash, this alkali was kept for some minutes in a strong red heat, and in a state of perfect fluidity. The spoon was preserved in communication with the positive side of the battery of the power of 100 of 6 inches, highly charged, and the connexion from the negative side was made by a platina wire.

‘By this arrangement some brilliant phenomena were produced. The potash appeared a conductor in a high degree, and as long as the communication was preserved, a most intense light was exhibited at the negative wire, and a column of flame which seemed to be owing to the developement of combustible matter, arose from the point of contact.

‘When the order was changed, so that the platina spoon was made negative, a vivid and constant light appeared at the opposite point; there was no effect of inflammation round it; but æriform globules, which inflamed in the atmosphere rose through the potash.’

Again :

' Though potash perfectly dried by ignition, is a non-conductor, yet it is rendered a conductor by a very slight addition of moisture, which does not perceptibly destroy its aggregation, and in this state it readily fuses and decomposes by strong electrical powers.

' A small piece of pure potash which had been exposed for a few seconds to the atmosphere, so as to give conducting power to the surface, was placed upon an insulated disc of platina, connected with the negative side of the battery of the power of 250 of 6 and 4 in a state of intense activity ; and a platina wire communicating with the positive side, was brought in contact with the upper surface of the alkali. The whole apparatus was in the open atmosphere.

' Under these circumstances a vivid action was soon observed to take place. The potash began to fuse at both its points of electrization ; there was a violent effervescence at the upper surface ; at the lower or negative surface, there was no liberation of elastic fluid, but small globules having a high metallic lustre, and being precisely similar in visible characters to quicksilver, appeared, some of which burnt with explosion and bright flame, as soon as they were formed ; and others remained, and were merely tarnished and finally covered with a white film which formed on their surfaces.'

Such are the beautiful experiments which have effected the decomposition of potash. The globules are a peculiar inflammable principle, the basis of the alkali ; the same substance was produced, when copper, silver, gold, plumbago, or even charcoal were employed for completing the circuit.

From soda Mr. Davy obtained also a similar inflammable basis. But its decomposition requires an electrical power of much higher intensity ; the basis of potash remains fluid in the temperature of the atmosphere, at the time of its production, but the basis of soda, though fluid at the heat requisite to its production, becomes solid upon cooling, and appears to have the lustre of silver.

The gas which is emitted at the upper and positive surface, proved to be pure oxygen. Thus then was the analysis of the alkalis complete, the synthesis confirmed the truth of the analytic conclusions ; the inflammable bases of the alkalies attract the oxygen of the atmosphere, and are thus converted into potash and soda respectively. If the energy of affinity be exalted by heat, they burn with a brilliant white flame, giving the same products. The weights of the alkalis produced exceed considerably those of the bases.



*On the Properties and Nature of the Basis of Potash.*

It is difficult to preserve and confine these bodies, as they act upon almost every body with which they come in contact. Recently distilled naphtha answers the best, in it they remain many days unchanged.

The base of potash at the freezing point of water is hard and brittle, and when broken has a beautiful crystalline texture, perfectly white, with a high metallic splendour. At 50° Fahrenheit it is soft and malleable. With the lustre of silver; at 60° and 70° it has an imperfect degree of fluidity; at 100° its fluidity is perfect, and the eye cannot distinguish it from mercury. In a temperature approaching a red heat, it is converted into vapour, and is found unaltered by distillation. It is a perfect conductor of electricity and heat; though in all these sensible properties it resembles the metals, it differs remarkably from all of them in specific gravity. It does not sink in double distilled naphtha; and Mr. Davy has calculated that its relative weight, compared with water, is as 6 to 10. This calculation (supposing it not far from the truth), makes it the lightest fluid body known.

It unites with oxygen in more proportions than one. If it be heated in a quantity of oxygen not sufficient to convert it wholly into potash, a solid is formed of a greyish colour, which is a mixture of potash, and its basis at a lower degree of oxygenation; this last substance is easily convertible into potash, by an additional quantity of oxygen. In oxymuriatic acid, the bases of potash inflames spontaneously, and forms muriate of potash. It decomposes water with great violence, hydrogen escapes, there is an explosion with a brilliant flame, and a solution of pure potash is the result. So great is the energy of its action upon water, that it discovers and decomposes the small quantities of water contained in alcohol and ether, even when they have been carefully purified. Its action upon the sulphuric and nitric acids is such as may be expected from its superior attraction to oxygen. It forms alloys with metals, and sulphurets and phosphorets with sulphur and phosphorus; it unites with mercury in several different proportions; one part added to 8 or 10 of mercury (in volume) forms a substance exactly like mercury in colour, but the parts of which seem to have less coherence; if a globule be brought in contact with a globule of mercury of twice its size, they unite with considerable heat; at the temperature of its combination, the compound is fluid, but when

cool it appears as a solid metal of the colour of silver. By adding more of the basis of potash, so as to be about  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the weight of the mercury, the amalgam increases in hardness and becomes brittle. Exposure to the air destroys these combinations, the basis by attracting oxygen becomes potash, which deliquesces; and the mercury is separated unaltered. Water likewise effects the same decomposition; gold, silver, or copper are also dissolved by this substance, and these alloys are likewise decomposed by water with the same circumstances as the amalgam of mercury. From the oils, both concrete and volatile, the basis of potash precipitates charcoal, some gas is liberated, and a soap is formed; camphor exhibits the same phenomena, except that no gas is liberated. These experiments furnish an easy and elegant proof of the existence of oxygen in oils. Metallic oxides, as of iron, lead, and tin, are received by it. In consequence of this property, it decomposes flint glass and green glass by a gentle heat: alkali being formed by the oxygen from the oxides, which dissolves the glass. But even the purest glass is altered at a red heat; the alkali of the glass, and the basis of potash uniting into a deep red brown substance, which is the raw substance at its lower degree of oxygenation.

*On the Properties and Nature of the Basis of Soda.*

All the experiments from which Mr. Davy obtained the results we have collected in the preceding paragraph, were repeated with the basis of soda, and they are enumerated in the lecture in a similar order. But the general properties are so analogous (as might be expected) to those of the basis of potash, that we think it needless to do more than mention its peculiarities. It is white, opaque, with the lustre and appearance of silver, exceedingly malleable, and much softer than any common substance; it may by pressure be spread into thin leaves; and the property of welding, which belongs to iron and platina at a white heat only, is possessed by this substance at common temperatures; its specific gravity was found by an ingenious process to be 95.3, water being 1. It loses its cohesion at  $120^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and fuses perfectly at about  $180^{\circ}$ . At what degree it is volatile has not been ascertained.

We do not think it necessary to relate at length the experiments which Mr. Davy has made to determine the proportion of oxygen to the basis, which enters into the composition of the fixed alkalies. The quantities operated upon were so minute, that though we doubt not that

every thing has been effected which could be done by the most happy manipulation, we can hardly put entire confidence in the results. To arrive at his conclusions Mr. Davy used both combustion in oxygen gas, and the decomposition of water; in the last case, measuring the hydrogen which is let loose, gives, by an easy calculation, the oxygen which is absorbed. The last method the author has found subject to the least uncertainty, from accidental variations, and it is probably most to be depended upon. Upon the whole Mr. Davy thinks himself authorized to conclude, that potash is composed of about 6 parts basis, and 1 of oxygen: and that soda consists of 7 parts basis, and 2 of oxygen.

Mr. Davy concludes this part of his lectures with the inquiry, whether these newly discovered substances should be termed metals. They agree, he observes, with metals in opacity, lustre, malleability, conducting power as to heat and electricity, and he adds, a little precipitately we think, in their qualities of chemical combination. We say precipitately, for surely it will not be said, that their combinations with acids, are similar to metallic salts, or even with oxygen are like metallic oxides. But if they must be arranged under some of the present genera of natural bodies, the metals are those which they most resemble, and Mr. Davy's names for them, potassium and sodium are perhaps the least objectionable that could be devised. We are inclined to suspect, that the discovery of the first step towards these bodies will be proving the compound nature of the common metals.

The bases of the fixed alkalis being detected, a suspicion would naturally arise that ammonia, which has been thought to be composed of hydrogen and nitrogen, might really be an oxide. A small quantity of oxygen might have escaped the observation of former chemists, who have analysed this alkali, passing off under the form of water. Several observations have convinced Mr. Davy that ammonia contains a small proportion of oxygen. The most conclusive experiment is the decomposition of ammonia by electricity, first performed by M. Berthollet. As there were some incongruities in the results, as recorded by Berthollet, and a want of coincidence between them and those of other experimenters, Mr. Davy has repeated the process with every precaution to avoid the circumstances which might have occasioned error.

Sixty measures of ammoniacal gas, each equal to a grain of water, were electrized, till no farther expansion could

be produced, the gas filled a space equal to that occupied by 108 grains of water. Platina wires were used to conduct the electricity. The 108 measures of gas carefully analyzed, were found to consist of 80 measures in volume of hydrogen, and 28 measures of nitrogen. Two experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys on the weight of ammoniacal gas, gave the following result: "In the first experiment 21 cubic inches of ammonia weighed 4.05 grains; in a second experiment the same quantity weighed 4.06 grains, barometer 30.65, thermometer 54° Fahrenheit." From these data the 60 cubic inches of ammonia weigh 11.2 grains. The 80 of hydrogen gas weigh 1.93 grains, the 28 of nitrogen 8.3. Sum, 10.2. There remains therefore one grain of ammoniacal gas more than the products of hydrogen and nitrogen, which is nearly  $\frac{1}{11}$ th of the whole employed; and this loss Mr. Davy concludes, "can only be ascribed to the existence of oxygen in the alkali, part of which probably combined with the platina wires employed for electrization, and part with hydrogen."

This hypothesis will explain the phenomena of the production and decomposition of ammonia as well as that which is commonly received. Ammonia is formed in cases where these three elements are always present, and during the decomposition of bodies in which oxygen is loosely attached. When it is decomposed at the heat of ignition, the affinity of hydrogen for oxygen prevails over the complex attraction of the three elements, water is formed, and hydrogen and nitrogen are cooled. It would seem then that the principle of acidity in the French nomenclature might likewise be called the principle of alkalescence.

Mr. Davy has tried some experiments upon barytes and strontites, with a battery of very high power, which go far to prove that these earths have likewise combustible bases united to oxygen. There was a vivid action and a brilliant light at both points of communication, and an inflammation at the negative point, but he has not yet succeeded in collecting the substance which is produced.

Besides the direct importance of the discovery of these metals (if they should be so called) it cannot be doubted that they will prove most powerful agents in the analysis of other bodies. As an example of its power, we may mention that it oxidates in carbonic acid, decomposes it, and produces charcoal when heated in contact with

carbonate of lime. It likewise oxidates in muriatic acid, but Mr. Davy has not hitherto ascertained the result of this decomposition.

We believe we need not apologize to our readers for having been so copious in our account of this lecture. The facts contained in it are perhaps the most important of any which the industry of modern chemistry has brought to light; they open new views in all the sciences connected with analytical researches, and will assuredly confer immortality upon the indefatigable, acute, and modest philosopher, to whom we owe their developement.

*II. On the Structure and Use of the Spleen. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.*

*XI. Further Experiments on the Spleen. By the same.*

Mr. Home's opinion of the use of the spleen is that its vessels probably have a power of absorbing liquid matter immediately from the cardiac portion of the stomach, and conveying it to the blood. By this function he conceives the liquid matter which is not necessary to digestion, is prevented from mixing with the digested food, which passes from the pylorus. The experiments by which he has attempted to establish this theory are convincing enough, if the experimenter has not been biassed by a pre-conceived opinion; for we must remark, that Mr. H. formed his theory first, and afterwards set about to prove it; this we do not think the very best road to the truth. Tincture or infusion of rhubarb was given to animals, (chiefly to asses); after a time the animal was killed, and by the aid of an alkaline test, it was discovered that the rhubarb was abundant in the spleen, and in the serum of blood drawn from the splenic vein, when it could not be detected elsewhere. It is also asserted, that after an animal has taken in liquid, the spleen is turgescient, and it contracts as it becomes unloaded.

Mr. Home believes that he has discovered the spleen to be of a cellular structure.

When the spleen is turgid with fluid, the cells, he says, are visible to the naked eye, but when it is empty they cannot be observed. This account is in substance the same as Malpighi's, who has described it as consisting of small hollow glands. A cell and a small hollow gland are we think synonymous.

Doubtless, if these facts are confirmed, they are of considerable importance, and will throw light on a very obscure point of physiology, and we think that Mr. Home deserves much credit for having led the way in the investigation

What is the medium of communication between the spleen and stomach, is as yet unknown. But if the main fact be well established, we doubt not that the route will be detected by the industry of future anatomists.

*III On the Composition of the compound Sulphuret from Huet, Boys, and an Account of its Crystals. By James Smithson, Esq. F.R.S.*

*IV. On Oxalic Acid. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. Communicated by Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S.*

It is the object of this elaborate essay, not to give a complete history of the oxalic acid, but to state the result of a set of experiments undertaken with a view of ascertaining some particulars concerning it which are of importance.

1. *Water of Crystallization.*—Crystals of oxalic acid cautiously heated on a sand bath, fall into powder, and lose about one-third of their weight. But as the acid is itself volatile, the whole loss probably is not water. To determine the proportion of water, therefore, he formed an oxalate of lime containing a known quantity of crystallized acid (58.3) grains. The oxalate dried on a sand weighed 72 grains, which exposed to an intense heat left 27 grains of pure lime. The oxalate must have contained then 45 grains of real acid, which gives 13.3 grains of of water. In 100 parts of acid, therefore there will be real acid 77. water 23.

2. *Alkaline and earthy oxalates.*—The most important of these compounds is the oxalate of lime, of which we have given the proportion of the elements. It was formed by precipitating muriate of lime by oxalic acid. It is necessary when the liquor ceases to precipitate, to saturate the muriatic acid, evolved with ammonia; thus more oxalate is obtained, and by adding fresh oxalic acid still more, by carefully alternating these processes all the lime may be precipitated. Bergmann by trusting to a single precipitation was deceived, and has given erroneous proportions; to avoid all chance of error, Dr. Thomson precipitated lime water with oxalic acid, and obtained exactly the same result, viz. in 100 parts of oxalate 62.5 acid, and 37.5 base.

The doctor proceeds to enumerate the properties of the other earthy and alkaline oxalates, and the proportions of their elements. We must content ourselves with giving his results which are contained in the following table.

	Acid.	Base.	Weight of Base.
Oxalate of Ammonia	100	34.12	134.12
— Magnesia	100	35.71	135.71
— Soda	100	57.14	157.14
— Lime	100	60.00	160.00
— Potash	100	122.86	222.86
— Strontian	100	151.51	251.51
— Barytes	100	142.86	242.86

To form these salts Dr. F. directly combined solutions of the acid with the salts and earths. But he formed another oxalate of strontian by mixing a known weight of oxalate of ammonia with a solution of muriate of strontian. In the salts formed 100 parts of acid saturated only 75.7 of base. There are then two oxalates of strontian; and it is remarkable that that in the table contains just double the proportion of base contained in the last.

3. *Decomposition of the Oxalates*.—As a part of the oxalic acid is sublimed by heat, a complete decomposition cannot be effected by exposing the acid alone to the action of fire. But when an alkaline or earthy oxalate is heated, the acid remains fixed till it undergoes a complete decomposition. The new substances are the same, whatever are the oxalates employed. The products are, *water, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, carbureted hydrogen, and charcoal*. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the detail of processes by which Dr. Thompson had endeavoured to determine the exact proportion of these substances. We must content ourselves with noticing the conclusions. The statement is as follows;

‘When the different elements are collected under their proper heads, we obtain.

1. Oxygen in carbonic acid - - - 42.86  
 — — inflammable air - - - 11.96  
 — — water - - - - - 9.87

2. Carbon in carbonic acid - - - 16.67  
 — — inflammable air - - - 10.43  
 — — charcoal - - - - - 4.68

3. Hydrogen in inflammable air - - - 1.89  
 — — water - - - - - 1.64

64.69

31.78

'Hence oxalic acid is composed of oxygen 64.69, of carbon 31, 78, of hydrogen 3.53.' Total 100.00.

4. *Composition of oxalic acid.* 'It has been ascertained,' says Dr. Thomson, 'by numerous and decisive experiments, that elementary bodies always enter into combinations in determinate proportions, which may be represented by numbers. For example, the numbers which correspond to the four elements, oxygen, azote, carbon and hydrogen, are the following, Oxygen, 6; Azote, 5; Carbon, 4.5; Hydrogen 1. Now in all compounds consisting of these ingredients, the proportion of the different constituents may be always represented by these numbers or by multiples of them.' 'From the knowledge of this curious law, it is difficult to avoid concluding that each of these elements consists of atoms of determinate weight, which combine according to certain fixed proportions, and that the numbers above given, represent the relative weights of these atoms respectively. Thus an atom of oxygen weighs 6, an atom of hydrogen, 1, &c. Water is composed of one atom of oxygen and one atom of hydrogen; carbonic acid of two atoms of oxygen and one of carbonic.'

This is the theory of Mr. Dalton, concerning which we expect more copious details in the second part of his new system of chemistry. It is a consequence of this law that the elements of bodies, as in the salts, the acids, and bases, combine particle with particle, or a certain determinate number of particles of the one with a particle of the other. Dr. T. has shown, in the case of the oxalic acid (the number of which is calculated to be 39.5), that if an integrant particle of this acid be supposed to be made up of 4 atoms of oxygen, 3 atoms of carbon, and 2 atoms of hydrogen, 110 parts of oxalic acid would in this case be composed of 61 parts of oxygen, 34 parts of carbon and 5 of hydrogen. These numbers approach so nearly to the result of the actual analysis that they give to the reasoning employed at least a very high degree of probability. As the numbers themselves are not as yet ascertained with rigid accuracy greater precision cannot be expected; but it is obvious that this theory promises to introduce a degree of mathematical precision, and to throw an unexpected light on the obscurest parts of chemistry.

#### 5. *Composition of Sugar, and Formation of Oxalic Acid.*

'Sugar,' the doctor observes 'is probably a more compound body than oxalic acid, because nitric acid resolves it into a variety of more compounds; one of which is oxalic acid.'



In the formation of the acid, by the action of nitric acid, 100 grains of sugar yield

	grains.
1. Oxalic acid crystals 58 grains, or real acid	45
2. Carbonic acid 100 cubic inches, equivalent to	46.5
Also: 1. Azotic gas 35 cubic inches, equivalent to	10.62
2. Nitrous gas 32 cubic inches, equivalent to	10.85

The carbon, in the two first quantities are respectively 14.40 and 13.02 grains, making a total of 27.42 grains in 100 of sugar. If the whole of the oxygen in the carbonic acid came from the nitric acid (which is most probable) then that in the oxalic was a part of the sugar which is (from the preceding analysis) 28.8, with which its carbon (27.5) and hydrogen (1.8) make a total of 58.1. But 100 grains of sugar have totally disappeared. It must be supposed then that the remainder of 41.9 grains have been converted into water, which are composed of oxygen 35.9 and hydrogen 6 grains. These quantities added to the preceding products give the following figures (in grains) for the composition of sugar, viz. oxygen 64.7, carbon 27.5, hydrogen 7.8. Lavoisier used a different method of computation, but obtained a result very nearly coinciding with the above. His numbers are, oxygen 64. carbon 28. hydrogen 8.

*V. On super-acid and sub-acid Salts. By William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Sec. R. S.*—Previous to the publication of Mr. Dalton's theory, Dr. Wollaston had observed, he informs us, that in various instances of super-acid and sub-acid salts, the quantity of acid in the former was a simple multiple of the quantity in the latter. This is a particular instance of the general observation of Mr. Dalton 'that in all cases the simple elements of bodies, are disposed to unite atom to atom singly, or, if either is in excess, it exceeds by a ratio to be expressed by some simple multiple of the number of its atoms.'

Dr. Wollaston has illustrated this truth by some easy experiments, conducted with that peculiar precision, elegance and simplicity which so much distinguish whatever proceeds from him. He has shown that the carbonates of potash and soda contain just twice the quantity of carbonic acid that enters into the sub-carbonates. The super-sulphate of potash, and super-oxalate of potash contain just twice as much acid as the neutral sulphate and oxalate do. If the super-oxalate be decomposed by the nitric or muriatic acid,

these latter take half the alkali : consequently the salt obtained from such a solution by crystallization has four times as much acid as the neutral compound, or is a *quadroxalate of potash*. To prove this, expose thirty grains of this salt (previously purified by cristallization) to redness ; the alkali obtained from it will exactly neutralize the redundant acid contained in ten grains of the same salt. 'The quantity of unburned salt contains alkali for one part out of four of the acid present, and it requires the alkali of three equal quantities of the same salt to saturate the three remaining parts of acid.'

Thirty grains of oxalic acid were found to neutralize forty-eight of carbonate (*qu. sub-carbonate?*) of potash. To this solution were added sixty grains more of oxalic acid. By crystallization two salts were obtained, the *binoxalate*, or common salt of sorrel, and the *quadroxalates*. No salt can be formed containing a quantity of acid intermediates between the double and quadruple quantity.

Dr. Wollaston concludes his paper with a short speculation on the geometrical position, which the particles of a body must occupy, in order to form a permanent union with another of a different species, to which it is attracted. But he admits that the hypothesis is altogether conjectural, and we fear, with him, that it is too much to hope that the geometrical arrangement of primary particles will ever be perfectly known.

VI. *On the Inconvertibility of Bark into Alburnum.* By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. F. R. S.—We believe that few who are acquainted with the mode of nourishment and growth of animal bodies, and who are also sensible that in these processes there is an analogy preserved though all living and organised being, require to have it demonstrated that the bark of trees is not convertible into their wood. No physiologists now suppose that periosteum is converted into bone ; but we know that ossification is the effect of a secretion from appropriate vessels. But as eminent naturalists have believed in the transmutation of bark into alburnum, Mr. Knight, we think, has not done amiss to attempt experimentally to prove the converse.

He took branches of crab and an apple tree of equal sizes, and firmly applied the bark of the one to the stem of the other ; covered the parts with bandages, and excluded the air by a composition of wax and turpentine, and

a coating of clay. The transposed pieces of bark united to the stems to which they were applied; and in the autumn it appeared evident that a layer of alburnum had been formed beneath the transposed pieces of bark which were then taken off.

The original sinuosities of one of the pieces of bark (that of the crab tree) were not discoverable; but the uneven surface of the stem from which it had been taken, though covered with a smooth bark, remained unchanged. The newly generated alburnum, beneath the transposed bark, appeared perfectly similar to that of other parts of the stock, and the direction of the fibres, and vessels did not in any degree correspond with those of the transposed bark.

'Repeating this experiment,' says Mr. Knight, 'I scraped off the external surface of the alburnum in several spaces, about three lines in diameter, and in these spaces no union took place between the transposed bark and the alburnum of the stock, nor was there any alburnum deposited in the abraded spaces; but the newly generated cortical and alburnous layers took a circular and rather elliptical course round these spaces, and appeared to have been generated by a descending fluid, which had divided into two currents when it came into contact with the spaces from which the surface had been scraped off, and to have united again immediately beneath them.'

It is allowed, however, by Mr. Knight, himself that these experiments are not decisive, since under the transposed bark, a new cortical substance is formed, and if there be any transmutation, of course it must be of this new substance, and not of the transposed bark. But the mode of production of the alburnum opposes the hypothesis; the commencement of alburnous layers in the oak is distinguished by a circular row of very large tubes which are produced in spring, they pass through a soft gelatinous substance, much less tenacious than the bark itself. Nor is it ever observed that the bark is converted into this soft gelatinous substance. These tubes are generated within the interior substance of the bark itself, which is well defined, and during their formation, the vessels of the bark are distinctly visible, as different organs.

Among observations supposed to favour the hypothesis which Mr. Knight controverts, one of Duhamel's deserves notice. When the bud of a peach tree, with a piece of bark attached to it is inserted in a plain stock, a

layer of wood perfectly similar to that of the peach-tree will be found in the succeeding winter, beneath the inserted bark. The fact is admitted, whilst it is justly remarked that it is impossible to conceive that a piece of bark can be converted into a layer of alburnum of twice its own thickness, without any perceptible diminution of its substance. The bud is a well organized plant. Mr. Knight observed when he destroyed the buds, in the succeeding winter, and left the bark to them uninjured, this species of alburnum was no longer produced.

‘The bark nevertheless continued to live, though perfectly inactive, till it became covered by the successive alburnous layers of the stock; and it was found many years after inclosed in the wood. It was, however still bark, though dry and lifeless, and did not appear to have made any progress towards conversion into wood.’

*VII. Some Account of Cretinism. By Henry Reeve, M. D. of Norwich. Communicated by William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Sec. R.S.*—Cretins are the miserable idiots so frequently met with in Switzerland and other Alpine countries, in which the disease is endemial. It is often accompanied with goitres, (bronchocele) but this is not a constant attendant.

‘His head,’ Dr. R. remarks, ‘is deformed, his stature diminutive, his complexion sickly, his countenance vacant and destitute of meaning, his lips and eye-lids coarse and prominent, his skin wrinkled and pendulous, his muscles loose and flabby. The qualities of his mind correspond with the deranged state of his body which it inhabits; and cretinism prevails in all the intermediate degrees, from excessive stupidity to complete fatuity.’

Dr. Reeve adopts M. Saussure’s account of the causes of this disease, which he thinks sufficient to account for the phenomena.

‘The vallies,’ he says, ‘where cretinism is most frequent, are surrounded by very high mountains; they are sheltered from the currents of air, and exposed to the direct, and still more to the reflected rays of the sun. The effluvia from the marshes are very strong, and the atmosphere humid, close, and oppressed. All the cretins that I saw, were in adjoining houses, in the little village called La Batia, situated in a narrow corner of the valley, the houses being built under ledges of the rocks, and all of them very filthy, very close, very hot, and miserable habitations. In villages situated higher up the mountains, no cretins are to be seen, and the mother of one of the children told me of her own accord, without my asking the question, that

her child was quite a different being, when he went up the mountains, as she called it, for a few days.'

This is certainly a very strong fact, and perhaps as convincing a proof of the ill effects of a polluted atmosphere as can be adduced. Whether it be the sole cause we doubt, as we believe that much of the difficulty in the investigation of the remote causes of disease, has arisen from not considering them as complicated, and attributing too much to one. Dr. Reeve adjudges the water to be harmless; several facts, however, make us suspect the reverse, nor do we think it enough to say, that the water used is free from calcareous matter, and well tasted. Whatever be the causes of this disease, they very soon show their activity, they begin to operate soon after, perhaps even before birth.

Dissections show how much this malady affects every part of the system. Dr. Reeve has given two plates of the skull of a cretin of thirty years old, in which the suture is not closed, the second set of teeth are not out of their sockets, and none of the bones are distinctly and completely formed. He observes,

'There is no fact in the natural history of man, that affords an argument so direct and so impressive, in proof of the influence of physical causes on the mind, as cretinism. It shows, moreover, that the growth of every part is essentially connected with the conditions in which it is fit to exercise its peculiar functions; and it fares in this respect with the intellectual as with the bodily powers.'

In the justness of both of these remarks, we heartily coincide; and wish that the former, in particular, were much more deeply impressed on the minds of pathologists. Till it is so, we are persuaded that the condition of mankind will be stationary at least. It is well if it be not retrograde.

VIII. *On a new Property of the Tangents of the three Angles of a plane Triangle.* By Mr. William Garrard, Quarter-Master of Instruction at the Royal Naval Asylum at Greenwich. Communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

IX. *On a new Property of the Tangents of three Arches trisecting the circumference of a circle.* By Nevil Maskelyne, D.D. F. R. S. and Astronomer Royal.—The property is that the squares of the radius, multiplied into the sum of the three tangents of the three arches equal the products of the tangents.

To demonstrate this property, let  $A B C$  be the three arches;  $t, u, w$ , the respective tangents,  $r$  the radius  $\odot$  the whole circumference. "Then  $A + B + C = \odot$  and  $C = \odot - A + B$ .

By trigonometry,  $t, A + B = \frac{r^2 \times t + u}{r^2 - tu}$ , and the

$\text{tang. } C = \text{tang. } (\odot - A + B = -\text{tang. } A + B$  (the tangent of any arch and of supplement to the whole circumference, being equal and contrary to one another, or the one negative of the other).

"Therefore  $t, A + t, B + t, C$  or  $t + u + w = t + u - \frac{r^2 \times t + u}{r^2 - tu} = tu \times - \frac{r^2 \times t + u}{r^2 - tu}$ ; but  $t$  and  $u$  are the expressions

for the tangents of  $A$  and  $B$  respectively, and  $-\frac{r^2 \times t + u}{r^2 - tu}$

is the expression for the tangent of  $C$  or for  $w$ . Therefore

$r^2 \times t + u + w$  or the square of a radius multiplied into the sum of the three tangents of  $A, B$ , and  $C = tuw$ , or the product of the tangents." Q. E. D.

Mr. Garrard has, in the former of these papers, demonstrated the same property of the tangents of the three arches of a semi-circle; that is to say, of the three angles of a plane triangle; but the demonstration being partly geometrical, we must refer our mathematical readers to the original.

**X. An Account of the Application of the Gas, from Coal to Economical Purposes.** By Mr. William Murdock, communicated by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. F. R. S.—Mr. Murdock claims to be the first who has applied the gas from coal, to economical purposes. He first began to make experiments with this view, 16 or 17 years ago. In 1798, he constructed an apparatus for the manufactory of Messrs. Bolton and Watt, at the Soho foundry; and since 1802, the apparatus has been extended so as to give light to all the principal shops, where it is in regular use, to the exclusion of other artificial light. The observations contained in this account, were made at the cotton manufactory of Messrs. Philips and Lee, at Manchester, in the winter of 1807 and 8, where the light obtained by the combustion of gas, is used upon a very large scale.

The total quantity of light used during the hours of burning, has been ascertained, by a comparison of shadows, to be about equal to the light which 2500 mould candles, of six in the pound, would give. The gas is distilled in large iron retorts, from which it passes in iron pipes, into large reservoirs, or gazometers, where it is washed and pu-

rified, previous to its being conveyed through other pipes, called mains, to the mill. These branch off into a variety of ramifications, (forming a total length of several miles) gradually diminishing in size. The burners, where the gas is consumed, are connected with the mains, by short tubes, each of which is furnished with a cock, to regulate the admission of gas to each burner, and to shut it totally off when requisite. The burners are of two kinds: the one is upon the principle of the Argand lamp, the other is a small curved tube with a conical end, with three little perforations. The whole number employed, amounts to 271 Argands, and 639 curved tubes. The whole of the burners require an hourly supply of 1250 cubic feet of the gas produced from cannel coal. The superior quality and quantity of the gas produced from that material, having given it a decided preference in this situation over every other coal, notwithstanding its higher price. The following is the economical statement for one year:

Cost of 110 tons of cannel coal	-	-	£.125
Ditto of 40 tons of common ditto	-	-	20
			<hr/>
			145
Deduct the value of 70 tons of coak	-	-	93
The annual expenditure in coal, after deducting the value of the coak, and without allowing any thing for the tar, is therefore	-	-	52
And the interest of capital, and wear and tear of apparatus	-	-	550
making the total expence of the gas apparatus, about 600l. per annum.			

\* That of candles, to give the same light, would be about 2000l. For each candle, consuming at the rate of 4-10ths of an ounce of tallow per hour, the 2500 candles, burning upon an average of the year, two hours per day, would, at one shilling per pound, the present price, amount to nearly the sum of money above-mentioned.

If the comparison were made upon an average of three hours per day, (which, in some factories, is a just average) the advantage of employing the gas light, would be still greater, for the interest of the capital, and wear and tear of the apparatus, would be nearly the same. But we should have been pleased to see not a theoretical saving, from a calculation of the light afforded, but an actual saving, from a comparison of the real expenditure of the proprietors in candles, before the adoption of the gas lights. These lights may afford a greater illumination than is absolutely nece-

sary. Candles too, being so highly taxed, have not a fair competition. However, after making every allowance, the propriety of adopting the new mode of illumination seems to deserve the consideration of the proprietors of large establishments of this nature.

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ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Honourable Henry Home, of Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Justiciary, in England. Containing Sketches of the Progress of Literature and general Improvement in Scotland, during the greater Part of the eighteenth Century.* 2 Vols. 4to. Cadell.

THESE memoirs contain not only an account of the life and writings of lord Kames, but a great variety of matter relative to his numerous friends and acquaintance, with a copious store of disquisitions and reflections, by his intelligent biographer. Lord Woodhouselee has, therefore, in these two volumes, furnished us, in some measure, with a literary history of Scotland, during a large part of the eighteenth century. It will be impossible for us, in the narrow limits within which we are circumscribed, to give an exact analysis of all the diversified matter which is found in these ample volumes. We shall not therefore lose sight of lord Kames in the exuberant assemblage of persons and things with which we find him surrounded, but shall pay our particular attention to his lordship, without turning much or often aside, to look at his friends and acquaintance. We shall first state the sources from which lord Woodhouselee has derived his information, relative to the venerable subject of these memoirs.

The author tells us that he was for several years intimately acquainted with lord Kames, that he enjoyed a large share of his friendship and confidence, and had numerous opportunities of forming a true estimate of his character; but as lord Woodhouselee was more than fifty years younger than his friend, he could not have known him till the passions of youth had subsided in the calm of age, and his faculties had reached their meridian, if they were not already in the wane. But the defects of lord Woodhouselee's personal acquaintance with lord Kames, in the earlier period of his life, were, in some degree, supplied by an abundance of materials, with which he was assisted by the kindness



of Mr. Drummond Home, the only son of lord Kames, by John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochertire, in the county of Perth, and by other sources of information.

The illustrious author of the Elements of Criticism, was born at Kames, in the county of Berwick, in the year 1696. His father, who resided on his estate, and acted as a justice of the peace, had not the prudence to confine his expenditure within his income; and his son, on entering the world, was obliged to trust for his future support, to his own abilities and exertions. At this period, classical learning was very little cultivated in Scotland. The turn which the reformation had taken in that country, had not contributed to instil any taste for the elegant literature of Greece or Rome; and the union, while it excited the commercial spirit, did not proportionally kindle the literary ardour of the people. Young Home received the principal part of his education under a private tutor, at his father's house, and, instead of being sent to the university, he was placed, in 1712, in the office of a writer to the signet, at Edinburgh. Mr. Home had at first determined to apply his industry to the practice of a *writer*, but he afterwards resolved to qualify himself for an *advocate* at the Scotch bar.

‘It was now,’ said lord Woodhouselee, ‘that he began to apply himself, with unwearied diligence, to repair the defects of his domestic education. He resumed the study of the Latin and Greek languages, to which he added French and Italian. Conscious that of all the liberal occupations, the profession of a barrister is that which requires, to the attainment of eminence, the greatest variety of knowledge, and the widest range of scientific acquirements, he applied himself to the study of mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, ethics, and metaphysics. These pursuits, which he followed at the same time with the study of the law, afforded, independently of their own value, a most agreeable variety of employment to his active mind.’

Mr. Home acquired a respectable stock of classical erudition, but he never possessed a large portion of what is called taste; nor had he exercised his mind in the habit of philological discrimination. His intellect was more occupied with maxims than with expressions; he was more fond of tracing facts to principles, than of investigating the etymologies of words. He exhibited an early propensity to generalize his ideas, and this fitted him in an eminent degree, to understand the abstractions of law, and to throw light on the most intricate questions of civil jurisprudence.

In the early part of his life, Mr. Home's fondness for rational disquisition, seems occasionally to have degenerated into the wantonness, or the vanity, of cavil, or of scepticism. He was, perhaps, ambitious of shewing how propositions, which were generally received, or which were supported by distinguished characters, might be opposed or overturned. Young men are desirous of attracting the notice of their superiors, and of displaying their strength, in a combat with those who already occupy the post of literary preeminence. Thus young Home teased Mr. Baxter, the author of '*an inquiry into the nature of the human soul*,' and of '*Matho*,' &c. with a number of fanciful objections and speculative subtilities. To the principle of Mr. Baxter, 'that motion, once communicated to matter, would always continue till a new cause occurred, which caused an alteration,' Mr. Home opposed the supposition that 'motion is not one single effect, but a continued succession of effects, each requiring a new cause, or a successive repetition of the cause to produce it.' Mr. Baxter, who at first endeavoured to convince his young friend, was at last so irritated by the repeated assaults of his sophistry on some of the most certain physical truths, that he was constrained to put an abrupt termination to their correspondence. 'I shall return you,' says Mr. Baxter, 'all your letters: mine, if not already destroyed, you may likewise return. We shall burn them, and our philosophical heats together.' In a letter, which Mr. Home wrote about this time, (1723) to Dr. Samuel Clarke, to whom he was an entire stranger, he impugned several of the arguments which that great man had employed in his '*discourse concerning the being and attributes of God*.' The reader of discernment, who will peruse this letter with attention, will, we think, find that it contains ample proof of flippancy and presumption; the eagerness and the self-sufficiency of a juvenile disputant, who delights in shewing his own prowess, without paying an adequate homage to the strength and dignity of his adversary. We shall make one or two extracts from this letter, which will sufficiently prove that Mr. Home did not, at this time, at all undervalue his own abilities, nor possess any very extraordinary stock of philosophical lore, nor of literary modesty.

'I shall begin,' says Mr. Home, addressing the venerable theologian, scholar, and philosopher, Dr. Clarke, 'with the demonstrations of your second propositions, *neither of which can I prevail upon myself to think accurate*; and both for the same reasons, for

you connect two ideas, which, in this proof, are necessarily distinct, viz. self-existence and necessity.'

Hardly any other proof would be requisite, that the metaphysical ideas of the author of the Elements of Criticism were not at this time very accurate nor profound. How indeed could he find fault with Dr. C. for connecting self-existence and necessity, when self-existence, which is not a contingent nor predetermined, can be no other than a necessary existence? Self-existence is existence uncaused, and what is this but necessary existence? Self-existence is existence which cannot but have been, and cannot cease to be; and what is this but necessary existence? 'The idea of necessity,' as Dr. Clarke cogently remarked in a brief but able reply, 'effectually excludes all possibility of being so much as conceived to be not necessary.'

'In prop. 7, in your demonstrations of the unity,' says Mr. Home, in the letter above-mentioned, 'you seem *not accurately enough* to distinguish hypothetical necessity from the absolute necessity, a priori,' &c. 'Though I see no necessity for more than one deity, does it from thence follow that there can be no more? here lies my difficulty, which I am vexed your arguments have not as yet brought me over.' 'You endeavour to reconcile liberty and pre-science. I confess *I never could get over this point*, and I have long ago drawn up some arguments on this head, &c.' 'In page 123, the proof that God is true, *seems not clear enough*,' &c. &c. These little specimens, when we consider the youth of Mr. Home, and the venerable character to whom he was writing, very clearly show that Mr. H. was wanting neither in assurance nor in egotism.

Mr. Home was called to the bar in January, 1723-4. At this time there were many persons of distinguished ability in the Scottish courts, of whom lord Woodhouselee interposes some biographical details. Mr. Home continued to pursue his studies in a state of comparative obscurity and neglect, till the year 1728, when he published his 'Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session.' This work procured him the patronage of the president of the court of Session, and a considerable share of professional reputation.

As a barrister, Mr. Home did not endeavour to arrest attention, nor to captivate applause by any graces of oratorical diction. The style of his speeches was elevated but very little above that of common conversation. His usual mode of pleading was to begin

‘ by a very short and distinct statement of the facts of the cause, and a plain enunciation of the question of law, thence arising. Having thus joined issue with his adversary, on what he conceived to be the fair merits of the case, he proceeded to develop the principle on which he apprehended the decision ought to rest, and endeavoured, with all the acuteness of which he was master, to shew its application to the question in discussion. He knew that if the principle were once conceded, and its application demonstrated, the arguments of his opponent needed no deliberate examination, for they fell of necessity to the ground.’

This mode of pleading, however, as lord W. well remarks, is not adapted to every cause; and though it was favourable to the display of logical precision, and metaphysical acuteness, afforded little room for the effusion of that eloquence which makes its way to the heart. Mr. Home was neither an eloquent nor a ready speaker, and hence he never excelled in an extemporaneous reply. He possessed more of the qualifications of an abstract thinker than a popular speaker; and hence his excellence, as a speaker, consisted chiefly in the talent which he possessed of elucidating the most abstruse and intricate doctrines of law.

In 1732, Mr. Home published ‘ *Essays upon several subjects in law, viz. Jus tertii, beneficium cedendarum actionum, Vinco vincentem, and Prescription.*’ Lord W. gives a succinct account of the train of reasoning which is pursued in these essays. In the 4th essay on the ‘ *Doctrine of Prescription,*’ Mr. Home enters into a very ingenious argument, to prove that prescription is not merely the creature of positive law, but has a foundation in the law of nature. He contends that, when any loss has been sustained, of which the intervening time has extinguished the result, or effaced the consciousness, the property no more belongs to the former possessor, than if he had relinquished the possession. This principle would go to the length of confounding all moral distinctions, and of making the recollection of the individual the criterion of right and wrong. Mr. Home infers that, not merely by conventional law, but ‘ *by the law of nature,* a long continued possession is a good title for acquiring property.’ The mode in which Mr. Home defended this position, is very ingenious, but very sophistical, and very subversive of the immutable nature of moral obligation. These essays, however, contributed very much to extend the legal reputation of Mr. Home, and from this period he was employed in most of the important causes which occurred in the court of session.

In chapter III. the biographer of lord Kames celebrates

his social propensities, his love of innocent gaiety, his instructive and sprightly conversation; and gives an account of some of his early friends. Among these he mentions William Hamilton of Bangour, a gentleman of some poetical talent, who was constantly soliciting the sway of some favourite mistress, but whose attachment seems to have wanted a principle of permanence. Of this we have the following instance: A lady

'had complained to Mr. Home that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attention, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him: you are his friend, said she; tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance. No, madam, said Mr. Home, you shall accomplish his cure yourself; and by the simplest method. Dance with him at to-night's assembly, and shew him every mark of your kindness, as if you believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word for it you'll hear no more of him. The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.'

Among the most intimate friends of Mr. Home at this period, lord Woodhouselee mentions Mr. Oswald of Dankeir, and one of the Scottish members of parliament for a considerable number of years. Mr. Oswald appears to have been a man of considerable knowledge and sagacity, and some of his letters, which the author has published, contain much interesting matter. In a letter from Mr. Oswald to Mr. Home, dated London, 14th Dec. 1741, he thus discriminates the oratorical abilities of Murray, (afterwards lord Mansfield) and of the first Pitt, whose splendid name was afterwards buried under that of the earl of Chatham.

'This question,' that of taking sixteen thousand Hanoverians into British pay, 'has been agitated in the different debates. On the first day Murray was introduced to support the court, which he did in a set speech, extremely methodical, with great perspicuity, and very fine colouring. He was replied to by Pitt, who in the most masterly manner, laying hold of the weakest parts of his speech, with the greatest strength of expression, and in the most manly style I ever witnessed, turned almost all his colours against him. Murray had laid a good deal of stress on exposing the inconsistency of advising one thing the one year, and the next abusing it, merely through a spirit of opposition; Pitt showed how the object was varied; but varied by the ministers, and then turned every argument Murray had employed against himself. The one spoke like a pleader, and could not divest himself of a certain appearance of having been employed by others. The other spoke like a gentleman, like a statesman, who felt what he said, and possessed the strongest desire of conveying that feeling to others for their own interest, and that of their country.'

Murray gains your attention by the perspicuity of his arguments and the elegance of his diction. Pitt commands your attention and respect by the nobleness, the greatness of his sentiments, the strength and energy of his expressions, and the certainty you are in of his always rising to a greater elevation both of thought and style; for this talent he possesses beyond any speaker I ever heard, of never falling, from the beginning to the end of his speech, either in thought or in expression. And, as this session he has begun to speak like a man of business, as well as an orator, he will in all probability, or rather at present is allowed to make as great an appearance as ever man did in that house. Murray has not spoke since, on the other two debates where his rival carried all before him, being very unequally matched with Pelham, Young, and Winnington, &c.

Next follows a letter from David Hume, December 1737; Hume was then in London, and preparing to publish his Treatise of Human Nature. In this letter he mentions that he had inclosed for the inspection of Mr. Home some of his *'reasonings concerning miracles.'* These reasonings did not probably exert any comfortable influence on the mind of Mr. Home, which had been previously disturbed by certain scruples relative to some of the evidences of religion, which induced him to write to the celebrated Dr. Butler, and to request a personal interview with that great man which he thought would tend to allay sceptical inquietude. Dr. Butler refused this interview because he was diffident and reserved, unaccustomed to oral controversy, and afraid of injuring the cause of truth by his awkwardness in defending it. But in his letters, Dr. B. endeavoured to remove the difficulties which seemed to impede the faith of Mr. Home. We regret with Lord Woodhouselee that these letters have been unfortunately lost.

Mr. Hume had at this time obtained from his friend Home a letter of introduction to Dr. Butler, of whose metaphysical acuteness, the former as well as the latter entertained a very high opinion. But as Dr. Butler was soon after made Bishop of Bristol, the feeling of modesty or the sense of decorum in Mr. Hume, prevented him from waiting on the Doctor with the letter; but he sent him his Treatise of Human Nature as soon as it appeared; Mr. Hume was at this time in the 28th year of his age. The treatise which he had just published, had experienced an almost total neglect. It was read by few, and probably understood only by a few of those few; it excited no clamour, and at the time produced no reply. This must have been not a little mortifying to the vanity

of an author who expected that 'it would produce an almost total alteration in philosophy.' But he still seems to console himself with a delusion which is often applied as a balm to the sore feeling of neglected authorship, that that performance which is unnoticed or despised in the present age will excite the respectful attention of posterity. 'I am young enough,' says Hume, 'to see what will become of the matter, but am apprehensive lest the chief reward I shall have for some time, will be the pleasure of studying on such important subjects, and the approbation of a few judges.' The essays however which Mr. Hume published soon after this met with a more favourable reception, and effaced the effect of his former disappointment; he says in a letter to Mr. Home, that Dr. Butler has every where recommended them.

In 1741 Mr. Home married 'Miss Agatha Drummond, a younger daughter of James Drummond, Esq. of Blair in the county of Perth.' This union is said to have been the result of long acquaintance, and of mutual esteem. Lord Woodhouselee gives the following pleasing account of Mrs. Home.

'In the management of her household, where it was the more becoming in her to attend to economy, that her husband's turn for hospitality, and her own sense of what was suitable to the rank they occupied in life, rendered it necessary to maintain a handsome liberal establishment, Mrs. Home's conduct was a model of propriety. Abridging every superfluous expence, indulging in none of the frivolous gratifications of vanity, but studious alone of uniting the real comforts of life with that modest measure of external show which the station of a gentleman demands, she kept an elegant but simple table, at which the guests of her husband met always with a cheerful welcome. In the earlier period of Mr. Home's married life, attention to economy was a necessary duty; and he found in his partner that excellent good sense and discretion, which felt it no sacrifice to conform their mode of living to the just bounds of their income. I have from Mr. Drummond Home the following anecdote, which as he justly observes, is illustrative of the character both of his father and mother. Mrs. Home who had a taste for every thing that is elegant, was passionately fond of old china, and soon after her marriage, had made such frequent purchases in that way, as to impress her husband with some little apprehensions of her extravagance. But how to cure her of this propensity was the question; after some consideration, he devised an ingenious expedient. He framed a will, bequeathing to his spouse the whole china that should be found in his possession at his death; and this deed he immediately put into her hands,

the success of the plot was complete, the lady was cured from that moment of her passion for old china. This little pious fraud Mr. Home was wont frequently to mention with some exultation, but it was not, so much the effect as the ingenuity of the stratagem, that touched him. For as it commonly happens that we value ourselves most on those talents we least possess, it was amusing to see a person of his artless character pique himself on his *finesse*; though, in fact, nothing was more foreign to his nature.

Lord Woodhouselee gives the following account of Mr. Home's domestic habits;

‘He had accustomed himself from his earliest years to a regular distribution of his time, and in the hours dedicated to serious occupation, it was no light matter that ever made him depart from his ordinary arrangements. The day was devoted chiefly to professional duties; he had always been in the habit of rising early, in summer between five and six o'clock; in winter, generally two hours before day-break. This time was spent in preparation for the ordinary business of the court, in reading his briefs, or in dictating to an amanuensis; the forenoon was passed in the court of session, which at that time commonly rose after mid-day, thus allowing an hour or two before dinner for a walk with a friend. In town, he rarely either gave or accepted of invitations to dinner, as the afternoon was required for business and study. If the labours of the day were early accomplished, and time was left for a party at cards before supper, he joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and partook with great satisfaction in a game of whist, which he played well, though not always with perfect forbearance, if matched with an unskilful partner; yet even these little sallies of temper were amusing, and seasoned with so much humour, that they rather pleased than offended the person who was their object. At other times, he was not unfrequently seen of an evening at the theatre, the concert or assembly-room; and possessing to a wonderful degree the power of discharging his mind of every thing that was not in consonance with his present occupations, he partook with the keenest relish in the amusements of the gay circle which surrounded him; it was delightful to see the man of business and the philosopher, mingling not only with complacency but with ease, in the light and trivial conversation of the beau-monde, and rivalling in animation and vivacity the sprightliest of the votaries of fashion, whose professed object is pleasure, and the enjoyment of the passing hour.’

In the country Mr. Home employed the intervals of a studious life in agricultural pursuits, and in superintending the improvements of his estate. He was among the first of the Scottish gentry, who endeavoured to



bring the English mode of husbandry into general use. This constitutes no small part of his praise.

'One day,' says lord Woodhouselee, 'a country gentleman of his neighbourhood coming to dine with him at Kames, found him in the fields hard at work in assisting his men to clear the stones from a new inclosure. It was after his promotion to the rank of judge; his neighbour attended him for some time with labouring steps, and much inward impatience till summoned by the bell for dinner. Well, my lord, said he, you have truly wrought for your meal; and pray let me ask you, how much do you think you will gain by that hard labour at the end of the year? Why really, my good Sir, replied the other, I never did calculate the value of my labour; but one thing I will venture to assert, that no man who is capable of asking that question will ever deserve the name of a farmer.'

It was chiefly in the vacation that Mr. Home employed himself in the composition of those works which will long preserve the lustre of his name as a lawyer, a moralist, and a critic. In 1741 he published in two volumes folio, 'The Decisions of the Court of Session, from its Institution to the present Time, abridged and digested under proper Heads in the form of a Dictionary:' this was a work of laborious research, and of considerable utility to the students and practitioners of the Scottish law.

Though the principles of Mr. Home's family were Jacobitish, yet his own reflective mind soon convinced him that all government, which deserves the name of legitimate, must be founded on the free consent of the people. In the rebellion of 1745 and 1746 he employed the interval in the composition of some '*essays upon several subjects of British antiquities*,' which were published in 1747.

In 1745, Mr. Home renewed his correspondence with David Hume, which had experienced a temporary interruption. An attempt was, at this time, made by the friends of the latter, to obtain for him the professorship of moral philosophy, in the university of Edinburgh; but this was frustrated by the apprehension which was entertained of his sceptical opinions. Mr. H. bore this, as well as other disappointments, with surprising equanimity. In a letter to Mr. Home, on another occasion, he says: 'frequent disappointments have taught me that nothing need be despaired of, as well as that nothing can be depended on.'

Notwithstanding the density of Mr. Home's professional engagements, when now at the head of the Scottish bar,

he still found leisure to 'pursue his metaphysical speculations.' In 1751, he published '*essays on the principles of morality and natural religion.*' In this work he seems to have designed to counteract the pernicious influence of his friend Hume's *Philosophical Essays*. He endeavours to prove that the laws to which the moral constitution of man is (or ought to be) subservient, are as regular and undeviating in their operations, as those laws by which the natural world is controuled. Though this work was intended to combat the sceptical philosophy, yet, such is the perverseness of bigotry, that it exposed the writer to the charge of scepticism and impiety. An attempt was made to get him censured by the general assembly of the kirk, and a complaint was lodged against the book, before the presbytery of Edinburgh. Those essays which were thus marked out as the objects of proscription, contain many ingenious observations; but the train of reasoning is usually carried too far into the region of metaphysical refinement, or is lost in the clouds of chilling and comfortless speculation. Mr. Home has expatiated at length on the dark and bewildering doctrine of liberty and necessity, but he has neither rendered it less intricate, nor less obscure than it was before.—This seems one of those subjects on which reason can throw no clear nor cheering light. There is no individual, whatever may be his speculative tenets, who is not *self-conscious* that he possesses a *liberty of choice* in his moral conduct; and hence it follows that he is accountable for his actions. But to endeavour to reason any man out of this idea, or to induce him to believe that the supposition is delusive, appears to us, if not in the design, yet in the effect, to weaken the hold of virtue on the conscience, and to relax the strongest ties of moral obligation. We have never been friendly to those notions of *philosophical necessity*, which are very generally embraced by the English unitarians, and which appear to us to be not less absurd, nor less pernicious, than the *fate* of the stoics, or the *election* and *reprobation* of the methodists. If every individual possess the self-feeling of *liberty of choice* in his moral conduct, that feeling must be a part of the natural constitution of man. It must be accordingly the actual impress of the Deity, and it seems as absurd in metaphysicians and religionists to deny the *truth* of this feeling, as it would be to argue against the existence of the sun in the firmament.

In 1752, Mr. Home was appointed one of the judges of the court of session, when he took his seat on the bench, by the title of lord Kames. Lord Woudhouselee tells us

that his metaphysical opinions did not blend their refinement nor their subtlety with his judicial decisions. He confined himself

‘to a simple exposition of the principles where the case turned on a point of law, or the sum of the proof, where it depended on the weighing of evidence.’

‘In questions which involved no ambiguity of statement, nor perplexity of detail, he thought that

‘promptitude of decision was essential to justice, and that where the facts are substantiated, and the law is clear, it is the duty of the judge simply to pronounce his decree,’

without any superfluity of reasoning, or fluctuating inconsistency of imbecile hesitation.

Lord Kames was very active in encouraging the literary spirit which began about this time to be very prevalent in Scotland. Many men of talents were encouraged by his patronage. It was by his persuasion that Adam Smith, soon after his return from Oxford, when he relinquished his original design of entering into the church, was induced to deliver a course of lectures on rhetoric, and the *belles lettres*. The friendship between lord Kames and this great political economist began early, and was preserved inviolate through life. Their mutual regard was not abated by their speculative differences. When Adam Smith published his ‘*Theory of Moral Sentiments*,’ lord Kames attacked the principle of sympathy, from which his friend had endeavoured to derive the sense and the cogency of moral obligation. This moral structure of Mr. Smith is composed of rich and well-assorted materials; but it is certainly founded on a base too narrow for the costly edifice which it is designed to support. Philosophers are, in general, too fond of simplifying the complicated varieties of nature; or, as Mr. Hume well remarked, they are apt to imagine that nature is as much bounded in her works as in their speculations.

Dr. Blair owed the professorship of rhetoric principally to the patronage of lord Kames, to whom the public are much indebted for the publication both of his lectures and his sermons. Mr. Millar, the celebrated professor of law, at Glasgow, resided for some time in the family of lord Kames, where he superintended the education of his son.

‘In 1757, lord Kames published, in one volume 8vo. the statute law of Scotland, abridged, with historical notes.’ In this useful work he exhibits an accurate and methodical

summary of the statute law of Scotland, as it is found in the printed acts, from the earliest period to that of the union with England. Lord Kames was of opinion that the law of Scotland might be materially improved by a nearer assimilation to that of this country. In order to promote this important purpose, he had drawn up some historical tracts on particular branches of the Scottish law, which he sent in MSS. to lord Hardwick, then lord chancellor of England. Lord Hardwick highly approved the design; he thought the incorporation of the two countries in one political society incomplete without an uniformity of laws. Yet, from the time of the union, to that of lord Hardwick, and from that of lord Hardwick to the present period, no attempt of this kind was seriously made, till the late administration came into power. Among other innovations which lord Hardwick would have introduced into the Scottish law, he mentions in his letter to lord Kames, that of the abolition of the strict *tailzies*. These *tailzies*, said lord Hardwick, 'not only differ from the genius of the English law, which abhors perpetuities, but are manifestly prejudicial to the national interests of Scotland, which is now rising in trade, and will, I hope, greatly increase in it. The taking so much of the lands, *extra commercium*, is inconsistent with a commercial country.'

In 1759, lord Kames published his *Historical Law Tracts*, in one volume, 8vo. 'Those tracts,' says lord Woodhouselee, are deservedly high in the public esteem. They are among the few works which unite law with philosophy, and the study of human nature. And they have accordingly received the praise, not only of judicial authors, but of the writers on politics and morals, both of our own and foreign countries. In 1760, lord Kames published another work, under the title of '*Principles of Equity*,' in prosecution of the wise design which he had formed, of bringing the jurisprudence of the two states into close approximation. On the principal subject of this work, lord Kames received a very excellent letter from the earl of Hardwick, which his biographer has published. Did our limits permit, we should have great pleasure in extracting it for the perusal of the reader.

The next literary performance of lord Kames, was an *Introduction to the Art of Thinking*, which contains a series of moral and incidental maxims, illustrated by appropriate examples, from history and romance. His object, in this work, was by an easy and simple method to instruct children in the faculty of abstraction, to teach them how to form

general conclusions from a series of simple facts." The design was very ingenious, and it is executed with ability. We are, however, convinced that the minds of children may be rendered weak and sterile, by being incited to practise the art of generalization, before the mind is filled with a copious stock of ideas, and a variety of information is obtained. Dr. Franklin, who made a visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1759, and spent some time with lord Kames, at his country seat, passed a high commendation on this little work. He says that he 'never saw more solid useful matter contained in so small a compass.' Lord Woodhouselee next subjoins some letters from Dr. Franklin to lord Kames, in one of which, dated Jan. 3d, 1760, the Doctor says that '*the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British empire, lie in America.*' No man, however keen and prospective his sight, had any idea of the complete separation which has since taken place between Great Britain and her transatlantic colonies.

In 1762, lord Kames published his great work, entitled '*the Elements of Criticism*,' in three volumes, 8vo. In this work, which we agree with lord Woodhouselee in ranking among the first specimens of philosophical criticism in this country, the author endeavoured to shew how the great laws of criticism were founded in the constitution of man; how the pain or the pleasure which we derive from contemplating the beauty or deformity of external objects, or how the agreeable or disagreeable impressions, which are made on us by the different works of literature, or the fine arts, have their origin in certain fixed principles of our nature; and that hence a criterion of taste may be formed, which is not liable to variation.

'To the generality of mankind,' says lord Woodhouselee, 'a work of this nature, which presents a series of judicious precepts, or rules of criticism, of which the truth is put beyond dispute, by an appeal to the judgment of all who are able to try them by that standard, and which are illustrated by a vast variety of beautiful and striking examples, taken from the works of art, is productive of high pleasure, and of real improvement of the sensitive faculties, which, even, when naturally acute, are wonderfully sharpened and refined by exercise.'

To those who attentively peruse *the Elements of Criticism*, it must occur that the author often treats the subject of discussion in a manner which exhibits the lawyer or metaphysician rather than the man of genuine sensibility. He displays too much fondness for the rigid formalities of pre-

cept, in some instances, and for the airy niceties of speculation in others. But the productions of the fine arts can at times neither be estimated by technical rules, nor appreciated by any subtleties of abstract disquisition. The criterion by which their excellence can be determined, is to be found only in the manner in which they excite, or by which they harmonize with certain invisible sensations of the breast, of which it is hardly possible to give a verbal analysis. Thus beauty or deformity, in the productions of the fine arts, not being always susceptible of an approximation to strict rules, must often be left to the test of individual sensibility. It must be rather a matter of feeling than of judgment. Even taste itself, instead of being exalted, may be diminished; instead of being refined, may be vitiated by mechanical rules, or by the cold and dull formulæ of metaphysical abstraction.

Lord Woodhouselee concludes his sensible and ingenious observations on the *Elements of Criticism*, with some remarks on a question which has been often agitated, whether

the author of the *Elements of Criticism* was really possessed of a great portion of native sensibility, and warmly awake to the emotions excited by the productions of the fine arts, or whether his taste was not rather the result of study and attention to those very rules and canons of criticism, which he had framed from a careful examination of those great productions of the fine arts, of which the excellence is universally acknowledged. A presumption, it must be owned, arises from the very nature of his work, which displays a continued exercise of the reasoning powers, and the most minute and patient attention to the operations of the mind, that the man, thus eminently qualified for the investigation of the laws which regulate our emotions, was not himself subject to those emotions in a very acute degree, of which a too lively feeling impedes for the time all capacity of speculating on their causes. A strong native sense of the sublime and beautiful, is constantly attended with a degree of rapture and enthusiasm, which gives its tincture to all the thoughts and expressions of the man who possesses it, and prompts to impassioned eloquence, whenever its objects are the matter of his discourse or writings. Now the reader of the *Elements of Criticism*, cannot fail to remark that this criterion of feeling is wanting in that most ingenious work. It may, no doubt, be plausibly argued, that, as the author's undertaking demanded a spirit of cool and sober thought, and an exercise of the judgment, purged, if possible, from all alloy of passion or enthusiasm, he made it a law to himself to avoid all rapturous expressions, and even to suppress the emotions that prompt them: but besides that, it may reasonably be questioned whether such violence to the feelings were truly necessary, and, on the contrary, were not in many places

rather felt as a palpable defect than an excellence, I am inclined to believe that such a rigorous discipline of the feelings, supposing them to have much native strength, is utterly impracticable. They must at times have manifested themselves, in spite of every effort to repress them, *Naturam expellat furca licet, usque recurret*. But when to these presumptions, is added the positive proof arising from erroneous judgment in matters of taste, which we sometimes find in the Elements of Criticism; as for example, the unqualified censure bestowed on the Gothic architecture, as possessing no degree of excellence whatever, but as something utterly barbarous and grotesque; and the equally unqualified panegyric of the Mourning Bride of Congreve, as the most perfect specimen of English drama, without any reproach of its unnatural sentiments and bombast; this evidence seems to be decisive of the question, and to leave no room for doubt, that the general correctness of the author's taste was more the result of study and attention, than of any extraordinary sensibility in the structure of his mind to the emotions excited by the productions of the fine arts.

In our next number we shall conclude our analysis of, and our observations on, this able and interesting performance.

ART. IV.—*A Picture of Valencia, taken on the Spot; comprehending a Description of that Province, its Inhabitants, Manners and Customs, Productions, Commerce, Manufactures, &c. with an Appendix, containing a Geographical and Statistical Survey of Valencia, and of the Balearic and Pityusian Islands, together with Remarks on the Moors in Spain. Translated from the German of Christian Augustus Fischer, by Frederick Schobert. 8vo. Colburn. 1808.*

CHRISTIAN Augustus Fischer, whose Picture of Madrid we lately noticed, is a very lively and entertaining traveller. He describes what is presented to his view with a vivacity and force, which fix the attention, and render the reader in some measure, a spectator of the scene. His diction is sometimes rather too florid, his colouring is too warm, but he seldom fails to interest and amuse.

The province of Valencia, one of the most delightful in Spain, is said to comprehend 838 square leagues, and to contain 932,150 inhabitants. The surface is in general so mountainous, that the champaign part is not computed at much more than one fourth of the whole. The most level and fertile portion is the narrow tract which runs along the coast, about thirty leagues in length, and one and a half

in breadth.' To this enchanting slip of country, M. Fischer has confined his *Picture of Valencia*.

The following is the glowing description which the author gives of the first aspect of the country.

'No sooner have you ascended the last of the mountains, that form the limits of Castile than the road conducts by insensible degrees into a delicious plain. The air becomes milder, the country more romantic, and a landscape resembling Eden itself, irradiated by an enchanting sun, expands to the eye of the astonished traveller.

'How magnificent, how delicious, how ravishing is this valley, intersected by numberless murmuring streams, and covered with thousands of neat habitations! What a luxuriant vegetation! What charming variety! The flowers of spring, and the fruits of autumn are every where intermingled. All the beauties, all the productions of the south are collected in one spot! 'Tis a prodigious garden, decked with the splendors of ethereal fertility.

'But these superb fields, these rich meadows, surrounded with orange and lemon trees, cedras, pomegranate, fig, and almond-trees; these smiling groves of olives, algarrobos, and palms; these romantic hills, covered with the ruins of ancient Moorish grandeur; these different movements of industry and rural activity, and the vast Mediterranean crowning with its azure billows, and glistening sails, the immeasurable expanse of the horizon—who but a Claude Lorrain could give a just idea of a scene so grand, and so magnificent!

'Evening arrives, and the sun with milder rays gently descends behind the distant mountains. A magic roseate light seems to tremble over the tranquil landscape, and the sea and the mountains glow with gold and crimson. The pure atmosphere is impregnated with the perfumes of orange-flowers; the groves of acacia resound with the notes of the nightingale, and every feeling is absorbed by the sentiment of repose, of love, and of tranquil felicity.'

The valley of Valencia, which is surrounded by mountains, except on the south east, where it is open to the sea, is sheltered from all inclement winds, and enjoys a climate exquisitely serene and mild. In summer the thermometer stands between 70 and 75, and in winter between 48 and 60 degrees. Continual sea breezes moderate the heat. The climate is represented as highly favourable to health; and chronic diseases are said to be unknown.

'Here all nature,' says the author, 'displays the animating influence of a southern sun; here every thing breathes mirth and joy; here all the months, all the days of the year, are devoted to an existence the most active and replete with enjoyments.

'Happy climate of Valencia, where all ideas are more poetical, all pleasures more delicious, all the forms of life more beautiful; where the years of age are more cheerful, the days of suffering more



supportable, and where even the approach of death is divested of the greatest portion of its terrors!

'Happy the invalid whom fate permits to seek a refuge in this asylum! When the last moments of his life arrive, his end will here be more easy and less painful. Weaned from all the vain desires and passions of this tumultuous scene, he will await the most faithful friend of man with tranquil resignation, and fall asleep amidst flowers and fragrant blossoms, full of the hope of awaking in the celestial region of perpetual spring.'

The city of Valencia, rendered recently so interesting by the gallant resistance which it made against the attack of Moncey, is situated on the banks of the Guadalupe, and is nearly of a circular form. It is surrounded with walls and towers, according to the ancient plan. It is about half a league in circumference, exclusive of the suburbs; and is said to contain more than 105,000 inhabitants.

'The interior of Valencia still exhibits the exact appearance of an old Moorish city;—narrow, crooked, unpaved streets; small, low houses, but of great depth, with large courts and fine terraces:—in a word, the first view of this confused mass forcibly reminds the spectator of the ancient masters of Valencia.

'The streets which for these thirty years have been lighted by lamps, are, however, kept extremely clean; and the houses are distinguished by external neatness and internal convenience.

'This is particularly the case with respect to the new quarters built within the last thirty years, in various parts of the city. You there find many wide streets, with handsome, nay even magnificent edifices, which display a profusion of the finest marbles of Callosa, Naquera, Buixcarro, &c. I shall only mention as examples the streets of *San Vicente* and *de los Caballeros*, and the squares of *San Domingo del Carmen* and *de las Barcas*, but, it must be observed, with the necessary exceptions.

'With regard to the public buildings, the *Collegia del Patriarcha*, the cathedral, the church *de la Orden millar de Temple*, the *Aduana*, the house of the consulate, the academy of St. Charles, and the general hospital are most deserving of the notice of a stranger.

'But what gives Valencia a peculiar and inexpressible charm for the observer is the activity, the comparative opulence and gaiety which prevail among all classes of its inhabitants, and in every part of the city. Here you meet with no beggars, no loungers, no artisans in want of employment. Which way soever you look, you perceive nothing but serene smiling countenances, industrious and happy mortals.

'What with the noise of thousands of handicraftsmen, who all work in the open air; the rattling of silk-looms, accompanied with the songs of the weavers; the voices of numberless females crying orgeat, fruits and water; intermingled with the sound of the organs,

triangles, and tambourines of a multitude of wandering Marcians—you see, you hear nothing but life, joy, and pleasure expressed in a thousand forms and in a thousand tones. And how perfectly the appearance of all the surrounding objects harmonizes with this expression ! From the tops of the houses, wave long stripes of coloured silks, and every shop is stocked with the richest stuffs.

‘ On the elevated terraces, the laurel, the orange and the lemon-tree, flourish in tranquil beauty, and the balconies display a variegated mixture of the most charming flowers. Here whole heaps of all the fruits of the south regale the smell with their fragrance, there the *Botellarias*, adorned with the garlands of palm and ivy invite the thirsty passenger.

‘ Around you a motley crowd of men and women pass with light step, and cheerful countenances through the cool busy streets ; and many a significant look, many a secret squeeze of the hand, many a merry trick, remind you that you are among the gay, good-natured people of Valencia.’

The university, since its reformation in 1787, is said to be the first in Spain. We fear however that the quantum of science and learning will not be found in a direct ratio with the number of professors, who are said to amount to seventy-eight. Of these we are told, that eleven are *professors of divinity*, twelve of jurisprudence, and no less than eighteen of physic. The archiepiscopal palace has a library, of fifty thousand volumes which contains every work in the Spanish language that has appeared since 1763.

The Valencians are said to be superior to their southern neighbours in the neatness and cleanliness of their houses. Some of their houses have elegant little gardens on their roofs, where you may sleep in the open air for eight or nine months in the year without inconvenience. The price of all the necessities of life is represented as extremely low. Were it not for the present convulsed state of Spain, perhaps some of our readers might be induced by the following inviting bill of fare to emigrate to Valencia.

‘ A pound of excellent wheaten bread is sold for three *quartos* and a half, (about a penny, English money). The best beef is sold for seven *quartos* (two-pence) a pound, and the other kinds of meat in proportion. A fowl costs sixteen *quartos* (about fourpence half-penny), a pair of pigeons, from three to four *quartos* ; and a dish of fish, for two or three persons, may be had for fourpence.

‘ Vegetables, fruit, and the like, are in general extremely cheap. For a penny you may buy as much garden stuff as will suffice three or four persons for a meal. A water-melon of the largest size costs three-pence, and a couple of pomegranates, not quite a penny. For a penny you may purchase two large bunches of grapes, and a whole

hatful of figs, for half that price. Oranges, lemons, almonds, strawberries, and other fruits, are sold equally cheap.

'The various articles of food in this country, are extremely easy of digestion; and the vegetables, in particular, have very little substance. Let a person eat ever so hearty, he has no occasion to apprehend the slightest inconvenience. The pure elastic air and the wine of Alicante, which is an excellent stomachic, may however probably contribute to produce this effect.

'There is scarcely any commodity but what may be had at a price equally reasonable. For three or four reals a day, you may have a room neatly furnished with an alcove and attendance. A silk cloak, which it is the fashion to wear here, costs from 28s. to 30s. and a fine cotton waistcoat, with breeches, and a silk scarf, from 14s. to 18s. A pair of silk stockings may be bought for 5s. 6d.; and fine linen is the only article of dress that can be called dear.

'With respect to other things necessary for housekeeping such as oil, wine, coffee, &c. they are all in general very cheap. For three halfpence, you have as much oil as you can use at a meal; and a bottle of excellent wine, costs less than fourpence. A pound of coffee, may be bought in time of peace for eight-pence, good sugar for nine or ten, and a pound of Caraccas chocolate for between fifteen and eighteen pence. The only articles, which are comparatively dear, are wood and coal; nevertheless the annual expence of a small family on that account does not exceed thirty-five or forty shillings.'

- The delicious temperature of the climate may be well discerned from this little circumstance that the watchmen, whose duty it is to announce the weather, are denominated *serenos* from *sereno* (serene) which is the most constant characteristic of the atmosphere. The public hospital is a structure of prodigious extent, 'each patient has a separate alcove, and a particular hall or ward is set apart for each disease. Agreeable to an ancient grant, the archbishop daily supplies the hospital with a certain quantity of ice for lemonade.'

The cultivated lands are divided into *huestas* and *secanos*. The former, which are always situated in the plain, are watered by artificial means. These *huestas* present the most vigorous and luxuriant vegetation.

'Where are the meadows,' says the author, 'which may be mown like these every week during eight months of the year; where the mulberry trees three or four times annually renew their leaves; where the same soil produces corn, pulse, fruits, and vegetables in uninterrupted succession, and rewards the toil of the husbandman with crops that yield forty, fifty, nay even one hundred fold!'

Among the public walks the author celebrates that of the Mameda, which is almost every evening the rendezvous of all

the people of fashion in Valencia. He says that in every part 'there are benches, arbours, and green plots,

'From all sides are wafted the perfumes of the rose, the orange, and the narcissus; every thicket resounds with vocal and instrumental music; from all quarters. O delicious, O celestial evenings, when all the senses revel in delight, and the benign goddess sees none but happy mortals around her.'

Among the other curiosities of Valencia, M. Fischer mentions four companies of knights, under the name of *La Real Maestranza*, whose important object it was to defend the *immaculate conception* and to improve the *breed of horses*. This body of knights on some extraordinary occasions hold a superb tournament which the author describes.

The shoes called *alpargates*, are very simple, but ingenious contrivances, and appear to have been in use in the times of the Moors. These *alpargates* are made of hemp, or *esparto* with a platted sole,

'An inch thick, the bottom of which is besmeared with pitch. The quarters never exceed an inch and a half in height, and the upper leather is not more than three or four long.

'These *alpargates* are bound with ribbands, the ends of which serve to tie them. They cross each other upon the leg as high as the calf, and in full dress are adorned with a profusion of fringes, bows, &c.

'A queen is not so proud of the most costly part of her dress, as a Valencian country girl of her Sunday-*alpargates*, tied with red and blue ribbands.—For the rest, they are the most convenient and the cheapest shoes that can be devised, and are in consequence a very profitable article of trade in various parts of Valencia.'

Rice, which was formerly cultivated along the greater part of the coast of Valencia, is still grown in considerable quantities, and forms a profitable article of commerce. The author says that the cultivation of this grain is injurious to the population of the country. He ought rather to have said, that the marshy districts, which most invite the culture are unfavourable to health, and consequently to population. Barilla, which is employed in the manufacture of glass, forms a considerable branch of the export trade. Valencia also produces many of the inferior species of glass wort, from which the soda is made. Of this article 'about fourteen hundred tons, are yearly exported to England, France, and Holland.'

Epidemic disorders of the putrid kind, are very prevalent in some of the districts of Valencia, particularly in the rice districts on the banks of the *Riberas del Lucar*. This evil might be exterminated by draining the marshes and lagoons.

'The sugar-cane is still cultivated only at Gandia, and in the neighbouring village of Benirreda, and Benipeix, where it is planted for the sake of the fresh juice, or for the purpose of improving the land.'

The author describes the mode of culture, which we pass over, to make room for other information.

Valencia possesses many quarries of the finest marble, which is not inferior in beauty to that of Italy, and might be procured for half the price. The Valencians are said to adhere to their ancient mode, and obstinately to resist the new improvements in the preparation of silk, which is still the primary and most profitable product of the province. There is not a sufficient subdivision of labour in the manufacture; and there is a want of scientific machinery. Valencia is computed to produce annually on an average 1,500,000 pounds of silk. Hence the country is adorned with innumerable plantations of mulberry-trees, and silk-dressers, &c. &c. are every where seen. The high roads in the plain of Valencia are said to be excellent; but the cross roads, many of which are five or six feet lower than the neighbouring fields are impassable during the inundations of winter. Besides the salt works of the province, which are very lucrative, the author mentions the singular salt rock of Pinoso, three leagues to the south-east of Monovar.

'It is composed of solid masses of salt, as hard as stone, which in some places are white, in others red, and in others grey. It extends two leagues from east to west, and one from north to south, without any variation of its component parts, though it is full of deep furrows and clefts.

'Its summit is not less than two hundred feet high, and upon it have been erected three small towers for the watchmen stationed on the coast. Near these two towers rise six springs; two of them are fresh at their source, but they soon become impregnated with saline particles, which they deposit, in the form of crystals, upon the stones and plants which they meet with in their course.

'The salt of the Pinoso is extremely coarse; and amidst so great a superabundance of better, very little, or none at all of it is used. It is nevertheless a curious circumstance to see so prodigious a rock of solid salt, rising detached above the surface of the earth.

The esparto, which is a species of feather-grass is said to abound in all the uncultivated mountains and eminences of Valencia. This vegetable product is of singular utility and importance.

'Out of it are made forty-five different kinds of articles, such as cordage, mats, baskets, nets, &c. the demand for which has gradu-

ally extended over Europe. In the first class the cables are particularly celebrated for their cheapness, lightness, and durability.

‘ One of these cables, from twelve to fourteen inches thick, and ninety to one hundred fathoms in length, costs at the utmost thirty piastres, but generally lasts as long as two made of hemp, and always floats on the surface of the water. No other cables are used by the Spanish navy; and the French and English have always held cordage made of this substance in high estimation.’

The mountains of Valencia are principally composed of limestone intermixed with strata of shell fish.

‘ Many of these strata, are twelve or fourteen feet thick: and great numbers of the shells, which are invariably found in families retain their natural polish, and their original form.’

Among the numerous wines which are produced in the province of Valencia, the best are those of Alicanto and Benecarlo. The common wines are almost all consumed in the province or used in the distilleries; the brandies of Valencia are employed to adulterate the French brandies; and not a small quantity of this spirit is smuggled into England by the way of Guernsey. Six different species of the common almond-tree are found in Valencia. The author says that it is

‘ Very common to inclose fields, with almond-trees, which in February, when they are in bloom, afford a charming spectacle. Nothing can be more enchanting than to see, beneath the most beautiful sky, long rows of flourishing almond-trees, with their young brilliant foliage, and roseate blossoms.’

The author ascribes the badness of the common oils of Valencia to the injudicious management of the trees, to the want of care in sorting the fruit, to the promiscuous use of the sound and the decayed for the extraction of the oil. The practice of irrigation which is so prevalent in the plains of Valencia, and which renders water an invaluable commodity, gives rise to a singular class of depredators, called *water-thieves*. Sometimes the poor industrious eludes, and sometimes he bribes the watch while he fills his buckets and calabashes with the precious fluid, or forms a secret communication with the principal canal, by means of cork-pipes through which the water ‘ runs merrily’ into the casks of the plunderer, which are placed in a lower situation. Sometimes the thief ventures to turn off one of the numerous secondary canals which his family are employed in conveying in casks, buckets, &c. to his stolen reservoir.

The *trovadores* or itinerant bards and musicians, though

found in the other provinces of the peninsula, are most numerous in Valencia.

‘Go in the evening into any *venta* or *posada* you please in Valencia, and you are sure to find one of these *trovadores* with his harp or guitar. Here he sings a great number of popular songs, or pieces which he composes, extempore, according to the nature of the subject which is given him.’

‘All these songs are composed in the Valencian dialect, which is very easily learned by those who understand any thing of the French or Italian.

‘The talents of these improvisatori are most eminently displayed in *decimas* or little poetic pictures of ten lines. One of the auditors gives the trovador the last line, and he immediately composes the other nine, which must correspond with the other in subject, rhyme, and metre.

‘Though these *decimas* often contain nothing but pleasing tautologies, yet they are always harmonious, and sometimes truly excellent in every respect.

‘The trovadores are held by their countrymen, in all the consideration which their talents seem to deserve. They are generally employed to invite the guests to weddings, likewise as *memorialists* and in other capacities; they are distinguished by their convivial manners, and by their easy, careless, poetic life.’

One of the favourite exercises of the Valencians, says the author, is

‘Slinging, in which the herdsmen, who keep their cattle and flocks in order by means of it, are particularly clever. For this purpose they use round, smooth pieces of marble, and often place the mark at the distance of three or four hundred ells. The slings are made of *esparto*, they are lined at the bottom with leaves of the aloe, and seem to bear a very close resemblance to those of the ancient Balearic islanders.’

Spain is well known to be peopled with saints; and in no part is this class of gentry more numerous than in Valencia; every disease has its appropriate saint; thus St. Lucia is invoked in diseases of the eyes, and St. Blase in those of the throat. St. Casilda vouchsafes her aid in hemorrhages, and St. Apollonia in the tooth-ache. The Valencian coachmen and carriers are very warm devotees to these saints. Each makes choice of his particular patron, or patroness, whose image he does not fail to carry about with him on his rout, to which he pays very assiduous adoration, while his journey is prosperous, but against which he vents his resentment without any moderation or complaisance, as soon as it is otherwise.

Murviedro, which is about four leagues from Valencia, and one from the sea, is built nearly on the site where Saguntum once stood. Here are many remains of the former grandeur both of the Romans and Greeks.

Jugglers, merry-andrews, rope-dancers, puppet-players, &c. are said to be produced in abundance in the northern parts of the province of Valencia, where, as the means of subsistence are not so easy to be procured, the inhabitants are, we suppose, obliged to live more by their wits. Of the jugglers, some in the eyes of the credulous natives eat fire, and devour serpents, transform painted frogs into living animals, and convert water into wine! The puppet-show men, and the directors of dancing dogs and monkies

‘ Sometimes represent regular ballets, at others ludicrous imitations of foreign dances, and both these exhibitions frequently have a moral or a political tendency.

‘ This was very commonly the case during the last war with France, and also at the introduction of any new country-dances. At the puppet-show the spectator was amused with the whole history of the revolution, the guillotine, the national assembly, &c. of course with the necessary improvements, while the dancing dogs and apes were caricaturing the new fashioned *petimétras* and *madamitas*, *muscadins* and *incroyables*.

‘ The former concluded with the air of the Marseillois, and the latter with the Carmagnole, which the directors of these exhibitions always accompanied with violent anti-gallican verses. It is not improbable that these representations may continue in vogue these twenty years, especially as the Valencians have never been very partial to the French.’

Of the orange-trees which abound in Valencia, those which are propagated from slips, grow much more rapidly and bear a more delicious fruit, than those which are produced from seed; but they do not attain to the same size nor to an equal age. The author describes the two methods of raising orange-trees, from seed, and from slips.

The imposts on the province of Valencia are divided into royal and manerial. The former are very inconsiderable, but the latter appear to be grievously oppressive. They are said to consist in the appropriation of a sixth, a fifth, a fourth, or even a third of the whole produce of the husbandmen. Besides this may be reckoned the numerous exactions on account of privilege, as of privileged presses, ovens, shops, &c. &c. The exercise of such rights must have a powerful tendency to make the nobility and landed proprietors objects of popular detes-



tation.—Have the central junta announced the abolition? The climate of Valencia is said to be highly favourable to longevity; and the author tells us, that in traversing the whole tract of coast, you will

‘Every where find people of seventy or eighty, whom at first sight, you would not take to be much more than fifty; you will every where hear of persons who have attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty, nay even of one hundred and forty, and who are still brisk, hearty, and active.’

All this may be very true, but we cannot forget what M. Fischer had previously intimated about the noxious effluvia and dangerous epidemics of marshy tracts. M. Fischer is a man of fervid conceptions and glowing imagination; and such writers are too apt to draw general conclusions from particular instances; to found broad statements on narrow premises, and to make fancy supply the deficiencies of fact.

M. Fischer describes a specific for the bite of vipers which he says the inhabitants of the southern part of the province of Valencia, have used with success from a remote antiquity. It is composed of the

‘Sea-holly (*eryngium campestre*), viper’s bugloss (*echium vulgare*) mad-wort (*alysum spinosum*), and cretan balm (*melissa cretica*), in the following manner:

‘The plants are taken when they are beginning to run to seed, and dried in the shade till all their humidity is evaporated. On this each is separately pounded, the powder is passed through a hair-sieve, mixed in equal parts, and put away in well-corked bottles. It is to be observed, that none of the roots must be employed, except those of the sea-holly, which possess very great strength.

‘With respect to the use of this remedy, it is indispensably necessary that it should be administered immediately after the infliction of the wound. The common dose for a man is one scruple, for a dog a drachm; and the vehicle used for both is wine or water. No particular diet need be observed, only the powder must be taken morning and evening for nine days successively.’

We are informed that Cavanilles tried this remedy against the bites of mad dogs with complete success according to the report of our traveller. M. Fischer concludes his description of Valencia with the following burst of rapture and extravagance:

‘We have treated of the south, where nature appears in her fairest form, and dispenses her choicest blessings. That pure atmosphere, that enchanting temperature, that abundance of the most delicate and nutritious aliments—do not all these contribute to the highest gratification of sense, to the most rapid combina-

tion of the ideas, to the greatest intensity of the sentiments, to the most buoyant sense of the value of existence? Would any one live the genuine life of the poet, of the artist, of enjoyment, let him repair to these happy climes!

'I wake and a fairy land tinged with the ruddy glow of Aurora is expanded to my view. The pure atmosphere is impregnated with the perfumes of the orange, and the crowns of the majestic palm-trees tremble in the golden beams of the orb of day—Where am I?—Into what paradise has kind fate transported me?—O Valencia! Valencia! 'tis in thy flowery bosom that I have opened my eyes.'

Mr. Frederic Shoberl seems to have performed the task of a translator with considerable animation. We could have wished that he had altered one or two passages, which, however inoffensive they may sound to a German, are rather too indelicate for an English ear.

**ART. V.—A Practical Dictionary of Domestic Medicine; comprising the latest Discoveries, relative to the Causes, Treatment, and Prevention of Diseases; with a popular Description of Anatomy, Casualties, Chemistry, Cloathing, Dietetics, Pharmacy, Physiology, Surgery, Midwifery, Therapeutics, &c. &c. By Richard Reece, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, corresponding Member of the Medical Society at Paris, Physician to the Physical Dispensary, Author of the Domestic Medical Guide, &c. &c. 8vo. 18s. Longman. 1808.**

**THAT** all men are interested in the preservation of health, is one of those truisms which, though universally known, is too often individually despised. From the modes of life, which are prevalent in society, we should suppose that health was a very subordinate object of consideration; and that men were at least as busy in contriving means to destroy as to preserve it. In their diurnal habits, in their food, their dress, their pleasures, and their toils, we find a wide deviation from those rules which nature prescribes for the practice of man. By unnatural and irrational modes of living, we create diseases, which would otherwise never exist. For however long, complicated, and frightful may be the catalogue of morbid ills, with which poor humanity is afflicted, yet the majority of that black and direful list, are not so much the infliction of nature, as the product of man. Independent of casualties, which seem inseparably other from a probationary world, there are few individual ma-

might not enjoy a constant exemption from disease, by the careful observance of a few simple laws, which justice to ourselves as well as to others, seems to require us to obey. The BENEVOLENT BEING, who organized the fine frame of man, never constructed it to be the lazaret-house of such numerous ills as physicians describe, and philanthropists deplore. Rheumatism, gout, asthma, scrophula, and consumption, have their primary origin in the folly or viciousness of man, or in the neglect of certain laws, which may be known without difficulty, but which are not to be violated with impunity. Many of those diseases, which are at present most rife among mankind, are probably the consummation of morbid tendencies, or deviations from the laws of nature, which have been going on for several generations. These tendencies are perhaps unperceived and unknown during several links in the genealogical descent, till they become palpable to sense, and seem to concentrate the whole force of their progressive agency in some particular individual. A man may acquire, or he may inherit, gout, asthma, scrophula, consumption, &c.; but even in those diseases, which seem acquired, something may commonly be ascribed to inheritance. He who is continually drunk, may escape the gout himself, but he may lay up a stock for his descendants. The full effects, however, of his intemperance, may not be disclosed at once, but may keep secretly and gradually accumulating, till the malady demands the most active opposition. What is called scrophulous habit, is often the bequest of anterior generations; and it is a property which keeps accumulating by transmission. This is particularly seen in those royal or high families, in which marriage is seldom permitted to improve the breed. The same stock, or a stock thoroughly vitiated with similar habits, is continually conjoined, till a radically diseased breed is produced, which no art can cure. Most of the great families of Europe have a scrophulous diathesis, which has been regularly transmitted with successive aggravations of taint, for several generations. The contamination at last becomes so general, as to produce imbecility, ideocy, or frenzy, till the family ceases to exist. Kings and queens may transgress the ordinances of political life, but they cannot violate the laws of nature, with impunity.

If health depend on the conformity of individual conduct to the laws of nature, and if there be, in the present mode of life, a general deviation from those laws which most produced a diversified progeny of disease, mankind to the bi

cannot hope to recover the health which they might enjoy, and which the Creator designed as their portion in this world without retracing their steps from that labyrinth of errors, in which they are involved, to those simple modes of life, which are agreeable to the rules of health, to which the Deity has subjected the constitution of man. Most of the physical ills, which may be classed under the denomination of disease, originated in excess: this excess proceeds from the desire to accumulate more pleasurable sensation in the same instant, or to enjoy in succession, than the laws of nature permit. Nature has connected pleasure with eating and drinking, and the gratification of other appetites; but if we endeavour to carry this pleasure to a degree of intensity, beyond what is compatible with the design of nature in the organization of the human frame, we ultimately generate, instead of pleasure, the saddest varieties of pain. Man is really the author of most of his own ills: he does not, indeed, intentionally bring evil on himself, for this would be to suppose him malevolent towards himself, which is never the case; but he generates evil in the mistaken search of good. In the pursuit of present pleasure, he overlooks the more than probable contingency of future pain. He sacrifices greater and more durable, for present and fugitive enjoyments. He is not his own enemy so much as he mistakes the best and wisest way of being his own friend. Perhaps one half of the multifarious diseases to which humanity is subject, might be removed by greater abstemiousness and simplicity in the common diurnal modes of life.

We were almost involuntarily led into these reflections, by turning over a few letters of this dictionary, and observing the numberless variety of maladies which infest the human race, and which, were they not, in a great measure, the spontaneous production of man, would form an argument of no small weight against the benevolence of the Deity. No race of animals is subject to such a multiplicity of diseases, as the human. Animals, in the gratification of their appetites, are under the safe guidance of instinct; and they do not err: but man, though he possesses a superior faculty, is not the creature of any thing like mechanical constraint. He possesses freedom of choice, and though he may make a right choice, yet passion, ignorance, presumption, or inadvertence, often compel him to make a wrong. A medical dictionary, attentively read, and reflectively digested, would perhaps show better than any other book, the errors of the human understanding. The ma-

jority of diseases are the product of error, or of false and erroneous estimates of pleasure and of happiness, which lead to a pernicious excess of animal gratification ; but the modes of cure which are proposed for these diseases, are seldom any thing more than the result of vague hypothesis, fanciful conjecture, superficial information, or scanty and defective experiment. Hence, what is called the healing art, is little better than a system of quackery, or a congeries of assertions, which are destitute of proof. But can we wonder at the uncertainties of medicine, or at the fallacious pretensions of medical men, when we recollect that, notwithstanding the numerous *nominal* remedies, which we possess for every malady ; we have, in fact only two or three specifics or remedies, which will cure the same disease in all constitutions. Of these specifics, one seems to evince the desire in nature to compensate the severity with which she often punishes one of the predominant infirmities of man.

The present Medical Dictionary of Dr. Reece, from which we have too long digressed, is not composed so much for professional men, as for those who wish to attain a competent knowledge of medicine, for the ordinary necessities of themselves, of their families, or for the benevolent purpose of alleviating the sufferings of their fellow creatures. It is therefore most particularly designed for the instruction of the clergy, who, in imitation of their great Master, are anxious to comfort and invigorate the sick and weak bodies, as well as to purify and improve the prejudiced and vitiated minds of men. For this purpose of aiding the medical sagacity and skill of private, and particularly of clerical, benevolence, this work seems very judiciously adapted. It is a plain book, without any pretensions to superior medical illumination ; but it is full of sober admonitions, and of sound knowledge. The description of diseases is not rendered scientifically intricate, nor tediously minute. The symptomatic appearances, or diagnostics of the disease, with the predisposing causes, are, in general, briefly, but perspicuously detailed ; the newest, as well as the most approved modes of cure, are carefully narrated ; and those are especially recommended, on which most reliance is to be placed. The articles on chemical, and other subjects, connected with medicine, are explained with brevity, but with sufficient distinctness. The observations on food, regimen, the preservation of health, and the prevention of disease, which are interspersed in different parts of the work, evince much discrimination and good sense. The directions of the author do not converge to extremes, and they may

be safely followed without any risk of injury in any case. The explanations are, as little as is possible, embarrassed with an obscure and technical phraseology. There is no ostentatious display of physical skill, or rather of that medical ignorance, which a learned and sonorous vocabulary of terms is so often employed to conceal. The writer communicates what he knows in a simple, familiar, and unaffected way; and though he does not profess to be very erudite nor profound, yet he evidently knows as much as is requisite for those cases, which are of most general occurrence. In cases of great perplexity or difficulty, where the symptoms are very mysterious or contradictory, and the malady is difficult to be ascertained, the medical philanthropist who makes this dictionary his principal guide, will, undoubtedly, do wise to have recourse to professional sagacity and experience. Dr. Reece is not a desperate adventurer in pharmacy; he is not a 'kill or cure' physician: he knows that nature is usually hurt by violent and abrupt transitions from one state of sensation to another; and he neither advocates the cause of sudden changes, nor of drastic drugs. His object in this work is to lay down such rules that the unprofessional practitioner in medicine, may be enabled to do some good, where good is to be done, without the danger of doing injury by herculean, but uncertain and speculative, remedies. We can therefore very safely recommend the purchase of this work to our clerical and other readers, who are anxious to alleviate the varied sufferings of their fellow-creatures, by the gratuitous and unfeigned exertions of medical benevolence. The Medical Dictionary of Dr. Reece, is not only a plain and useful directory, but it has, at the same time, the great advantage of being more cheap, more commodious, and more portable, than any similar work with which we are acquainted, that details the modern practice of physic, and pretends to give any thing like a full and accurate representation of the varieties of disease, and the modes of cure.

As a specimen of this work, we shall quote two articles on two very common complaints—*catarrh* and *cough*.

'CATARRH consists in an increased secretion of mucus from the membrane lining the nostrils, fauces, and often the lungs; attended with slight fever, and cough. It generally begins with a sense of stoppage in the nose, a dull pain, and a sense of weight in the forehead and stiffness in the motion of the eyes, and soon after a distillation of a thin fluid from the nose, and often the eyes, somewhat acrid, which constitute the complaint termed *coryza*, and, when the symptoms run high and the disease very prevalent *influenza*.

**Cause of catarrh.** This disease is evidently the effect of cold, which, by checking the natural perspiration of the skin, produces a flux of fluids to the membrane of the nose, and fauces and lungs. **Of the treatment of catarrh.** When the febrile symptoms are moderate, it is only necessary to avoid exposure of the body to the cold, and to abstain from animal food for some days; but when these symptoms run high, it will be proper to keep in bed, and to take frequently, some warm diluting drink, as barley water, gruel, or weak white wine whey, for the purpose of promoting perspiration. Two table spoonfuls of the following mixture may likewise be taken every three or four hours: take, of *Almond Emulsion, six ounces;*

*Gum arabic powder, one drachm;*

*Ipecacuan powder, six grains;*

*Nitre powder, half a drachm;*

*Syrup of poppies, six drachms. Mix.*

' If the patient be affected with *pains* in the chest, and great difficulty of breathing, or disposed to consumption, the loss of blood from the arm, and the application of a blister to the side most affected, or over the breast bone should not be delayed. The diet should be low, and the beverage the almond emulsion, compound barley water, linseed or liquorice root tea.'

' **Cough.** When cough occurs in a person of consumptive habit, or born of consumptive parents, or at the consumptive period of life, it requires more attention than the patient is generally willing to allow. A blister to the breast bone, the loss of blood from the arm, the occasional use of an aperient mixture and the cough mixture, low diet, and the use of flannel next the skin are all indispensably necessary to prevent organic disease of the lungs, or chronic inflammation of the membrane lining the wind-pipe and bronchial ramifications, and the consequent morbid secretion of mucus, that constitute pulmonary consumption; a very common termination of neglected coughs. For those chronic or habitual coughs to which many people are more or less subject every winter, attended with shortness of breath, wheezing, and an expectoration of viscid phlegm, without pains in the chest or fever, the following mixture will prove very beneficial, in the dose of two table spoonfuls about every four hours. Take, of *the emulsion of gum ammoniac, six ounces; tincture of squills, three drachms; spirit of hartshorn, two drachms; paregoric elixir, six drachms; purified honey, half an ounce.—Mix.* The squill lozenge is also a very excellent medicine. When the cough is attended with swellings of the legs, paucity of urine, and great difficulty of breathing or lying down, three or four grains of oxy-phosphate of steel, made in a pill with a little honey, should also be taken twice a day; but as these are unfavourable indications, the advice of an experienced practitioner should be resorted to. For the cough of children from two months or upwards, a gentle emetic of ipecacuan powder, administered every twenty-four hours, generally affords very considerable relief, and will often speedily cure it. If attended with great difficulty of breathing or pain on coughing,

a blister, or burgundy pitch plaister, should also be applied between the shoulders, or over the breast-bone, and a tea-spoonful of a linctus of almond oil and syrup of poppies, given three or four times a day. The almond emulsion is a very pleasant and excellent medicinal drink for children affected with cough; it not only allays thirst, abates fever, and relieves the cough, but is so nutritious, that if a child takes more than a half pint in the course of a day it will require nothing else. Cough is also a symptom of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs when it is attended with rigors, fever, and acute pains in the chest. Cough is also a symptom of dropsy in the chest, when it is attended with general debility of the system, often swelling of the legs especially towards night, great difficulty of breathing, and often a sense of suffocation when in an horizontal position. Cough being symptomatic of such *opposite* affections of the lungs the danger of the *general* remedies (so industriously advertised by designing quacks), must appear obvious to the most ignorant. These medicines being composed of paregoric elixir, tincture of tolu, gum benzoin, &c. sold under plausible fictitious names, as the essence or balsam of some herb held in estimation for its supposed healing powers, are a very serious imposition on the public; their stimulating properties having no doubt often produced inflammation of turbercles, and thus occasioned a fatal consumption. In simple catarrh they will produce pleurisy or inflammation of the lungs which by terminating in suppuration or mortification, destroys the life of the patient in a few hours, and even in *chronic* cough they are often hurtful by checking expectoration. It is a disgrace to the legislature that such impositions should be suffered to be practised with impunity. The lozenges sold under the name of tolu, patarosa, and paregoric, are, from their stimulating ingredients, improper in cases of recent cough; they are likewise hurtful to the digestive organs by generating acidity in the stomach, and have a very injurious effect on the enamel of the teeth, which in scrophulous or rickety habits they either destroy or render black. Coughs, it must therefore be remembered, are not only the effects of obstructed perspiration, but proceed from various other causes, particularly in children, such as teething, bowel complaints, foul stomach, fever, &c. and are recurring symptoms in delicate habits. However coughs are generally considered a very trifling affection, every person acquainted with the delicate structure of the lungs must allow that they require the greatest attention and judgment in their treatment. More people die in this country of cough than any other disease, which in its commencement might have been readily cured by the most simple medicine. Hæmoptoe, and consumption of the lungs are generally the consequences of neglected or ill treated coughs. Scarcely any disorder alarms the mind of the medical man more than cough, and hence, by attending to it on its *first attack*, medical men very rarely die of diseased lungs.

In many of the diseases of which Dr. Reece has described



the nature and the cure he has very judiciously adverted to the treatment not only of the body but of the mind. The mind is certainly a powerful agent not only in producing, but in mitigating and curing disease. The peculiar temperament of the mind ought, therefore, to be an object of careful attention to the medical practitioner. Where the mind is perturbed by unruly passions, by gloomy and discoloured views of life, by the exaggeration of real, or the anticipation of fancied ills, where it is the prey of superstitious or hypochondriacal hallucinations, which are as frequently the cause as the consequence of corporeal debility, the varied combinations of pharmacy will be applied in vain. Many diseases may be cured by those who have the skill to administer solace to the mind, when cordials to the body will fail of their effect or only aggravate the malady. Thus the cures of quacks may often be ascribed to the power which they have the address to obtain over the imaginations of the ignorant. The body is hardly ever sick without the mind participating in the infirmity. Could we produce at will that pleasurable activity or quiescence of mind which is called hope, confidence, and the varied modifications of benevolent propensity, we should find that we had in some instances wonderfully increased the efficacy of the drugs in the shops and in others diminished the necessity for their use. Dr. Reece has therefore done very wisely to make the state of the mind an object of attention in the cure of disease. Some diseases, however corporeal they may seem, are entirely *states of mind*, which are indeed often productive of the most dangerous and incurable physical suffering and decay. We wish that this subject were more studied by the medical fraternity. To professional men Dr. Reece's Dictionary may be a useful manual for occasional reference and consultation; but we principally recommend the purchase of it to those for whom it is principally designed, the clergy and other benevolent persons who reside in the country, and are anxious to acquire a sufficient knowledge of pharmacy to enable them to do much good to their sick and suffering fellow creatures, at a small expense and without any risk.

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ART. VI.—*Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, &c. &c.* By Alexander Murray, F.A.S.E. Concluded from the last number of the C. R.

IN our last number we took no notice of the Appendix

to this magnificent volume, which constitutes by far the largest part of its contents. Of this appendix, the letters to and from Mr. Bruce occupy 154 pages, and 163 pages more are filled with the inscription on his monument, with a list of the MSS. journals, common-place books, &c. from which his travels were composed; a list of the Ethiopic MSS. which he brought from Abyssinia; a short geographical account of the Abyssinian provinces; a short view of the Abyssinian court and government, a particular account of the Ethiopic MSS. from which Mr. Bruce composed the history of Abyssinia; extracts from his journals and MSS. relative to his travels in Abyssinia and Nubia; a vocabulary of the Amharic, Falashan, Gabat, Agow, and Tcheret Agava languages, a vocabulary of the Gulla language, with 20 plates engraved by Heath, containing principally articles of natural history, with a map or plan of two attempts to arrive at the sources of the Nile, and a general map of Mr. Bruce's travels in Egypt, Arabia, Habbesh, and Nubia. Hence it will immediately appear that the appendix to this work contains a great deal of interesting matter, which we feel much obliged to Mr. Murray for having brought together in such a splendid volume.

It will be impossible for us to analyze the whole appendix which is formed of such scattered and disjointed materials; all that we can do is to make selections from such parts as are most likely to interest the general reader. Reviews are not designed so much for profound scholars or philosophers, as for the general mass of the people, whom they may at once edify and amuse, whose knowledge they may enlarge, whose taste they may refine, or whose vacant hours they may agreeably employ. And even those, who tower the highest above the common level of their contemporaries, may be interested in a review which exhibits an impartial, though necessarily imperfect account of what is doing or what has been lately done, in the literary world.

Among the letters in the appendix the first which we shall notice is, one from Mr. Bruce to his father, written soon after his return from Paris in 1754, where he had buried his wife who was then three months gone with child. This letter is a warm and artless effusion of grief, occasioned by the calamity which he had lately experienced, and accompanied with those sensations of despondency, which though they may be the transient, are yet the constant inmates of that bosom, which is not chilled with

apathy, when the prospect of happiness which was recently enjoyed, is suddenly overcast, and before new objects have had leisure to excite new hopes, or to dazzle with new delusions of bliss.

'My mind,' says Mr. Bruce, 'is so shocked, and the impressions of that dreadful scene at Paris so strongly fixed, that I have it every minute before my eyes, as distinctly as it was then happening.'——'My poor girl dying before my eyes, three months gone with child, full of that affection and tenderness which marriage produces, when people feel the happiness but not the cares of it; many of the Roman catholic clergy hovering about the doors; myself unable to devise any expedient to keep them from disturbing her in last moments.'——'Having ordered the mournful solemnity (of her funeral) with as much decency as is allowed in that country to heretics, at midnight between the 10th and 11th ult. accompanied only by the chaplain, a brother of my lord Foley's and our own servants we carried her body to the burying ground, at the Porte St. Martin, where I saw all my comfort and happiness laid with her in the grave. From thence almost frantic against the advice of every body, I got on horseback, having ordered the servant to have post horses ready, and set out in the most tempestuous night I ever saw for Boulogne, where I arrived next day without stopping. Here the riding without a great coat in the night time, in the rain, want of food, which for a long time I had not tasted, want of rest, fatigue, and excessive concern threw me into a fever, &c.'

The letters from Mr. Bruce to lord Halifax, while consul at Algiers, exhibit an interesting detail of his conduct at that place, and of the violence, injustice, and caprice of a despotic government. No. XVII. is a letter from Mr. Bruce, to a Mr. S. P. C\*\*\* who had acted as vice-consul at Algiers in the interval between the death of Mr. Ford, and the arrival of Mr. Bruce. This Mr. S. P. C. had been employed to receive the price of a cargo of corn, which had been sold to the regency of Tunis, in behalf of a widow in England to whose husband the corn had belonged; but Mr. Bruce was dissatisfied with the account which this vice-consul rendered of his disbursements. This letter is so manly, spirited, and characteristic of the integrity of Mr. B. that we wish we could spare room for the insertion of the whole.

'I received your letter unjustly attempting to shift an account to which you shall come here, or in Europe.'——'I said and now repeat it to you, that if you do not furnish me an account, or if you furnish a false one, the consequences will fall on yourself, or, as it is oftener called, upon your head. The consequences of

false accounts Mr. C. are not capital, but whatever they are, do not brave them.'——' In consideration of your family, I give you warning not to begin shuffling with me.'——' I am a trustee for widows and orphans.' 'Is it not more natural that I should be so, than a British subject of your principles.'——' Shall I send you a copy of some certificates of your character out of my chancery book, to shew how proper a man you are in point of morals for such a charge? You, Mr. C. as you confess you have means to do it, are hereby enjoined to make out your account. If you do not, I will adjudge you to pay the sum of 8567 shillings, the sums which you charge Mrs. H. without vouchers.'

The indignant feeling which Mr. Bruce thus expresses at a fraudulent transaction, and his determination to see justice done to an unfriended and unknown individual, are highly honourable to his character.

No. XXIII. contains a letter from Mr. Bruce to Mr. Wood dated Tunis, giving an account of his excursions along the coast of Africa. It exhibits some curious particulars, while it evinces a zeal for the arts which none of the inconveniences nor dangers of travelling in that inhospitable region could abate. We shall make one or two extracts from this letter.

' Here, (at Gerba, the Meninx of the Lotophagi), ' I was surprised to find myself among men of a different species, not living in tents or in mud-walled cottages as the Arabs do, but in caves under ground as the Troglodytes of old. Mela says of these that they lived in caves, and fed upon serpents; if he had said, fed together with serpents, and fed upon serpents his description had been just, for there are so many in every habitation, and so familiar, that at each meal they come and pick what falls from the dish, like dogs. Some of them are seven feet in length, but to these people so harmless, that even trod upon accidentally, they do not sting; and there is not any person of the family who will not with their hands lift them out of the way when sleeping, or in any manner troublesome. No persuasion nor reward could induce them to let me carry away one of them, it being universally believed that they are a kind of good angels, whom it would be the highest impropriety, and of the worst consequence to the community, to remove from their dwellings.'

Mr. Bruce travelled by land from Tunis to Gerba, from Gerba to Tripoli, and from Tripoli to Cape Bon (the Promontorium Mercurii) and back again to Tunis. In this journey, during which his constant dwelling was a tent, he delineated numerous vestiges of antiquity. Among these were the ruins of the three principalities in Africa.

'Jol or Julia Cæsarea, the capital of Juba; Certa; and Carthage, the last of which I hope,' says Mr. Bruce, 'will be found to make a better figure than it does in the accounts of some travellers, who would persuade us there are no traces of that city remaining.'

Mr. Bruce says that the hardships, difficulties, and dangers which he experienced in this journey, were such that nothing would have induced him to repeat it.

'Often,' says he, 'beset with, and constantly in fear of, the wandering Arabs, the most brutal set of barbarous wretches ever, I believe, existed; constantly parched with heat or dying with extreme cold, exposed many times to the risk of dying with thirst, though perpetually in view of large quantities of water, equal in saltness to the sea; in the northern parts in constant danger, from tigers, lions, and panthers; in the south afraid of every creature, where the smallest insect is endowed with some noxious quality; scorpions and horned vipers are in such abundance that of the former thirty-five were killed in and about my tent, an hour after it was pitched.'

No. XXIV. is a narrative of Mr. Bruce's journies to Baalbeck and Palmyra. From this we shall extract the following description of Mount Libanus.

'The form of Mount Libanus, as seen from the plain of Beleka, (the Cælo-Syria of the ancients) 'is this; first a ridge of mountains extremely proper for culture, and of no considerable height, sloping easily to the plain, and covered with trees that are not very thickly planted; on the other side of these rises a chain of mountains of an extraordinary height, bare for the most part and stony, cut in every direction by deep rain, and covered with snow, unless in the summer. Thus they continue till they descend much more steeply on the other side towards the sea. The vallies within these high chains of mountains, which on one side run parallel to the sea-coast, and on the other form the east side of the plain of Beleka, are mostly narrow, but abundantly fertile, were they in the hands of better people, under a better government; industry being always here followed by oppression.'

Of the twelve drawings which Mr. Bruce made of Palmyra and four of Baalbeck, he says in a confidential letter to Mr. Stranger 'they are by much the most magnificent views that have ever appeared. Every drawing has been purchased by the risk of my life; for we were on returning saved from assassination as by a miracle.' No. XXVII. which is a letter, supposed to be written by Mr. R. Wood, from Gondar in Abyssinia, gives the earliest account of Mr.

Bruce's journey into that country. It contains a succinct description of his route from Cairo to Gondar, interspersed with some interesting particulars. No. XXVIII. contains various letters, principally, recommendatory which were written in favour of Mr. Bruce, by Metical Aga, prime minister to the sheriffe of Mecca; by Bajarand Janni, deputy governor to Ras Michael, by Imail king of Sennaar, and by Shekh Adelar, vizier to the king of Sennaar. We shall extract one of these letters as a curious specimen of the eastern epistolary style. It is from Shekh Adelar to Ali Bey, announcing the departure of Mr. Bruce from Sennaar to Egypt, 1772.

'In the name of the most merciful God, the Lord of both worlds, blessing and peace be upon our Lord Mahommed, his family and friends, the supporters, who are majestic, pure, illustrious, and radiant. [The seal with the inscription on it above-mentioned] May it come with the sprinkling dew of perfume, scented with ambergris and odours, to the presence excelling in bounty, that speaks virtue and piety, the fountain of excellence and perfections, the spring of honours and favors, the horse that first reaches the goal, the chief of the masters of exalted eloquence, whose way of life increases his power, the drawn sword of God over every commander, and the arrow of prudence over every conqueror. So be it. The resplendent majesty, the chief of the chiefs of Cairo (Messir al Cahira) may God exalt his high rank, and make the backs of his enemies the place of his sword; may the arrows of his troops never forsake his flying enemies, and the armies of his terror be in their dejected hearts; may the bridle of his firm purpose train them to obedience, and the wisdom of his policy tame all their skill.

'The Shekh super-excellent and illustrious, glorious in his benefits to all mankind, bright in the love of his heart towards the explainers of what is dark, the prince of the city of Cairo the fortified, may God make the tree of peace flourish in his heart! Omir Allawat, the Sanjack Ali Bey, God is with him; Amen. Your friend Shekh Adelan salutes you with exceeding peace, and prays for an increase of your power and honour, Next. What calls us to the intercourse of these letters, and the cause of our composing them is, that your servant, El Hattim Yagoube, came to us from the land of Habbesh with letters from the Sultan of Mecca and Metical Aga, and letters also from the Sultan of Habbesh, that we should treat with kindness and civilities, and forward him speedily on his way to your presence; and we desired him to stay until we might be beneficent to him, but he refused and would not, fearing blame from you and your authority over all. So he is gone from us to seek you, with friendship and peace, and we hope that he will obtain his desire from those that know what is hid, in order that your friendship may be fully established towards us, and that you may be joined to us more nearly,

and that amity may be between our house and your house; and let us not be deprived of letters from you, for correspondence is half an interview.

No. XXXIX. contains two letters from Dr. Blair to Mr. Bruce; in the first of which there are some judicious observations on the travels of Mr. B. The following remark, with respect to the appearances of egotism which there are in that work, seem sensible and discriminating.

‘With regard,’ says the Doctor, ‘to your being so much the hero of your own tale, which all the petty critics will be laying hold of, this is what I find not the least fault with. On the contrary, I have been always of opinion, that the personal adventures of a traveller in a strange country, are not only the most entertaining, but among the most instructive parts of the work, and let us more into the manners and circumstances of the country, than any information and general observation can give us.’

No. XLIV. is a short but apparently copious account of the Abyssinian court and government. The *civil list* of the Abyssinian court hardly appears to yield to those of Europe in the variety or frivolity of the appointments. We shall extract a few particulars of the domestic establishment of Abyssinian royalty.

‘The *Serach Maseri*, or chamberlain, who sets the crown on the king’s head, sees his apartments properly ordered, and awakens him early in the morning, by his servants *cracking their whips* around his tent or palace.’

‘The *Hazne* or *Lik Magwass*, who has the charge of the king’s mule, an office of great honour. The Negus rides usually on that animal, making a point never to alight while out of doors, except on extraordinary occasions. He even rides into the presence chamber to the foot of his throne.’

‘All the household officers were formerly created in pairs, one for the right hand, and another for the left.’

‘The king usually appointed two Bahwudels, each of whom was his lieutenant-general over half the troops in the kingdom. The word signifies *the only gate*, or *by him alone the gate*, as the army had access to the sovereign through the medium of this officer only.’

‘In a full council of the nation, or business of importance, the king sits in an alcove adjoining to the council room, behind a lattice called *shekshck*. An officer, called the *Af-negus*, or mouth of the king, carries to him the deliberations, and receives his answers.’

\* The *Badjerund of the lion-house*. It was customary to have four lions accompanying the royal camp in all its movements. The place where they were stationed was near the common prison. The overseer of this has command over the officers who superintend executions.

\* The ceremonies performed at the creation of Abyssinian great officers, are singular, and throw considerable light on the national character. Before the war of Adel, and the division of the empire in the reign of David III. all was splendour and ceremony. Gold wrought into chains, cups, and other articles of use and luxury, were every where common; the finest brocades, silk, and cotton cloths were worn by the king's servants; the apartments in the palace and camp were ornamented with the most precious metals, and with beds of state, called *menstafis*; they were hung with the richest Indian stuffs, and paved with the finest carpets of Persia. All the great officers of the crown ate out of vessels of gold and silver, and most of their furniture displayed the utmost height of barbaric pomp.

\* A *Kasmati* (governor) is made in public, generally at the Adebabay, or market-place, of Gondar. The servants of the king, under the direction of the *Badjerund* of the *Zeffanbet*, put around his head the *Ras Werk*, a circle of gold, and clothed him with the *kaftan*, a white robe, sometimes lined with blue. The Abyssinian MSS. mentions another gift, by the word *sinomu mai*, the meaning of which is uncertain, but seems to be a pitcher for water. One of the people employed in the ceremony, then proclaims him, in the following manner: "Hear, hear, hear! We make our servant, \* \* \* *Kassmati* of ——" The kettle-drums immediately beat, the trumpets are sounded, those who are present raise loud shouts of congratulation. He is then mounted on a horse of the king's, splendidly caparisoned, and rides to the outer gate of the palace, where, alighting, he is admitted into the presence chamber, and, after having prostrated himself on the ground, kisses the king's hand. He is conducted out with *sandic*, *nagareet*, and *nesserkano*; that is, with the royal standard flying before him, and the drums and music, above-mentioned. The *basha* is also invested with the *Ras Werk* and *Kaftan*. He receives gold chains for his legs and arms, called *amber werk* and *zinar*, with a gold hilted sword, and a *shasha*, a kind of turban, wound about his head. He is presented to the king on the throne, and allowed to sit at the foot of it, with carpets spread under his feet. He is there served with drink, in a golden cup; after which he is conducted by all the nobles and army at Gondar, in full procession, to the house allotted to his office. The musqueteers, with *sandic*, *nagareet*, and *nesserkano*, fire repeated peals of musquetry, and the rejoicing in this, as indeed in all cases of that nature, is noisy and riotous beyond description. All the great officers are invested in this manner, differing, however, in the degree of honor which is paid to their



respective ranks. The tenor of the proclamation is the same. It is the perpetual custom of the king to bestow new robes, and other articles of dress, not on the nobility alone, but every person in his court or army, who has performed any action of note. A quantity of provisions from the palace is also bestowed at the same time. These customs are all of Persian origin.

The sovereigns of Abyssinia usually passed the nine fair months of the year in the field, engaged in war with the Matometana, Galla, and other tribes on the frontiers of the kingdom.

\* Long practice made encampment an easy regular matter, every part of the army knew its particular station; when the king's tent was pitched, the places of all the rest were relatively determined. In an expedition, it was usual for the king to carry his wife's household servants, clergy, and treasures along with him. These are mentioned together because they were exceedingly numerous, and formed a proportionable incumbrance to the march, which was very hard, at the rate of ten or fourteen miles a day.

'The whole camp is called *Cattama*,' and when extended in the manner that was usually done, on continuing long in one place, it occupied a space of several miles in circumference. The king's tents, five or six in number, were placed on a little eminence, on the east side of it, the doors of them being always to the east. The name of the place in which they stood was called Margâs, which was surrounded with long pallisades, hung with chequered curtains, named *Mantalot*, that completely hid the tents from the army without. In this enclosure (*Megardj*) were twelve doors, or entrances, occupied by the guards, the principal of which looked to the east. It was known and determined at which of these certain persons should enter, for instance, the cooks at one door, the Betweidets at another, the clergy at a third and so on, throughout the whole number. The principal gate was called the wudunshadaje, the names of the rest were the sargwan dade, shalemattadje, megardjadaje, mebleâ dade, blaaltihat dade, which were double, one of each name on the right, and another on the left, of the principal entrance.

No. XLV. XLVI. give a particular account of the Ethiopian MSS. from which Mr. Bruce composed the history of Abyssinia, inserted in his travels. The style and manner of these Abyssinian annals bear a very close resemblance to the books of Kings and Chronicles in the Old Testament. Among the officers of the royal household who are enumerated in No. XLIV. we find two, '*Tsafat Tasazi*,' secretaries. We shall give two specimens of these Abyssinian annals. In the eighth year of the reign of Yasous, he made an excursion to Tcerkin, and amongst other game, collected a number

of apes, which he and his courtiers drove into Gondar, and exhibited in the public square. The historian of his reign records this action as follows :

‘ In the eight year, in the month Yacatil, the king, went out to hunt as usual, and found in the way a flock of apes ; and he drove them, as a shepherd doth his flock, into Gondar, and put them into the Ashoa,’ (public square or area before the palace,) ‘ And they who saw that *miracle* wondered and were astonished, and said ; we have not heard, nor seen, neither have our fathers told us a sign or a wonder like this. And *all that was done by the strength of the Lord.*’

When Mariam Barea governor of Begemder, who had been deprived of his government, and declared a traitor was delivered up to Ras Michael, the chronicle says,

‘ That Michael would not see his face, because he pitied him, and remembered the scripture, which forbids us to insult those whom the Lord hath delivered into our hand.’ He sent the prisoner to the king and refused to sit upon his trial, saying, ‘ It is not proper that I pronounce upon him the sentence of death, for we are enemies.’ But Kasmati Luto stood before the king in rage and said, ‘ I judge him with the sentence of death, for my brother Kasmati Brule died without judgment.’ They pronounced the sentence and took him out of the tent ; and Kasmati Luto lifted his lance and pierced him first, and after him all the Galla stabbed him and butchered him (*tabakwo*) like an ox, and cut off his head and brought it to Ras Michael, and threw it down before him as they do spoils ; but he did not rejoice at the deed but said, ‘ take it out of my sight.’

The following is the conclusion of one of the books of Abyssinian annals :

‘ Month of Ginbot. On the first day he (the new king) entered Gondar ; and the nobles and judges received him, and also the priests of the hills (hermits and monks) with psalms and music of joy and exultation. And, on the 2d day, he was made king with the crown as kings are, and the book of his history we will also write *as the holy spirit shall direct us*. And that king who was deposed, while he was in the palace by the king’s permission, grew a little sick. And, on Monday, 8th at midnight, died Joas, king of kings. We have finished the history of king Yasous, and king Joas, and the queen Welleta Georgis, *by the help of the Lord*. Amen and amen. So let it be.’

We find that the Abyssian chroniclers who have seldom any thing else to relate than turbulent periods of violence, cruelty and bloodshed, can still use the name of the Lord with very little ceremony ; and can also lay claim to the super-

natural direction of the Holy Spirit. We see that Ras Michael who makes a very conspicuous figure in Mr. Bruce's travels, and in the Abyssinian history of that period, can quote scripture with as much facility as any European usurper, when he is meditating the foulest purposes, and can disguise his ambition and his perfidy under a mask of the most extraordinary sanctity and moderation.

The following remarks of Mr. Murray on the use of oriental literature, and on the miserable deficiency in that particular of some persons who have been commonly ranked high among the biblical scholars of this country, are no less penetrating than just. They show that the learned author of this life of Mr. Bruce, is a person who can think for himself, and who is not to be deterred by the dread of senseless clamour from stating what he thinks on a subject, on which men usually seem more prone than on any other to foul-mouthed aspersion and virulent invective.

‘Considering the value of oriental literature, in all investigations which are intended to examine, or illustrate, the principles of revealed religion, and the tendency of that literature to promote our knowledge of a very extensive and interesting portion of the globe, not to mention the advancement of our political interests in India, it is to be regretted, that the study of that branch of learning is, in this country, neither cultivated nor encouraged. Perhaps theologians think, that the church is secure on the basis of what has been already alone; and that a general neglect, not to say ignorance, of the language of the sacred books may be excused, as the industry of former times has enabled us to know, in general what they contain. This security is not prudent. For the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had not the same advantages either in criticism or philosophy which we possess. They ascertained what was truth as far as they were able; but it cannot be supposed, that a work, which is progressive, could be finished at once. Considerable pains have, indeed, been taken, to procure by collation, an accurate copy of the Old Testament; but it is astonishing to see how little knowledge of the oriental languages, Lowth, and other translators of particular books, have shewn in their different works. Literature is disgraced by a number of dull Hebrew grammars and dictionaries, written by such scholiasts as Parkhurst, Bate, &c. who pretend to settle the meaning of words, and at the same time, have neither good sense and judgment to investigate, nor learning to discover the objects of their research. By maintaining that the Hebrew language exists only in the Bible, and by thus detaching it from the Arabic, and other related dialects, they assume a liberty of giving whatever form and meaning to the words they think most plausible. Yet the grammar and prosody of the Jewish language might easily be traced from these kindred sources.

On the other hand, if infidels should attack the sacred books in the present state of Hebrew philology, it is certain, that they might gain a greater advantage than, on a first view of the subject, may be apprehended, and a support to their arguments, which it would require some time and attention to remove. The literature of Jones, united with the wit and intentions of Voltaire, would do more harm than many volumes of philosophical scepticism.

The following is part of the account which Mr. Bruce gives in his common-place book of the entry of the king into Gondar.

'The second of March we went to meet the king on his march to Gondar. The vizir (Râs) came first, with about a hundred horse, mounted upon a mule. He first stopt and made a short prayer at the church of Azato, and then came to a small hill on the other side of the river Dumasa, which runs below Azaro, that is near Gondar. His mule ran so fast, and he was so poorly dressed, that, though we were dismounted to wait for him, he past us without our being able to salute him. Having past the Dumasa, he sat himself down on a small rising ground to see the army pass while they were pitching his tent. The army advanced by twos and threes, all in disorder; part encamped, the rest entered Gondar. There was no order observed. We first pulled off our shoes, and then kissed his hand, sitting down as he desired us. After the vizir, came the king with about an hundred horse, with forty drums, mounted on mules beating before him; and long horns or trumpets after the fashion of the country. Upon the king's passing, we all rose, so the vizir. On the other hand, the king seeing him standing hastened to pass that he might sit again, for he was about 80 years old, and was besides lame, his thigh being broke in his youth, by a wound from a lance. The king entered his tent.' 'The king rode upon a mule all covered with scarlet and blue housing; his head bare, with a fine linen or muslin cloth wrapped around him, which he held with one hand up to his mouth.' 'Three of the queen's daughters came after riding upon mules like men, their faces half uncovered, with parasols like a *dais* carried over their heads, as was likewise over the heads of the vizir and king.'

'The third in the morning the king made his entry. Before him came part of the troops, horse and foot without any order, about 4000, who joined themselves to about 500 horse.' 'All the soldiers who had killed an enemy, distinguished themselves by a narrow stripe of red cloth upon his lance or musket; if he had slain more he carried more, and round the wrist he had the privy parts of his enemies killed, stuffed with straw, which as soon as the king was seated, he threw down, each in his turn, before him, with encomiums on his own bravery; and this is the never failing practice even when a woman is regent, as was the late queen in the minority of Joas, and his father Yasous.'

'Wechne, the place where all the males of the royal family of Abyssinia are confined, is about 34 or 35 miles from Embras.

'There is paid to maintain the royal family on the mountain, 250 ounces of gold, and 730 cloths (webs of cotton cloths) This is an old establishment. None are permitted to go up but the women carrying water. There was formerly a cistern, but it is now in ruins and useless. There are near 300 persons there, and all the exiles are allowed to marry.'

Our next extract from this varied and amusing volume will be an account of the nuptial ceremonial which is reputed legitimate in Abyssinia.

'Marriage is not considered in Abyssinia as a sacrament, yet the church ordains some rules to be observed, in order that the man and the woman may be faithful towards one another. The ordinary method of marriage among people of condition, and among those who most fear God, is the following. The man, when he resolves to marry a girl, sends some person to her father to ask his daughter in marriage. It seldom happens that she is refused; and when she is granted, the future husband is called into the girl's house, and an oath is taken reciprocally by the parties, that they will maintain due fidelity to one another. Then the father of the bride presents the bridegroom the fortune that he will give; it consists of a particular sum of gold, some oxen, sheep, or horses, &c. according to the circumstances of the people. Then the bridegroom is obliged to find surety for the said goods; which is some one of his friends that presents himself, and becomes answerable for him in case he should wish to dismiss his wife, and be not able, through dissipation or otherwise, to restore all that he has gotten. Further at the time when they display the fortune of the bride, the husband is obliged to promise a certain sum of money, or an equivalent in effects, to his wife, in case he should chuse to abandon her, or separate himself from her. This must also be confirmed by an oath of the future husband, and his surety. A certain time, of twenty or thirty days, is determined also by a reciprocal oath, that on the last of these they will go together to church, and receive the sacrament. When all these matters are concluded, the future spouse appoints the marriage-day, and then returns home. When that day arrives, the intended husband goes again to his bride's house, where she appears, and shews her movables (mobiglia), or clothes, and he must promise and swear a-new the fore-mentioned articles; and that he will use his wife well; never leave her without meat or clothing; keep her in a good house, &c. all which his surety must confirm. When this is over, the bridegroom takes his lady on his shoulders, and carries her off to his house. If it be at a distance, he does the same thing, but only goes entirely round about the bride's house; then sets her down and returns her into it.

this ceremony, a solemn banquet takes place, consisting of raw beef and bread, and honey wine, or hydromel, or another beverage from grain called bouza, a sort of beer very sour and disgusting. The feast being ended, the parties mount each a mule, and ride to the bridegroom's house, where is concluded all the ceremony necessary to marriage before they live together. When they have lived together during the appointed term of twenty or thirty days, they must both appear at church and declare before the priest that they are husband and wife, and that they are come to receive the sacrament. The priest, without more ado, celebrates mass; they communicate and return home. After some time, although both have sworn to live all their life faithful to one another, they take the liberty to separate; if it is the husband who wishes to get off, he, or his surety, must pay the wife that which she brought, and likewise the sum stipulated in case of separation. If they have had children, the boys always go with the mother, even if there were but an only child; if there be no boys, she takes none of the girls. When the separation comes from the lady, the husband is liable to no restitution, provided he has been always faithful to the married state, as promised; but if it is on account of his bad conduct, or irregular life that she forms this resolution, he is always subject to his promise and the above-mentioned articles.

It sometimes happens that the husband and wife, mutually, without any cause of ill-will agree to part; in this case, the effects brought by the wife are united with the sum stipulated by the husband; then divided into equal shares, of which the parties take each one, and return to their former places of abode. This is the established form of those marriages which are said to be celebrated justly, and according to the church. Mr. Bruce describes four plants which were pointed out to him at Sennaar, July 25, 1772, by a Nabian, which are said to be employed as a preventive of and an antidote to the bite of the scorpion and the viper. There is great plenty (of these plants) at Sennaar; though it is in their own country these slaves, the Galla,) learn the virtue of these plants and roots, to which the Arabs and people of Sennaar are strangers. When a person is newly bit, they chew a piece and apply it to the place, and he is immediately cured. If a person chew this root often in a morning the serpent or scorpion will not bite him. They dry all these roots and then pound them to powder, and mix them well together, and put them in a leathern purse ready for use; and when they are to handle a scorpion or viper, they take a few grains of this powder, and moisten it with water or spittle, and rub it in their hands and then lay hold of either without fear. Providence has placed this remedy in abundance where there is much need of it. The bark and holes of all the trees in this country are full of scorpions in thousands, and the plains full of very poisonous vipers especially in harvest. These come out of their holes in the time of the rains, and lie in heaps wherever they find straw, dry herbage, or old houses.

Much has been said by different writers about charms and specifics against the poison of the viper: though we know that such accounts are not very generally credited; but the fact itself, that there are in the vegetable world some plants which are endued with a specific power over the bite of the most noxious reptiles seems to be supported by testimony, to which the assent of a reasonable mind can hardly be denied. We are always happy when we find the number of such specifics enlarged by new discoveries, for they furnish very cogent and very agreeable proofs of the benevolence of the Deity.

The various documents which are either inserted, quoted, or referred to in the travels of Mr. Bruce afford incontrovertible refutation, if any were wanting, of the calumnious aspersions which have been cast on his veracity. Some have even doubted whether Mr. Bruce were ever in Abyssinia, but those who will peruse the present work of Mr. Murray, will no longer find it possible to entertain any doubts on that subject, and of course as it is the veracity of a traveller which constitutes his principal excellence, we have no doubt that time will continually add to the well-merited fame of Mr. Bruce, and that he will be found to have been as scrupulous in his adherence to truth as he was hardy in enterprize, patient of fatigue, and persevering in the endeavour to accomplish an object of the most laudable curiosity, in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances, and most terrifying obstacles. We cannot take our leave of Mr. A. Murray, the learned author of this performance, without heartily wishing him success in that elaborate treatise which he is about to publish.

‘ On the origin and affinity of the Greek and Teutonic languages, in which the history of the former, preceeding the age of Homer, is traced and ascertained, the sources of classical philology explored, and several interesting facts established respecting the first population of the west.’

If Mr. Murray be successful in filling up the outline which he has traced of this interesting work, it is likely to constitute one of the most important philological publications that have ever appeared in this or any other country.

**ART. VII.—A Statement of Facts relative to the Conduct of the Reverend John Clayton, Senior, the Reverend John Clayton, Junior, and the Reverend William Clayton: the Proceedings on the Trial of an Action brought by Benjamin Flower against the Reverend John Clayton, Jun. for Defamation; with Remarks, published by the Plaintiff. price 4s. 6d. Bumford, Newgate street, 1808.**

WE cannot help regretting very deeply that so much pride and rancour should exist in any one who sets himself apart to be a preacher of *the Gospel*, as the present Statement of Facts exhibits; but since they do exist we are not sorry that they are thus publicly exposed, since to detect hypocrisy is to display its deformity; and no mode is more effectual than this to prevent mankind from becoming the dupes of it.

The opprobrious charges which were circulated against Mr. Flower, by his relative, the Reverend Mr. Clayton, seem to have been contrived in the most malicious and bitter spirit of enmity; a spirit most unworthy of him as a man, and most disgraceful to him as a minister. The cause of religion is greatly injured, when its public teachers manifest how little they cherish its spirit, and how easily they can disregard its dictates, by giving the fullest scope to the most envenomed malevolence, and the most unnatural animosity.

There seems to be nothing either in the birth, the parentage, or the education of Mr. Clayton which can at all justify that haughty and dictatorial tone which he appears to have assumed throughout the whole of his deportment to Mr. Flower. The origin of their connection, and the circumstances which attended it, are thus related:

\* Mr. Clayton, previously to his arrival in London, had been recommended to me by some respectable persons, and among others by my cousin, the late Rev. T. Reader of Taunton, as a young man, little known in the religious world, but not undeserving my acquaintance. He possessed popular talents, and his sermons at setting out in life, were, as indeed has been recently remarked to me by others, far superior to what they have been for several years past. In the pulpit and the parlour, he was tolerably free from that dogmatism and bigotry, and those clerical airs for which he is now so eminently distinguished; \* nor was he then the priest of the church.

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\* See his sermon on the application of the dissenters for the repeal of the test act. His thanksgiving sermon, for the peace of Amiens:—His charges at the



of England in his exterior, as he had not assumed the gown and the catsock, and frequently preached without even a band! Shortly after the commencement of our acquaintance I introduced him to my family, where he was received with civility by my mother and brother, and with friendship by myself and my sisters. In the course of a few months he was settled as pastor at the Weigh-house, and about the same time paid his addresses to my eldest sister, by whom they were favourably received. This event was somewhat unexpected by my mother, my brother, and myself; and strong objections were made to the match by the two former, on account of Mr. Clayton's not having a shilling of property but what arose from his then slender income as a preacher, and his not having had a regular education among the dissenters; he having spent part of his minority in an apothecary's shop, but not liking his situation, was transplanted to an *hot-bed* of the Countess of Huntingdon's, a Welch college, from whence he was shortly sent forth to labour in the methodistical vineyard. The great difference of years being on the wrong side (my sister was 15 years older than her reverend lover) formed an additional objection. Here my friendship for my sister and Mr. Clayton exerted itself. After giving the former the best advice in my power, respecting her own line of conduct in the affair, I strenuously combated the objections of my mother and my brother. I argued, that Mr. Clayton was a man whose religious sentiments and general character they could not object to; that my sister had long since arrived at that age when she had a right to judge for herself in an affair in which her own happiness was principally concerned; and that her property, together with the salary of Mr. C. were sufficient to render them comfortable. All difficulties were at length so far overcome, that the marriage took place.

The exercise of that friendship on the part of Mr. Flower, which concurred to render the amorous calvinist happy with the object of his wishes, more especially as she possessed considerable property, ought, one should think, to have secured his gratitude. But this is a virtue which is, we fear, not a little rare among the *godly* of modern times, and this gentleman does not appear to have possessed such a portion of it as would much diminish the scarcity. Mr. Flower was, it seems, in his early days, infected with that spirit of pecuniary speculation which is

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ordination of his son John, and George, and his charge at the ordination of Mr. Brooksbank. A curious circumstance attended the latter. The preacher in his usual dictatorial manner, reflected on some of his brethren for leaving their flocks, and spending their time at watering places, &c. when, alas! he for the moment forgot, that few dissenting ministers had made more summer jaunts than himself, and that he had apologised for his present hasty effusion by informing his audience, that he had only been able to study it on his journey from Bath, where he had been for some time past!

almost always fatal to the fortunes of those who give themselves up to the dangerous delusion. Those soon become wretchedly poor who trust to chance to render them exorbitantly rich. Mr. Flower had serious reason bitterly to repent his early indiscretion. 'By continued speculation in the funds,' says he, 'at the close of the year 1783, I had lost the whole of my property.' In the course of the following year, however, his friends, in order to rescue him from the adverse circumstances into which his ill-fortune had thrown him, proposed raising a sum of money towards continuing him in the partnership of the house of Anstie and Worstead into which he had entered with considerable prospects of advantage. When application on this subject was made to Mr. Clayton, the *divine* brother-in-law replied, 'I will have nothing to do with it, *I would not contribute a shilling were it to save him from a jail.*' This is *brotherly love*, as exhibited in the new household of faith.

The cold and austere selfishness of the *saint* did not however so far overcome the feelings of Mr. Flower as to make him forget the ties of kindred, and the claims of family affection. He thought that the heart of the *evangelical preacher* might possibly not be so far petrified as to be past all softening. He wrote therefore to Mr. Clayton and to his sister, reminding them of their former friendship; of the obligations which they once acknowledged that they owed to him; of the *improvement which he had made of his sister's fortune* by speculations similar to those by which he had lost his own; and after remonstrating on the attacks which had been most unjustly made upon his character, concluded with a wish that family differences might be forgotten, and that at least the intimacy of ordinary friendship might be restored.

'To this letter I received an answer written in the highest style of priestly insult, and hypocrisy. The following extract will be a sufficient specimen. 'A due regard to the sanctity of my office prevents me from holding any intercourse with you, and I therefore peremptorily forbid you entering my doors . . . at the same time I shall not cease to pray for you, both in the closet and *IN MY FAMILY*, that God *would deliver you from all blindness, and hardness of heart, and contempt of his word and commandments.*' To this letter I briefly replied in substance as follows:—That I admitted the plea of 'sanctity of office,' as it was indeed the best he could make; that it had been the common apology of priests in all ages for conduct abhorrent to every other species of 'sanctity'; that I was *duly sensible* of the value of his prayers, particularly of those which he offer-

ed up for me *before his family, servants, friends, &c.* that the best way of rendering them effectual would be to offer up at the same time, the same prayers for himself. I assured him, that however I might feel or lament his injurious treatment, he might make himself perfectly easy with respect to any intrusion on my part, for that my shadow should never darken his doors, until his prohibition should be removed in as explicit terms as it had been enjoined; but that whenever he discovered a disposition to be reconciled, he would find a corresponding disposition on my part. Thus closed my friendship and connection with my brother and sister Clayton.

The statement next proceeds to detail the unprovoked and infamous calumny which was the subject of the trial. For the particulars we must refer the reader to the work itself. Slander more abominable, mixed up with malice more virulent, was perhaps hardly ever exhibited to the public. The letter of John Clayton, *Junior*, written in consequence of an application made to him by a friend of Mr. Flower, to retract the unfounded and scandalous report which he had so busily and so deliberately circulated, is a *testimonial* of the puritanic cant of the writer, which can hardly be exceeded even by the sect to which he belongs.

*Hackney, Saturday Afternoon, March 5.*

MY DEAR UNCLE,

As I understand that you wish to have an interview with me respecting a conversation, which Mr. Flight called at my house to engage in concerning you, I just drop this line to say, that it will afford me pleasure to see you, in Well-street, when you come to town.

Accustomed as I have generally been, to cast the mantle of love over the characters of my fellow creatures, instead of pointing against them the arrows of invective and reproach, I shall be *truly sorry*, if my compliance with an inquiry of apparent friendship were to prove the unjust occasion of giving your feelings *the slightest wound*. But, whenever I am required to speak the truth, to you, or any other person, I hope always to be ready to do so, with decision, and in the *spirit of meekness*.

With best respects to Mrs. Flower,

I remain your affectionate nephew,

JOHN CLAYTON, Junior.

Nothing can be more disgusting than thus to behold the sentimental cant of philanthropy made subservient to the worst purposes of hypocrisy and falsehood. That a man should express himself truly sorry to inflict the slightest wound, whilst he is secretly inflicting wounds the most deep and the most incurable, and that he should pro-

feels 'the spirit of meekness,' while he is labouring by the most atrocious slanders to rob one of his nearest relatives of his reputation; all this is very nauseating. It exhibits a very odious spectacle, and such as, we will venture to say, exists no where but in the *sanctuary of methodism*.

Mr. Flower has certainly laid before the public a statement of facts which must impress every reader with sentiments not very favourable to the religious character of Mr. Clayton. It is impossible not to feel the most lively indignation and the deepest abhorrence on finding a head full of texts, a tongue voluble with devotion, and a heart corroded with rancour and bitterness.

'It will naturally be inquired,' says Mr. Flower, 'what could possibly have been the motives, or what apology can be alleged for the conduct of my persecutors?'

'With respect to my reverend brother in law, 'he says,' who during the space of nearly one half of my life has proved himself to be my most bitter and inveterate enemy, I shall leave it to others to determine, whether, in the exercise of his malignant disposition towards me, he has not discovered something of revenge on the memory of my mother: whether the calumny—"That I had reduced my mother to beggary," was not partly suggested by the recollection of her uncourteous language to him, whilst paying his addresses to my sister, shortly after I had introduced him to our family. My sister, I perfectly recollect, one day bitterly complained to me of an insult which her lover had received from my mother, when in her contemptuous indignation, for what she thought his presumption, she told him, 'You are nothing but a beggar!' On my remonstrating with her, she gave me the following severe reproof;—"I tell you, Ben, you have made a pretty piece of work of it, in introducing this *beggar* to the family." If my mother had spoken prophetically, and meant that I had made, 'a pretty piece of work of it' for my own happiness, she could not have uttered a greater truth. I, however, argued with her on the impropriety of holding such language to Mr. Clayton in future. Although I was sensible he had nothing but his then slender, precarious, preaching salary to depend upon, I by no means considered poverty in itself, as disreputable. I therefore do not mean it as any reflection on Mr. C.'s birth, parentage, and education, when I state, that he was born of poor but honest parents, who together with himself, and the other branches of the family, were, compared with my mother in every stage of her life, in a state of 'beggary.' Persons who are heirs to vast estates may, perhaps, be indulged in that licence of speech, which represents those who have an independent income of *only* 300l. a year, as in a comparative state of 'beggary;' but for persons who

never had any property they could call their own, on a sudden elevation, to

‘ Forget the dunghills where they grew,  
‘ And think themselves the Lord knows who,—

affords sad proof of their possessing minds too weak to bear a state of affluence.’

It is the calamity of this country at present to have too many of this unhappy race. It is a race that has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished : and every thinking man, we believe, will be inclined to say of it, as TILLOTSON said of the Athanasian creed, ‘ I wish we were well rid of it.’ We heartily wish this statement of Mr. Flower’s an extensive circulation. It is of great importance in itself, and highly interesting to the religious community. It illustrates in the most palpable manner, and by the most striking example the genius of methodism ; it shews that this foul corruption of Christianity, either withers or vitiates all the best affections of the heart, that it nips the growth of every virtue, and promotes that of every vice ; that for all that is dignified, respectable, kind, and amiable in the mind and heart of man, it encourages the most despicable meanness, the most unblushing falsehood, the most systematic hypocrisy, the most rapacious selfishness, and the most unrelenting hate. This is the constant operation of methodism, these are its tendencies ; this is its genius ; and never was this truth more clearly elucidated and more forcibly established than in the present performance. The conduct of the reverend methodists, whose portraits start from the canvass in the statement of Mr. Flower, is only a specimen of the *virtue* that is to be found in the *righteous* fraternity. *Ex uno disce omnes!*

We think that Mr. Flower’s counsel were very remiss in not laying *the whole of his case* before the jury, and in withholding many facts relative to the godly set of the Claytons, which would have proved that Mr. Flower had been the constant object of their *good-will* for more than twenty-years. Had the atrocious conspiracy of cruelty and falsehood been more fully developed, the plaintiff would doubtless have received larger damages, the iniquity of his enemies would have appeared in its true light, and the circumstances of the trial would not have been represented so imperfectly and so unfavourably in the newspapers..

ART. VIII.—*Ned Bently ; a Novel, 3 Vols. By J. Amphlet.*  
Longman. 1808.

NED Bently is one of those extraordinary personages who rise into notice, into wealth, and into a gentleman of no common accomplishments, in spite of the frowns of fortune, and the malice of the world. In fact, this novel is a very close imitation of Cumberland's *Henry*, without its wit and sprightliness, and of Moore's *Edward*, without the good sense and elegance of that composition.

Ned Bently is at first discovered by a family who are travelling in a deep snow. He runs after the carriage, begs an alms, which he receives, and departs with thanks. This family, which consists of a Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, and their two little girls, are on their way to Stoney Stratford, and from thence proceeding to their mansion, called Chankely House. The next morning, however, Mr. M. not rising very early, Mrs. M. and her little daughters take a walk before breakfast, and on proceeding down a lane, where four roads meet, they perceived the little ragged boy whom they had seen begging alms the evening before, seated on a little mound, which he had carefully cleared from the snow, and eating a cake. Mrs. M. on questioning him, finds that he is an orphan, who has run away from the work-house, 'because the master *knocked him about so* ; that he was without a home, and depended for support on what he could do for a poor man, whom he called Thomas. He said that Thomas brought him scraps to eat, and that he slept with the *hackney*, in the stable. The artless manner in which this account of himself was given, greatly interested the good Mrs. M. ; but she feels more sensibly touched by his forlorn situation, when, in asking him after his mother, he tells her that *she cut her throat*, and that she was buried under the green mound on which he sat. Mrs. M. and her children, with the little ragged boy, proceed to the barn, and find Thomas, who gives the same account, in a lamentable manner, and pities the poor unfortunate mother's fate. Mrs. Mordant therefore determines to take Ned with her, procures him clothes, &c. ; and, as her husband is represented as being not a little surly, she is perplexed how to introduce the subject ; but that gentleman grumbling most opportunely, on the inattention of servants, and saying that boys were more tractable than men, Mrs. M. 'upon this hint,' ventured upon her story. The boy is called in, and his simple and sensible answers, with his fine

open countenance, conclude the business, and he proceeds behind the chaise in his new occupation as footman. In the dusk of the evening, as the carriage was proceeding up hill, Ned gets down to walk, in order to warm himself, when meeting some boys, who annoy him with snow balls, he is detained by drubbing one of them, till the carriage is nearly out of sight. After much exertion, and many a hard struggle to recover it, he is benighted, and loses his way in the snow. After straying about, and following the dog who belonged to his master, he discovers a cottage, but not making any body hear, he gets in at the window, and warms himself by the few embers that remain glowing on the hearth. Not finding any body below, he creeps up stairs, and perceives two beds in a room, in one of which he finds a corpse laid out, in the other two children asleep. He again descends, makes up the fire, allays his hunger from the cupboard, and falls asleep on the hearth. In the morning he learns from the children that their mother was dead, and their father gone out. The snow, which continued to fall, was even with the windows, and he found himself penned up as by the hand of fate. As there was plenty of provision and firing, he amuses the children, and makes them as comfortable as good nature and his forlorn circumstances will admit. In this situation he remains three days, the snow continuing, and barricading the door and windows. On the fourth day a thaw commences, when the last wood was put on the fire, and nearly burnt out, and the rushlight extinguished. The faithful partner of his distresses, the dog Fido, gave signs by barking, of the approach of human beings, and soon after, the father of the family appears. After proper acknowledgments, he takes his departure, with Fido for his guide, and journeying on till evening, finds himself, by the help of Fido's intelligence, at his master's door. Great joy and gladness are expressed at his arrival, and as he proves a good lad, Mrs. Mordant and her daughters instruct him to write and read, in which our author tells us that he proved *an apt scholar*. The next exploit of this very wonderful hero, is saving his master's life from the hand of one of his servants, which he performs in so extraordinary a manner, that we must leave it for the perusal of those readers who love the improbable and the marvellous.

Ned proceeds with his daily labours, but he improves so rapidly in his studies, that, at the age of seventeen, he is such an adept, as to be able to lend some instruction to his teachers. He is an excellent grammarian, and very *au-fait* in argument; he is, besides, a very excellent judge in draw-

ing, and the fine arts. When he arrives at this happy age of seventeen, he is taken from his servile capacity, and placed in the family more as a son and a friend, than what he had been. In this situation he is all excellence also; and as his gratitude is unbounded, so are his tender feelings increased towards the eldest daughter, Miss Helen Mordant, and Miss Helen's towards Mr. Ned. However, after a time, Mr. Mordant's ears are assailed by stories, to the prejudice of Ned, by those kind of people who cannot bear to see a fellow creature do well in the world; and envy and malice are so busy, that Mr. Ned is sent away from the house to seek his fortune as he may. He goes with the blessings of the female part of the family, and the friendship of a Mr. Pelham, a neighbour of Mr. Mordant, who had taken a great interest in his welfare. This person, however, he does not see before he leaves Chankely-house. Ned travels from one place to another, and in a village meets with a Frenchman, who is also a traveller. Our hero, being perfectly accomplished, addresses him in his own language, and they agree to travel together, when the heat of the day was over. In the evening they are overtaken by a thunder-storm, and benighted. After much fatigue, they are kindly received into a gentleman's house, where the old Frenchman is put to bed, and Ned is introduced to the family party, amongst whom he discovers the assassin of his former master, making love to the gentleman's daughter, under the character of an American captain. Mr. Ned soon lets him understand that he is known, and compels him to decamp.

The Frenchman, whose name is De Laurant, is seized with a fever, and dies, leaving two letters in the care of Ned, one to Theodore Anderton at Liverpool, and another to lord Berrington. To Liverpool therefore our hero sets off. On his arrival at one of the inns, he is much pleased with a young naval officer, whom he sees embark next morning; and when too late he finds him to be the Theodore Anderton for whom the letter is designed. This he entrusts to a sailor and hastens to lord Berrington's with the other. My lord is so struck with Ned's figure and face, that he not only receives him politely, but offers him his patronage and protection. When Ned returns, he mingles with others in a coffee room, where the members are arguing on different subjects; his sagacity discovers that they are what are called free-thinkers. He offends an officer, and a duel is the consequence; the officer is wounded though not mortally, but he vows deadly hatred to Ned, who soon after disappears in a way, that no one can find out. An advertisement is put in



the paper; and a reward offered for his discovery. Lord Berrington is indefatigable in his search, and at the same time the Mordant family, with Mr. Pelham arrive at Liverpool; with a view of coasting to Wales; Mr. Mordant is convinced of his injustice to Ned, and anxious for his discovery. From a letter, which after a time, Ned sends to lord Berrington, he gives an account of his being entrapped by an Irishman, and a Dutch sailor, to take a row with them on the water; he soon found that their intention was to put him on board a tender, lying at a little distance, however he contrives to force the oars from them, so that they drive away at the mercy of the waves, till they are picked up by a frigate, on board of which Ned distinguishes himself in a very gallant and wonderful manner.

The family of the Mordants, and lord Berrington with whom an intimacy is formed, remove to Brighton, at which place, Ned makes his appearance, and has the good fortune to rescue his beloved Helen from losing her life from the house taking fire, and in a situation in which she was almost past hopes of any relief. He is of course received by the family, with all the warmth of friendship, and of gratitude. Whilst sitting in his apartment, he is visited by the rustic Thomas Peart, who was the friend of his childhood, when Mrs. Mordant found him and took him under her protection; and from him he learns that the woman who was buried in the crossways was not his mother, but that Mr. Pelham had found out who he was. This Mr. Pelham is unfortunately taken ill on the road, in his way to that place, and dies. However, Mr. Mordant says that Mr. Pelham in his dying moments, had informed him by letter, that in a village near Southampton, and at the house of a Mr. Fenton, Ned would find a parent. Ned hastens there and learns that he is the son of a gentleman who was shipwrecked off Portsmouth; that he himself was rescued by a young woman who was walking on the shore, that the child having some costly chains of pearl and gold, and various valuables about it, the woman in order to secure the property returned to her native village with the child, whom she confessed to be her own. She sold part of the valuables and kept those she thought might lead to a discovery. The parish officers, finding a difficulty in making her swear the child, sent it to the workhouse; and shortly after, the woman was murdered by a man, on whom she threatened to father the child, and she is left in such a situation as excited a suspicion, that she had laid violent hands on herself. Mr. Fenton added that Ned's mother was living under his roof, but in a state of derangement.

This derangement soon disappears at the sight of Ned. He settles every thing to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and Mr. Mordant kindly taking it in his head to *die one day*, Ned marries his beloved Helen, and takes possession of Mr. Pélham's house, who was the brother of his mother; and according to all novels, good, bad and indifferent, fortune, happiness, and all other good things, are dispensed in abundance. Miss Mary Mordant marries Theodore Anderton. The assassin becomes a great penitent, and marries the lady at whose house Ned had found him, and which he had caused him abruptly to leave.

The improbability of this story is very glaring, and we see not what good the perusal can produce. Ned Bently is made a prodigy of excellence. His intellectual and moral properties seem to arrive at maturity, without culture; or in circumstances in which, if they were real, little culture could be practised. We do not like to have probability outraged in any fiction, but least of all to encourage the belief, that knowledge and virtue are products of spontaneous growth, or of easy, and fortuitous acquisition. The adventures of Ned Bently, may make any poor lad who happens to read them, dissatisfied that he is not so fortunate; but what good impression are they likely to make? what contentedness with one's lot, which is the essence of happiness, are they likely to produce? To render the hopes sanguine is only to increase the chance and to aggravate the bitterness of disappointment. The youth who fills his mind with these fictitious adventures, will only be less qualified to appreciate the sad realities of life, to contend with difficulties, to bear up against the often probable, and always possible, pressure of poverty and woe.

The episodes in this novel add nothing to its interest; many of the reflections, though affectedly profound in the expression are really shallow in the sense. The work may indeed, and no doubt will, be read with complacency by the lovers of novels, who gorge down every thing of the kind that comes in their way. No inventive genius is displayed in the story. The subject itself is trite, and other writers have almost exhausted the power of new combinations. Some of the characters are however well drawn, particularly that of Mr. Mordant, who is indeed only an individual of a species not very uncommon in the vicinity of Birmingham. The Miss Mordants exhibit as usual a contrast of liveliness and gravity, but the difference is judiciously preserved, and we have also to thank Mr. Amphlet for that strict and scrupulous delicacy to which he uniformly adheres in his love scenes.

ART. IX.—*The Fall of Cambria, a Poem. By Joseph Cottle. 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. Longman. 1808.*

UNDETERRED by the fate of the greatest and best of English monarchs, whose poetical existence is now almost forgotten, Mr. Cottle has ventured into the world with another epic, about the twenty-seventh (upon a rude computation) which this heroic age has already produced. Whether the design of it was first formed at that famous tea-drinking in the west of England,

‘Of which all Europe rings,’

we are unable to state with precision; and can only say that we have perused the whole twenty-five cantos with the most painful attention, and shall faithfully discharge our duty by communicating the result of the impressions made on our minds by the perusal.

The subject chosen by Mr. Cottle for this heroic effort of his muse is in itself sufficiently poetical—the last Campaign of Edward the First against Llewellyn, the death of that prince, and the final subjugation of his warlike nation. It was certainly very possible, in favour of such a theme, to have excited the warmest and most virtuous feelings of the soul, the love of liberty, the detestation of oppression, and every variety of interest that indignation, pity, reverence, and fear, are jointly or severally capable of inspiring. The principal, perhaps the only material objection to the design, is that the interest so excited must be in direct opposition to our natural prejudices as Englishmen in favour of our country. It is true that Homer himself, in celebrating the most important conquest achieved by the united valour of his own national heroes, has in like manner sung the triumph of fierce and unprincipled aggression over virtue and patriotism; but it must be remembered that Homer sung to an age barbarous in comparison with our own, to a people with whom the praise of successful valour was the highest and most variable theme. The mild and domestic virtues of Hector were (like good works among the methodists) mere ‘filthy rags,’ in comparison with the savage and unconquerable force of Achilles. But, among us, the case is very different. Our superior refinement teaches us to feel for the defender of Troy all the genuine enthusiasm of love and pity; while the immortal son of Thetis excites sometimes our admiration and sometimes our terror, but never our affection or our sympathy.

Mr. Cottle seems to have been aware of this difficulty,

(would it had operated so as to discourage him altogether from the prosecution of the task he had undertaken!) and in order to surmount it, he has adopted a course, than which none could have been conceived more destructive of all interest and attraction. Llewellyn must necessarily be, like Hector, the affectionate brother, the fond husband, the accomplished soldier, the ardent and intrepid lover of his country. According to modern feeling, therefore, it would seem that he must be the hero of the piece, and that all our interest must rest exclusively with him and follow his fortunes. But, as it would be sinning against all rule to write a national poem in which the reader's passions are to be enlisted on the side opposed to his own nation, it becomes necessary to invent some mode of setting the character of Edward yet higher than that of the prince whom he subdues, or at least to balance the interest between them; neither of which, it is obvious, can be done by making an Achilles of him; and Mr. Cottle has been able to find no other means of accomplishing the object so good as making the king of England the direct counterpart of the prince of Wales in every respect. He also must be an affectionate husband, a fond father, a warm friend, an able soldier, and a zealous patriot. The entire and utter confusion of vice and virtue, of profligate ambition with public spirit, of the objects of honour and reverence with those of abhorrence and hatred, which this most absurd compromise necessarily introduces into the whole system of the poem, may be easily conceived, and yet hardly to the full extent in which it exists, unless by him who has taken the thankless pains of reading the whole work. But if the moral effect is so grossly objectionable, yet more so is the poetical consequence; since it is evident that all contrast and originality of character must be utterly destroyed, and that to the vain attempt of balancing the interest of the poem, every shadow of interest is irremediably sacrificed. If any circumstance can make the absurdity of this most contemptible plan still more manifest, it is the effect of the balancing system on the minor characters of the piece. In the middle of the canvas sit Edward and Llewellyn like the two kings of Brentford, so well matched that it is impossible to tell one from the other. Next these, on either side, stand the gentle and virtuous and beautiful queen Eleanor of England, and the beautiful and virtuous and gentle lady Eleanor de Montford. That very worthy knight, the earl of Warwick, pairs off behind them with that other equally worthy knight, Edwall the Welshman; while in front my lord Archbishop of Canterbury walks a slow minuet with Llyrarch the chief of the bards. Of the very few single

figures which have found their way into the picture, the most prominent are those of prince David, which appears to be *sketched* with more truth and feeling than any other in the piece, and of earl Talbot, whose character exhibits neither judgment, nor taste, nor humour, though it seems intended to bear evidence to all the three.

So much for the *dramatis personæ*, which are so intimately connected with the general conduct of the poem that it becomes very unnecessary to waste much time in unfolding the particulars of the plot. The scene opens with the approach of Edward at the head of his forces to Chester. The principal actors are soon upon their legs, and indeed there is no lack of *argument* from the beginning to the end of the poem, every individual character being as well skilled in the mystery of debating as if he had been regularly brought up at the House of Commons or the academical society in Bell-yard. Edward, with all the true philanthropy of a Napoleon, soon states his opinion that it is evidently for the interests of England and Wales, and for the general pacification of the two nations, that they should be united under one government: the barons readily concur in the opinion of the sovereign, and prepare without loss of time to aid him by the sword in the execution of his pacific purpose, when the good old Archbishop of Canterbury, without, as it appears, having any reason whatever to hope a favourable result from his negotiation, implores and obtains leave (for the sake of form) to go and discuss the points in dispute with Llewellyn previous to the commencement of hostilities. The *pulaver* at Chester being happily concluded, we are next presented with specimens of eloquence on the other side the mountains; and (to our shame be it spoken) the Welsh lords seem to talk full as good English as ourselves, and rather better sense. The worthy Archbishop discourses about peace and charity for three good hours without making the least impression, and returns, the bearer of no very conciliatory message; and so the war begins.

✂ Want of space obliges us to break off this article abruptly; but we shall conclude it in our next.

## CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 10.—*Thoughts on Prophecy: particularly as connected with the present Times; supported by History.* By G. R. Hioan. 8vo. Longman.

WE have long been doubtful respecting the propriety of applying the imagery of scriptural prophecy to the events of modern times. If any thing could confirm us in this doubt, it would be the endless discordancy of the applications. Hardly two persons agree in the fitness of the same interpretation. Hence we see either that there is nothing clear and definite in the prophecies themselves; or that there is something very perverse and visionary in the mind of the interpreters. The present writer is not less fanciful than his predecessors. The poor pope, who formerly stalked like a ghost before the eyes of the expounders of prophecy, seems lately to have resigned his place in the brains of these prophetic visionaries, to Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Hioan imagines Bonaparte to be very aptly described in the *beast*, and the *man of sin*. And by Graecising, (if we may so call it) his name into *Bonnapartn*, with ingenuity most profound, and philology most marvellous, he makes it give out, according to the arithmetical signs of the letters, the number 666, or the *number of the beast*. The author draws a parallel, between Antiochus Epiphanes and Bonaparte; and he makes the former a type of the latter. Bonaparte is accordingly typified in the *little horn* mentioned in Daniel. Mr. Hioan is at considerable pains to *prove* all these points. This we have no doubt, that he does very satisfactorily to his own mind. The author, who can see Bonaparte very distinctly in the aforesaid *horn*, has a very clear view of him in the person of the second beast, which makes such a formidable appearance in Rev. xiii. The following expressions which are used in the apocalypse, of this second beast, are very sagaciously referred, by Mr. Hioan to the embargo, which Bonaparte has laid on the commerce of the continent. "*He causes all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond to receive a mark in their right hand and in their forehead. And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.*" Rev. xiii. In this description, the author traces an exact counterpart of the decrees which Bonaparte issued at Berlin and Milan. But he forgot that the words have, at least, as close an analogy to the English orders in council, or to the American embargo. The author imagines, p. 218, that Bonaparte will abolish the popes, and establish himself in their place. When this event comes to pass, Mr. Hioan informs us, that the fourth verse of c. ii. 2 Thess. will "*receive a striking accomplishment.*"

We have no time to consider the details into which the author enters to demonstrate Bonaparte to be the "*man of sin*." Our patience is exhausted ; and the stock is not likely to be replenished by our credulity . We cannot think so ill of Mr. Hioan as to suppose that he wrote this book to ridicule the prophecies, as well as those who pretend to explain them ; but if he had actually endeavoured to do this, he could hardly have done it more effectually than in the present performance.

ART. 11. *Scripture made easy in familiar Answers to the catechetical questions of a learned Divine. For the Use of Schools, by Mrs. Eves, Clifford Place, Herefordshire. Knot and Loyd, Birmingham. 1808.*

MRS. EVES is, we have no doubt, a diligent and well meaning school-mistress ; and, though we do not approve some of her theological tenets, we hope that her endeavours to promote scriptural knowledge will be attended with success.

### POLITICS:

ART. 12.—*On the Causes of our late Military and Political Disasters, with some Hints for preventing their Recurrence. 8vo. 2s. Triphook. 1808.*

WE read this essay on its original appearance, in some numbers of that excellent newspaper, *the Times*; but, on the first perusal, it by no means struck us as the product of a vigorous and comprehensive mind. A second perusal has rather strengthened than obliterated our first impressions. The intellectual ability of the author, who ever he may be, never rises above the line of mediocrity. The object of his endeavours is to prove, that the salvation of the country, can be effected only by 'a *responsible* administration, composed of an *efficient prime minister*, and of subordinate members, *unanimous* among themselves, and *equally responsible to their country for all their public acts*.'" The author does not seem to affix any very definite idea to the words *responsible* and *responsibility*, which he recommends as the panacea of the national calamities. In his zeal for a *responsible* administration, he forgets to tell us to whom it is to be responsible. For *responsibility* supposes a power of calling to account, and if guilty, of punishing the responsible delinquent. But in the *present state of the British constitution*, to whom are the *efficient prime minister*, and his subordinates in office to be *responsible*? The author will perhaps say, to parliament. But has not the prime minister, whoever he may be, whether efficient or inefficient, a constant majority in parliament? How then can any minister be truly said to be *responsible* to a parliament, the majority of whom are the obsequious instruments of his will? To say that a prime minister is *responsible* to a parliament, over the mass of which he can exercise an irresistible controul, is only to say that a *responsible* prime minister, is responsible to himself, which is to say, that he is placed above all responsibility. Before

this author talked so much of a responsible administration, he should first have devised the means of rendering it not nominally, but really responsible, by such a reform in the house of Commons, as would prevent the minister of the day, whatever may be his ignorance, his imbecility, or his profligacy, from being supported by a blind and submissive majority. Instead of talking of the qualifications of an efficient prime minister, the author should have descanted on the use of an efficient, that is, an upright, and disinterested house of commons. Such a house of commons would be a sufficient protection to the people against a weak and vicious minister; but even the most able and upright minister could render little essential service to his country, while one of his principal studies, in order to keep his seat, must be to satisfy the cravings of a venal parliament. The efficient prime minister, whom this author would recommend, and whom his pamphlet seems designed to panegyrize, as the *idiba*, that is to save the country, is the Marquis Wellesley. That the marquis would make an efficient minister, we have little doubt; but the term efficient may be used in a bad sense as well as a good; and though we by no means doubt the abilities of the marquis, yet we do not think that the despotic power which he exercised in India, and the habits of Asiatic splendor and magnificence in which he indulged, have rendered him very admirably qualified for the situation of a prime minister in a free country.

ART. 13.—*The Substance of a Speech, which ought to have been spoken in certain Assembly upon the Motion made by the Right Hon. Henry Grattan on the 26th of May, 1808, that the Petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland should be referred to a Committee of the whole Houses with supplementary Notes on the Idolatry of the Romish Church; the Proceedings in Parliament respecting the Royal Popish College at Maynooth, and the reported Speech of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Norwich, in the House of Lords, in the year 1808, in support of the Petition of the Irish Roman Catholics.* 2s. 8vo. John Joseph Stockdale. 1809.

THIS speech is not enlivened with a sufficiency of wit or argument to counteract the influence of its narcotic powers, which inclined us very forcibly to somnolency during the perusal; and which, if it had been spoken in the senate with a gravity suited to the dullness of the composition, would have set the benches of St. Stephen's in a snore. The inuendoes which the author throws out in one of his notes, which are of a piece with his text, on the Bishop of Norwich, are perfectly contemptible.

ART. 14.—*An Inquiry into the Causes which oppose the Conversion of the Hindus of India to Christianity, and render the Attempt to accomplish it extremely hazardous to the Interests of the East India Company, and the Nation, and to the personal Safety of Englishmen in India, particularly the Civil Servants of the Company. Addressed to the Holders of East India Stock; and dedicated to the President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India. By a Proprietor of East India Stock.* 8vo. Cadell. 1809.

THIS temperate and sensible pamphlet is highly deserving the attention of those who think that the conversion of the Hindus to



Christianity is a safe or practicable enterprise. The author gives a clear and satisfactory statement of the difficulties which impede the attempt, and which seem to be insuperable, while the missionaries can employ *only human means*. We leave it to themselves to estimate the probability of miraculous assistance. Those, who are so zealous for sending missionaries among the Hindûs, do not seem to remember that their religion is incorporated with their jurisprudence; and that their religious opinions could not be eradicated, without a total subversion of the social and political ties, by which they have been held together, for the space of at least 3000 years. Their civil distinctions themselves are a branch, which springs from the trunk of their religious institutions. The distinction of casts is the basis of their political existence; but it is, at the same time, identified with their theological creed. Opinions, as far as they are mere abstractions of the mind, might, on a rational confutation, be relinquished with almost as much facility by the Hindû as the European; but opinions, connected with social and political habits, obligations, rank and privileges, will not be readily abandoned. There are certain tenets which the most zealous religionists of this country might, without much force of argument or persuasion, be induced to forego, but with which they would not part, except with their lives, if their retention were incorporated with the possession of honours and emoluments, with the indulgences of appetite, the forms of precedence, or the varied gratifications of sensuality and pride. Would it be an easy matter to induce the nobles, the senate, the bishops, the clergy, the judges, &c. &c. to give up the rank which they hold in society, and to sink into the level of the plebeian mass? But yet this is what our wise missionaries require of the Hindûs, when they exhort them to renounce their theological rites and opinions, which form a prominent part of their social and political existence. The division of the people into casts is not dear to the Hindûs merely as a religious institution, but as the pledge and the title-deed of their *civil rights*. Their civil law is an essential part of their religious code. The missionaries, therefore, who are attempting to abolish the last, are virtually endeavouring to destroy the first. Nothing can exceed the folly and indeed injustice of such an attempt. The Brahmins might with as much plausibility send a deputation from India, not only to reason us out of our christianity, but to incite us to co-operate with them in subverting the whole fabric of the British constitution. The missionaries, whom we have sent to India, are not merely theological, but political innovators. Their object is to annihilate not only the religious but the civil polity of the Hindûs; for they are both united. Both constitute only one antient establishment; and both must stand or fall together. Hence the effrontery and impudence of the missionaries are placed in a more glaring light. Their attempt, if it succeeded, would *revolutionise all India*, but if it do not succeed, it must, if unfortunately persisted in, be fatal to the British interests in that quarter of the world.

## POETRY.

*Ann. 15.—Poems and Translations from the minor Greek Poets and others; written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen. By a Lady. Dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. 12mo. Longman.*

THE pieces which compose this collection are said to have been written between the age of eleven and sixteen, in the hours of leisure allowed by a domestic education. But the translations or imitations of the minor Greek poets, which form a large part of the present work, are said to have been the production of a still earlier period. The volume opens with 46 select odes of Anacreon, which were translated or imitated between ten and thirteen years of age. Few persons exhibit such early proficiency of classical erudition. The defects which occur in these translations, may be readily pardoned; but the taste and literature which they display, deserve ample praise. We will select one of the translations from Anacreon, as a specimen of the work; and we shall add a wish, which is not likely to be realized, that the study of the Greek and Latin authors constituted, as in the days of Elizabeth, a part of the education of females in the superior ranks of life.

## Ode 5.

## THE ROSE.

Bring, bring the rose from Cupid's shrine,  
Its tender foliage bathed in wine,  
With liberal clusters wreath;  
Now fill the bowl, let mirth abound,  
The rose shall clasp our temples round  
And richer incense breathe.

O Rose! luxuriant queen of flow'rs,  
O Rose! delight of heavenly bow'rs,  
Unrivall'd care of spring!  
With thee the Paphian god entwines,  
His golden tresses ere he joins  
The graces' frolic ring.

Mine too adorn, and, while I sing,  
Yon ample-bosom'd virgin bring,  
With rosy garlands crown'd:  
Then Bacchus, round thy glowing fane,  
I too will lead the jocund train  
I too will lightly bound!

*Ann. 16.—The Church-Yard and other Poems. By George Woodley. 6s. Tipper. 1808.*

MR. WOODLEY, after describing the approach of evening, and

the church, which he compares to divine truth, pursues his reflections on the reality of a future state, the wisdom of meditating on death, and the seriousness of dying, &c. He then muses over the several graves, and gives little histories of their cold and silent inhabitants. Amongst these the description of the rich worldling, is the most conspicuous. We will give a few lines by way of specimen.

'Here lies what once was called the rich Antonio.  
'Twas his to revel in uncounted hoards ;  
And each revolving year, with lib'ral hand  
Show'ed grateful increase to his former store.  
With high-raised heaps his coffers overflowed !  
Yet, (such the curse that marks the sordid heart !)  
He ever pined for more ! increasing wealth  
But brought increasing wants. As he who lies  
Beneath the burning fever's ceaseless drought,  
Finds in his remedy his chief disease,  
And, ever drinking, ever cries, I thirst !' &c.

At the tomb of a young woman, the author tells this little simple tale.

'Where yon white stone its modest brows uprears  
As emblematic of the purity,  
It bears in record,—lies a spotless maid.  
The flow'ret blossomed ; and afforded hope,  
Of greater honour ; but, maternal bloom  
It never knew ! Ere half its sweets were shed,  
The ruthless hand had torn it from the ground,  
And mock'd the eye that joy'd to view its charms !  
Yet 'tis not lost ; the morning shall arise  
When this fair flow'ret shall again be seen,  
Transplanted to a more congenial soil,  
And glowing with an everlasting bloom.'

He then expatiates on the grave of an infant ; who, as he tells us, was snatched in mercy from its doating parents. This story bears a very strong resemblance to the death of the infant, in Parnell's Hermit ; where the angel accounts for the destruction of the child, by telling the hermit that the parents forgot their God in their love for the babe. The author next descants on the grave of a poor pious Christian ; on an unfortunate young woman ; and makes some reflections on seduction. He then describes the duellist, and many others, in the same style as those we have extracted. We have afterwards some meditations on a skull, which the author apostrophizes as a beauty, a counsellor, a philosopher. He deplores the vanity of human science, unaccompanied by that which is divine ; pours the medley of the grave, &c. &c. and

concludes his poem with a prayer. The other poems are on various subjects; on vaccination, on the Duke of Bedford, on sleep, Cemiah, &c. &c. The last is a melancholy tale of a poor negro slave, so wretched and miserable that we trust and hope that, however cruel the white planters may have been, they could not have reached such a pitch of depravity, as that which is depicted in the story of poor Cemiah's brother.

ART. 17.—*Poeme sur la' Astronomie : avec des Cartes, &c. &c.*

*A Poem on Astronomy, with new and correct Plates, containing the Number of the Stars, which compose every Constellation, with their right Ascension and Declination, taken from the most celebrated Astronomers of the Age. By P. Villemer, Master of the Academy, No. 63, Stanhope Street, Clare Market. 8vo. pp. 41. Dulan, 1808.*

THE poetry of M. Villemer does not abound in Gallic conceits but we cannot affirm that his strains are sufficiently elevated for his subject; on that the luminous orbs, which he has attempted to describe, make a very dignified or interesting appearance in his verse. Plain prose is perhaps best suited to such a theme, of which it is impossible to add to the grandeur or the beauty, by any poetical amplification or embellishment. The astronomical descriptions, however, of Mr. Villemer do not rise much above the level of plain prose; but though this may favour the advance of his pupils in the knowledge of astronomy, it will not contribute much to the improvement of their poetical taste. The plates, which M. Villemer has added to his poem, are neatly executed, and he has subjoined some useful tables. From the advertisement which M. Villemer has prefixed to his work, we should suppose that he imagines it will have a most extensive circulation; and like a quack medicine, when much in request, will be attempted to be supplanted by a counterfeit. His notice is as follows: *N. B. Toute copie qui n'est pas signée de l'auteur est une contrefaçon, que l'on punira, suivant la loi.*"

## MEDICINE.

ART. 18.—*An Account of the Diseases most Incident to Children; to which is added, an Essay on Nursing, with a particular View to Infants brought up by Hand. Also a short Account of the Dispensary for the Infant Poor. By the late George Armstrong, M.D. A new Edition, with many additional Notes, by A. P. Buchan, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians. Small 8vo. Cadell, 1808.*

THIS work having gone through three editions, has been found, it is presumed, an useful medical guide in the most prevalent diseases of childhood. Dr. A. P. Buchan has prefixed to this edition a sensible and well-written introduction. He has likewise added a considerable number of notes, and introduced into the text some observations upon *hydrocephalus internus*. We must say, in gene-

ral, that the matter of these notes is plain, practical, and judicious. We shall copy one of them, which contains a melancholy history of a fatal event proceeding from an unsuspected source of disease.

\* When this complaint (the intertrigo or galling) is seated upon or behind the ears, a small quantity of the ungt. calcis hydrarg. alb. applied by means of the point of the finger speedily removes it. I lately saw a very singular eruption take place on the ears, immediately after the operation of piercing. It gradually spread over the head, and was succeeded by blotches on various parts of the body, accompanied with hectic fever, which terminated in death: I considered this as an instance of infection communicated by a foul instrument used in the operation of piercing, and should be a caution to parents to whom they confide the performance of this apparently trifling business.

ART. 19.—*Observations on the Egyptian Ophthalmia, and Ophthalmia Purulenta, as it has appeared in England. By William Thomas, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Assistant Surgeon in the Eleventh Royal Veteran Battalion.* 8vo. Robinson.

A USEFUL practical essay, obviously the work of a man of sense and observation. In his attempt to distinguish between the *Egyptian ophthalmia* and the *ophthalmia purulenta* we do not think him happy. But we cannot but remark, with some feeling of self-approbation, how exactly his evidence on the effect of large bleedings coincides with the opinion we gave of this practice in our late review of Dr. Jackson's work on the cold affusion.\*

In the *ophthalmia purulenta*, he says, 'I have followed this practice to the extent recommended, and witnessed it with others, and I must acknowledge that the effect was instantaneous. Where the syncope was fully effected, it did, as I have heard it represented, act like a charm on the disease; but this good was of short duration, the symptoms frequently recurring with redoubled violence. In most cases it produced only temporary advantage, and that at great expence and hazard to the constitution. Blindness too often followed the practice, even when it was declared to have had the happiest effects; and under these circumstances it appeared to me, the cessation of the disease might be attributed to the specific action of the virus having no longer power to act, or that the parts, from morbid alteration, were no longer susceptible to (of) it.'

## NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Geraldine Fauconberg, 3 Vols. by the Author of Claremont, Wilkie and Robinson.* 1808.

THIS is an elegant and well written novel. Of story there is little but that little is simple and affecting. It is a correct and faithful picture of genteel life; and of what genteel life ought to be. The

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\* See Critical Review for January, 1809.

characters are easy, natural and well drawn, the lights and shades are properly varied and the whole picture displays good keeping. Any lady, who wishes her daughter to excel in that quiet elegance and correct *manière* for which the heroine of this novel is famed, will do well to let her read and imitate the amiable Geraldine. The character of this interesting female we cannot better describe than by quoting the author's own words from her very sensible and well written dedication.

"Geraldine has no brilliant qualities, she struggles through no tremendous difficulties—combats against no inordinate passions—but presents, in a probable situation, the calm virtues of domestic life;—and the only ones which are of daily utility and advantage." To a youthful female, blessed with protectors and exposed neither by penury nor unkindness, to distress and sorrow, the path of propriety is smooth and obvious, and by few perhaps, it is entirely forsaken; but it may, at pleasure, be strewn with roses or perplexed with briars.

This remark is so forcibly true that we wish that the instructresses and guardians of our females would not only pay serious attention to, but *take a leaf* out of Geraldine. The quietness of her character, the steady judgment, the admirable presence of mind, which she displays, without a particle of pride or ostentation, and the retiring elegance of her demeanour, all, all are admirably pictured, and hold forth a most excellent example. The character of Ferdinand Lesmore is well designed, well sustained, and well finished. Mrs. Nevil's is truly natural, and holds up a mirror in which most of our women of fashion might not only much improve themselves, but by a serious contemplation of it might be induced to stop that mad career which so often plunges them in disgrace and ruin. Mrs. Neville, with all her fashionable foibles, is a generous frank and noble woman; the little specks in her character are so judiciously discriminated as to render her good qualities the more luminous. The pitiable tale of Mr. Glenoswald is charmingly told; and the scene which Geraldine has with him in the library, is well worked up. We decline giving the heads of the story of this little work; the interest which it will excite on perusal, we are unwilling to anticipate. We think that the novel of *Clarentine* was ascribed to one of madame d'Arblay's sisters, a Miss Burney. We draw no comparisons between them, but if our conjecture be right the present performance strongly reminds us of the elegant and natural talents for delicate delineations of character which are seen in the incomparable novels of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. This tale indeed is very inferior to those productions in interest and in merit, yet there is a something in the ease and elegance of it, that *speaks of the Burney*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 21.—*Free and impartial Thoughts on the Dangers to be apprehended from the Increase of Sectaries in this Kingdom, and the Evils arising from the Want of Places of Worship for the lower Orders of the*

*Community. By a cordial Approver of the Doctrines, and a Well-Wisher to the Prosperity, of the Church of England.* 2s. 6d. Taylor and Hessey. pp. 84.

THE author appears to be seriously alarmed by the rapid progress of methodism in this country. He portends the greatest evils from the propagation of this mischievous delusion. He does not however seem to be aware of *the true cause* in which that delusion originates and by which it is principally upheld. It does not originate in the negligence of the clergy, nor in the smallness of the churches, but in the want of such a radical reform in the articles and liturgy of the establishment, as would remove all uncertain doctrines and consequently all matter of religious or rather irreligious strife.

ART. 22.—*The British Flora, or a systematic Arrangement of British Plants.* By John Hull, M. D. of the Royal College of Physicians of London; Physician to the Lying-in-Hospital in Manchester &c. The Second Edition. In two Volumes, Vol. 1, Monandrias-Polygamia. 8vo. 9s. Bickerstaff, 1808.

THE present edition of this highly useful book has received so many additions, alterations and corrections that it may be considered as a new work. The author has inserted all the plants which have been discovered, and ascertained to be indigenous in this island since the publication of the first edition. He has also added some which prefer only a dubious claim to the denomination of indigenous. In the arrangement of the *classes* the author has wisely adhered to the system of Linneus without any innovations. In the *orders* he has made two deviations from the system of the father of scientific botany. A great variety of botanical information is compressed into this well digested volume.

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WE have been so much obliged to Mr. Paterson during our pe-

reginations, that we were much pleased to see so improved an edition of his useful work, and we can recommend it as surpassing in copiousness and accuracy of detail any that have appeared before.

**ART. 24.—National Life Annuities :** *Comprising all the Tables and every necessary Information contained in the Act of Parliament for granting the same both on single and joint Lives with Benefit of Survivorship ; also additional Tables, annexed to the former throughout ; calculated to shew what Annuity can be purchased for one Hundred Pounds sterling, at the same Rates upon the same Lives.* By F. T. Fortune, Stockbroker. pp. 96. 3s. 6d. 1808.

MR. Fortune has been at considerable pains in selecting from the late act of parliament, for granting life annuities all the information, which can generally interest the purchasers. His several tables, which shew, at one view, the sum which will be given for every £100 stock, or £100 sterling for any individual life, for the lives of two persons, and of the survivor, are calculated to throw the clearest light on the act itself, and to communicate all the information that can be requisite to those who may be inclined to become annuitants according to the terms proposed.

**ART. 25.—Evening Amusements ; or the Beauty of the Heavens displayed** *In which several striking Appearances to be observed on Various Evenings in the Heavens, during the Year 1809. are described ; and Several Means are pointed out, by which the Time of young Persons may be innocently, agreeably, and profitably employed within Doors. Intended to be continued annually.* By William Frend, Esq. M.A. Actuary of the Rock Life Assurance Company, and late Fellow of Jesu's College, Author of *Principles of Algebra, Tangible Arithmetic, Essay on Patriotism, &c.* London 1809. Mawman. pp. 336. 3s. 12mo.

IT is with unfeigned satisfaction that we announce every succeeding part of Mr. Frend's 'Evening Amusements;' which have brought the sublime truths of astronomy to a level with ordinary capacities; and have converted the most exalted science into a species of recreation, in which the most rational instruction is conveyed through the medium of the most gratifying pursuit. The present volume is particularly valuable, not only from the accurate and perspicuous description of all the phenomena in the heavens, but from the excellent reflections, which are occasionally interspersed; which from the clearness and the force with which they are expressed, must find a ready ingress into every mind, and operate very beneficially on every heart. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the feeling, impressive, and well-deserved eulogy on the late Mr. Lindsey, which closes the work, and does equal honour to the intellect and sensibility of Mr. Frend. 'Thus,' says Mr. Frend, 'we have noted the motions of the heavenly bodies for another year; and, as at the conclusion of my last year's work, the merits of a departed friend were the uppermost in my thoughts, it has pleased Providence to take from me another friend, who used to congratulate me on the end of my annual employment. I am now writ-



ing in his study. He listens to me no longer. His remains are entombed, but his virtues will ever live in my remembrance. My dear friend Jones was an honour to the university, in which he formed so many minds to virtue and to science. A larger sphere was enlightened by the exertions of my ever revered friend Mr. Lindsey. Educated at the same university, but at a far more distant period, he lived for some time known but to a narrow circle; and he performed the duties of a parish priest with diligence, cheerfulness, and alacrity. The patronage of the great was not wanting to remove him to a higher sphere: but in the retired walks of life he had formed his mind; not for what the world esteems to be most honourable and praiseworthy, but what became a true servant of God—obedience to his commands, with pious resignation to his will. Under these impressions, he resigned his preferment in the church of England. He determined to adhere only to scriptural truth, and to worship only one God—the God of his Saviour. Soon after he realized the reform originally proposed by the celebrated Dr. Clarke—a reform of far greater importance, than that of either Luther or Calvin. Dr. Clarke saw the necessity of this reform: many learned and good men wished for it; yet year after year elapsed without the desired change. Mr. Lindsey at last stepped forth, and opened a place for the worship of the only true God, according to the service of the Church of England; but freed from those incumbrances, which had been engrafted on it by the vain traditions of men. He gave to the public a liturgy, in which all Christians might unite—a liturgy, which omitted numberless causes of division; and by which the pious Christian might, without disturbance from the idle disputes of vain philosophy, worship the God and Father of Jesus Christ. His labours were not unsuccessful. From small beginnings a numerous congregation was formed, and he lived to witness the establishment of many societies in different parts of England, to promote the cause of that sacred truth, with which his mind was so deeply impressed. If his public life was thus beneficial to mankind, he was not less endeared in private life, to all with whom he had any intercourse. Mild, gentle, affable and courteous, he strove to do good to all. Difference of opinion was not with him an occasion of strife. He lamented the injury those unhappy persons did to themselves, who will not take up the easy yoke of Christ; but burden themselves with the vain endeavour to reconcile the contradicting opinions of fallible men. His great aim was, to call all men to the Scriptures; to exhort all men to make the Scriptures the rule of their faith and actions. To his last moments the Scriptures were his delight. In them he had been exercised from his earliest youth; and in his eighty-sixth year they were the great objects of his meditations. At that advanced age he fell asleep in the Lord; for his departure was like the tranquil repose of infancy; and he left this world uttering his favourite sentiment,

‘WHAT GOD WILLS IS BEST.’

# ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

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*List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.*

Philosophical Transactions, Part II. for 1808.

Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, concluded;

Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kames, concluded.

Fowling, a Poem.

Historical Account of the Charter House.

Burgoing's Travels in Spain.

Banks's extinct Baronage of England, concluded.

Uwin's Modern Medicine.

## CRITICAL REVIEW.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVI.

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No. II.

ART. I.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1808. Part II.*

XII. *Observations of a Comet, made with a View to investigate its Magnitude, and the Nature of its Illumination. To which is added, an Account of a new Irregularity lately perceived in the apparent Figure of the Planet Saturn. By William Herschel, LL.D. F.R.S.*—This memoir is introduced by a journal of Dr. Herschel's observations on the comet which appeared in the latter end of 1807, and the beginning of 1808. The observations were made on the nucleus of the comet; on the head, on the coma, on the tail, and on the nebulous appearance of the comet. They are well calculated to give more distinct ideas of the structure of these astonishing bodies, and to correct some erroneous assertions of former astronomers. The observations are followed by a succinct and well digested account of their results.

The nucleus of this comet is a small well-defined round point; this is surrounded with very bright rays; the whole seen through an ordinary telescope seems a single body about the size of the planet Jupiter. The nucleus, with its surrounding rays is the head of the comet. The coma is the nebulous appearance surrounding the head. The nucleus of this comet appeared in the shape of a disk which was experimentally found to be a real one. Its apparent diameter was not (on the 19th of October) quite so large as that of the third satellite of Jupiter. At the time of this observation it was about 1. The distance of the comet from the earth at the time of the observation was 1.69192 the mean distance of the earth being 1.

\* Now, since the disk of the comet was observed to subtend an angle of  $1''$ , which brought to the distance of the earth gives  $1'',169$ , and since we also know, that the earth's diameter, which according to Mr. Dalby is 7913.2 miles, subtends at the same distance an angle of  $17'',2$ , we deduce from these principles the real diameter of the comet, which is 528 miles."

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I

Dr. Herschel next examines the question, whether the light of the comet be from reflection from the sun, or it be self-luminous. On the 4th of October and the 19th by a calculation of its phases, the illumination was found to be  $119^{\circ} 45' 9''$  and  $124^{\circ} 22' 40''$ , respectively. Both these phases appear to Dr. Herschel sufficiently defalcated to prove that the comet did not shine by reflected light alone. The disk at the time of these observations appeared perfectly circular, which the doctor thinks could not have happened under so great a deviation from the circular form as was presented at this time. The vivacity of the light had a much greater resemblance to the radiance of the stars than to the mild reflection of the sun's beams from the moon. This is an additional support of the inference from the calculation of its phases.

It has been said by many authors that the tails of comets are of so rare a texture as not to affect the light of the smallest stars that are seen through them. But Dr. Herschel's observations are in direct contradiction to this assertion. When small stars were immersed in the coma or in the tail of the comet, they suffered a very sensible diminution of their brightness, so that they are sufficiently dense to obstruct the free passage of star-light.

'The brightness,' he observes, 'of the head, coma, and tail alone, will sufficiently account for the observed changes, if we admit that they shine not by reflection, but by their own radiance; for a faint object projected on a bright ground, or seen through it, will certainly appear somewhat fainter, although its rays should meet with no obstruction, in coming to the eye. Now, as in this case we are sure of the bright interposition of the parts of the comet, but have no knowledge of floating particles, we ought certainly not to ascribe an effect to an hypothetical cause, when the existence of one, quite sufficient to explain the phenomena, is evident.

Dr. Herschel applies the same reasoning to the head, coma, and tail. The head and coma were very bright, and the remains of the tail were still visible, when the distance of the comet from the earth was 240,000,000 miles; a distance, the doctor conceives, too great to admit the hypothesis of its light being reflected.

The magnitude of the tails of some comets makes it more probable that their light is caused by radiation, like the aurora borealis, than by reflection. The tail of the late comet was expanded over a space of more than nine millions of miles.

As the distance of the comet increased, it put on the ap-

pearance of a nebula. It is possible then that some comets have been actually seen under a nebulous form.

The concluding part of this paper is unconnected with the first. In a former number of the transactions Dr. Herschel had noticed a flattening of the polar regions of the planet Saturn, and also an apparent small flattening of the equatorial parts. In attempting to continue these observations, a new irregularity of the Saturnian figure was observed, which the doctor was assured had no existence at the time of the former observations. The northern polar regions were observed to be flattened (as before); but the southern to be more curved or bulged outwards. This observation was confirmed by the doctor's son, John Herschel, and by Dr. Wilson without any communication from the doctor. Its reality then cannot be doubted. But he conceives the appearance not to be owing to a real irregularity in the figure of the planet, but to be the effect of an optical illusion. The situation of the ring was such, that it passed before the planet towards the south pole, and, consequently, behind it at the north. If then the ring has an atmosphere, the rays proceeding from one of the poles will pass through it, but those from the other traverse a space clear of every object which might divert their course. The doctor apprehends, then, the appearance to be caused by refraction through the atmosphere of the ring. This phenomenon gives additional support to the hypothesis that the ring of Saturn is possessed of an atmosphere.

*XIII. Hydraulic Investigations, subservient to an intended Croonian Lecture on the Motion of the Blood. By Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R.S.*

*- XIV. A Letter on the Alterations that have taken place in the Structure of Rocks, on the Surface of the basaltic Country in the Counties of Derry and Antrim. Addressed to Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S. By William Richardson, D.D.*

The celebrated giant's causeway has been often described. In this interesting paper Dr. Richardson has described some of the beautiful and astonishing scenery of the country contiguous; and has stated the conclusions which result from his observations.

The basaltic area comprehends the greater part of Antrim, and the east side of Derry to a considerable extent. It is on the northern side of the area, that the regular basaltic structure is most conspicuous. There are four façades particularly distinguished for their grandeur and beauty. These



are *Magilligan rock, Cave rock, Bangore, and Fairhead*. *Bangore* is in this paper the principal object of the doctor's attention. It is a promontory occupying about four English miles of the coast. The façades of the basaltic columns at the point of their greatest height have their perpendicular part 170 feet, and the precipitous part, from the bottom of the pillars to the sea, 200 feet. The promontory itself and the strata composing it, ascend to the northward, but not at the same angle, the strata being more inclined to the horizon than the surface of the promontory. Its western side is cut down perpendicularly by eleven chasms called *Whyn Dykes*, reaching from the top of the precipice to the water. When the last of these is past, a new and curious circumstance is discovered: viz. that the western half of the promontory has sunk or subsided between thirty and forty feet without the slightest concussion or derangement of the parallelism of the strata. Two other similar depressions appear still farther west; but they are far less considerable in thickness than the preceding, neither of them exceeding five feet.

Having taken a general survey of the whole line, the doctor proceeds to examine the intimate structure of the façades. He enumerates no less than 16 different strata, commencing with that which forms the summit, and descending gradually to the basis; and very distinctly points out the characteristic differences of each stratum. Some are fifty or sixty feet in thickness, others only five or ten. It is impossible for us to follow him in this enumeration. The following facts are some of the general results of these observations.

Every stratum is nearly of the same thickness through its whole extent, with very few exceptions. Each surface preserves an exact parallelism, except the stratum is superficial, when the upper surface may have been scolloped or sloped away.

'Nature,' says the doctor, 'has never acted upon an extensive scale in our basaltic area, but changes her materials or arrangement or both, every two or three miles, and often at much smaller intervals; and in these cases the change is always made *per saltum* and never *per gradus*, the lines of demarcation always distinct and well defined; yet the different materials pass into each other without interrupting the solidity and continuity of the whole mass.'

The bases of the precipices commonly extend a considerable way into the sea; and between the water and the foot

of the precipice fragments are scattered in the most wild and irregular manner. But all these fragments once formed part of the original mass of coast, stratified like it, and their strata still correspond in material and inclination, with those in the contiguous precipice. The vertical basaltic columns are not confined to the sea coast. Several of them are scattered over a great part of the basaltic area, especially on the ridges of the hills and mountains. The last observation is very important. It is this:

‘Whenever the strata are thus suddenly cut off, whether it be a mass of accumulated strata, as in the façades on our coast, or solitary strata in the interior; the materials on one side of the abruption are completely carried away, without a fragment being left behind, while on its other side the untouched stratum, remains intire and undisturbed.’

Having laid down the facts, Dr. Richardson proceeds to examine the theories to which the observation of these stupendous phenomena has given rise. It is natural enough to suppose that the perpendicular façades being found on the coast have been broken off by the action of the sea. But it is observed, that the sea would rather excavate the basis; whereas, the columns are found on the highest part of the cliff, and receding from the water. The inland columns have precisely the same characters, and are equal in magnificence to those on the coast; as at *Bienbraddoch* thirteen miles in land, and *Monyneeny*, which is still farther. Some other theories the doctor briefly examines, and shows satisfactorily how little they are adapted to the solution of the question.

His own hypothesis is shortly that these columns are the remains of the original crust or covering of the earth, and that in some stupendous operation of nature, the parts which were contiguous to them, have been wholly and completely carried away. What was the agent which effected such a great revolution, the doctor, with becoming modesty, does not hazard even a conjecture. His theory is supported by many concurrent circumstances in the present state of the whole basaltic area. The hypothesis is little suited to the pride of man, who thinks his own faculties powerful enough to dive into all the mysteries of nature. We do not know that it is for this reason more remote from the truth.

*XVI.—A Letter on the Differences in the Structure of Calculi; which arise from their being formed in different*

*Parts of the Urinary Passages; and on the Effects that are produced upon them by the internal Use of solvent Medicines, from Mr. Wm. Brande to Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.*—In this paper Mr. Brande attempts to trace the calculus at its first formation in the kidney, and to examine the changes which it undergoes in the urinary passages. A large collection of calculi in the Hunterian museum (in which the greater part of the specimens have histories of cures annexed to them) has given him an opportunity of undertaking the investigation on a considerable scale of extent, and therefore we think much confidence may be put in his conclusions.

The calculi formed in the kidneys consist of pure uric acid and animal matter. The proportion of the animal matter is sometimes large, amounting to more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the calculus, at other times nearly the whole is uric acid. If the calculus has fallen into the infundibula or pelvis of the kidney, its composition has sometimes proved to be the same; but at others the external laminæ are composed of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate and phosphate of lime.

Of the calculi found in the bladder, but a small number are composed of uric acid. Mr. Brande gives the following statement of the composition of different calculi found in the bladder.

16	were composed of	uric acid.
45	-	- uric acid, with a small relative proportion of the phosphates.
66	-	- the phosphates, with a relatively small proportion of uric acid.
12	-	- the phosphates entirely.
5	-	- uric acid, with the phosphates and nuclei of oxalate of lime.
6	-	- chiefly of oxalate of lime.

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In operating on the uric calculi from the bladder in some instances there was a far more considerable loss in attempting to obtain their pure uric acid than in the kidney calculi. Mr. Brande has discovered that this loss was occasioned by the presence of urea. He extracted this substance from the calculi of the bladder both by water and alcohol. One of these calculi by an attentive analysis gave the following result:

' Urea and muriate of ammonia	Grains. 5.2
Ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate	6
Uric acid	48.8
	<hr/> 60

Mr. B. from these circumstances is inclined to believe that *urate of ammonia* as an ingredient of the calculus, has no existence. The evolution of ammonia depends probably on the decomposition of ammoniacal salts.

The mulberry calculi, in which oxalate of lime predominates, contains also uric acid and phosphate of lime in considerable proportion.

' Four distinct substances,' says Mr. Brande, ' are extremely rare in calculi ; I have seen one in which the uric acid, the ammoniaco-magnesia phosphate, the phosphate of lime, and the oxalate of lime, were all perfectly separate and distinct layers.'

The calculi formed upon extraneous substances for their nuclei have no uric acid in their composition.

Mr. Brande has examined only two or three specimens of calculi of the urethra. Their composition appears to be the same as that of the calculi of the bladder. He concludes the analytical part of his paper with the analysis of calculi from other animals. We cannot enter into the minutiae of this part of the inquiry. We must content ourselves with saying that none of the specimens contained uric acid : most of them had a portion of carbonate of lime, which is not found in human calculi, and the other ingredients were phosphate of lime, and the triple ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate.

These facts on the whole make it probable that the uric acid is secreted by the kidney, and that the other materials are deposited from the urine. The solvents employed against calculous complaints are of two kinds ; alkalies and acids. Alkalies when pure dissolve the uric acid : but it is very uncertain whether they have this effect on the body, since the carbonates have no such power, and the urine contains carbonic acid enough to deprive the alkalies of their causticity. But it is acutely remarked by Mr. Brande, that if alkaline mediocines prevent the deposition of uric acid they favour that of phosphate of lime and the triple phosphate. These substances are retained in solution by the carbonic acid and phosphoric acid of the urine ; and by saturating these the substances held in solution are precipitated. Though

therefore the uric sediment diminishes, and may disappear, the gravelly or calculous matter, is only altered in its composition. Upon the same principles, lime-water, forming insoluble compounds, must be really hurtful.

It has been proposed, when the calculous matter consists of phosphates, to use acid solvents, particularly muriatic acid. 'Even then,' says Mr. B. 'the nucleus of uric acid would remain, and thus a great deal of time would be lost without any permanent advantage.' This objection has little validity. A small stone must at least be better than a large one; and how is this time to be better employed? If, indeed, as Mr. Brande asserts, uric acid re-appears, and even seems augmented in quantity, it deserves serious consideration. But before we give our assent to this assertion, it must be proved by sufficient experiments.

XVI. *Some Observations on Mr. Brande's Paper on Calculi.* By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.—Mr. Home has recorded in this paper some curious examples of deception with regard to the supposed solvent power of alkaline medicines. Two patients who had been great sufferers from symptoms of stone, having arrived at the age of 68 or thereabouts, become free from their pains. The one had used the saline draught in the state of effervescence, and to this medicine the cure was attributed. After death, twenty calculi were found in the bladder; and the cessation of the symptoms proved to be owing to an enlargement of the prostate, which made a barrier between the calculi and the orifice of the bladder. The second patient was under a course of Perry's lixivium. Fourteen calculi were found in the bladder; and the cessation of the symptoms proved to be owing to exactly the same cause. Both these cases had been published as proofs that the stone had been dissolved.

In several cases calculi have been found in cysts, formed between the fascicoli at the muscular coat of the bladder, so as to be entirely excluded from the general cavity, and therefore they had caused no uneasiness. Two, three, and even four such cysts have been found, each containing a calculus of the size of a walnut.

XVII. *On the Changes produced in the atmospheric Air, and Oxygen Gas by Respiration.* By W. Allen, Esq. F.R.S. and W. H. Pepys, Esq. F.R.S.—The delicate and important process of respiration has exercised the ingenuity of the chemical physiologists more than any other of the operations which are perpetually carrying on in that stupendous natural laboratory, the animal system. The delicacy and the

extreme accuracy of the experiments necessary to arrive at stable conclusions, and the difficulty of constructing an unexceptionable apparatus, have prevented our attaining to certainty on questions, with regard to which certainty does not appear, from the nature of things, to be out of our reach. We hope that the present memoir will dissipate much of the doubt and obscurity which have clouded a curious and interesting point of physiology.

The apparatus used by these zealous colleagues in difficult researches is simple enough. One large water gasometer, capable of holding four thousand two hundred cubic inches of gas, contained the air to be inspired. Two other gasometers, filled with mercury, received successively the air expired. Proper stop-cocks regulated the successive parts of the process; and it was conveyed into jars standing in a mercurial bath for the purpose of analysis. We need not enter more into details; it would indeed be difficult to do so unassisted by a diagram.

In the first ten experiments which were made, the loss sustained by the air, after having passed through the lungs, proved to be much smaller than from the reports of other experimenters they had been prepared to expect. Some allowance is to be made for the resistance given by the machinery to a complete expiration. There seems also a remarkable discordancy in some of the trials. The deficiency in one experiment we find marked at 4 inches, and in another at 62, upon nearly equal quantities of air.

The first object of inquiry was into the changes produced in the air by natural inspiration. In one experiment 26.55 cubic inches of carbonic acid were given off per minute. But the quantity is variable in different subjects. In another person as much carbonic acid was given off in 5½ minutes, as in the former experiment in 11 minutes: and it appears that whenever atmospheric air is taken into the lungs it returns charged with about 8 per cent. carbonic acid. The faster respiration is performed, the more carbonic acid is given off, and consequently the more oxygen is consumed. In an experiment with a very large quantity of atmospheric air 32 cubic inches of carbonic acid were given off per minute, and its proportion to the whole was exactly 8 per cent.

There is one obvious source of deception in experiments of this nature performed upon a small scale. The air contained in the fauces, in the trachea, and perhaps in the larger branches of the bronchia, is in a great measure returned unaltered. Hence, in a single expiration, the proportion

of carbonic acid is smaller in portions first expired than in the last portions. The first portion contains only from three to five per cent. carbonic acid, while that which is expelled from the lungs by forcible expiration contains 9.5 per cent.

Our experimenters next proceeded to examine into the effect of making the same portion of air pass repeatedly through the lungs. The result was rather unexpected. First, there was but a very small addition of carbonic acid: 100 parts of the respired air contained but 9.5 of acid, whilst after ordinary respiration it contains 8 or 8.5. The remaining gases were 5.5 oxygen, and 85. azote. Now, reckoning the whole oxygen (that which is separate and that contained in the carbonic acid) there appears in this experiment a loss of 6 per cent. of the oxygen, and an increase of the azote. It was first suspected that some gas, as the gaseous oxide of carbon, or carbonated hydrogen might have been given off from the lungs. But this suspicion proved groundless. Hyper-oxygenized muriatic acid, mixed with the oxide of carbon, converts it in twenty-four hours into carbonic acid, But no such effect was produced upon the expired air. There is therefore when the same air is repeatedly passed through the lungs a loss of about 6 per cent. (out of the whole air) of oxygen. This is very remarkable, as in ordinary respiration no such loss can be detected.

It appears that 5363.55 grains, or about 11 ounces troy of solid carbon are emitted by the lungs in the course of twenty-four hours; and that 39534 cubic inches of oxygen gas are consumed in the same time. In natural respiration, a smaller quantity of air can come into contact with those parts of the lungs calculated to act upon it. It is probable, therefore, that less carbonic acid is given off; but at all events the quantity is very considerable.

They now proceeded to ascertain the effects produced upon oxygen gas by respiration. The water gasometer was filled with oxygen which contained only 2.5 per cent. of azote. The inspiration of the gas raised the pulse in ten minutes from 72 to 88: the operator felt a general glow over the body to the very extremities, with a gentle perspiration; this, however, went off in a few minutes, and no remarkable deviation from the ordinary state was experienced. In this experiment a greater quantity of carbonic acid was formed from oxygen than from common air; the proportion was little more than three to two; and it is inferred that one use of azote is to regulate the quantity of oxygen, which shall be taken up in the act of respiration. More than a hundred cubic inches of azote were added to the gas by the

process of respiration. But this addition must have come from a portion of air retained in the lungs. It is obviously impossible to get rid of all the air contained in the lungs, however forcibly the expiration be made. And as the gas retained is principally azote, it would of course appear mixed with the oxygen of the experiment. A calculation is given of the quantity which may thus be made to appear; but the basis of it appears to us purely hypothetical. If successive portions of the air that is expired be examined the proportion of azote continues to diminish. The loss observed in the whole air respired, though of little magnitude, is greater than in the respiration of atmospheric air: whence it is conjectured that some oxygen is absorbed.

We have not space for the enumeration of all the consequences deducible from these experiments; but must content ourselves with mentioning what seems most important.

1. The quantity of carbonic acid emitted is equal in bulk to the oxygen lost. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that any water is formed in the lungs; nor is hydrogen or any other gas emitted. The air returns loaded with carbonic acid in the proportion of from 8 to 10 per cent.

2. When respiration is attended with distressing circumstances, there is reason to believe that some oxygen is absorbed; and it was observed in one experiment, that as the oxygen decreases in quantity, perception gradually ceases; and life, probably, would be completely extinguished by the total abstraction of oxygen.

3. More carbonic acid is formed by the inspiration of oxygen than of atmospheric air.

4. In easy and natural inspiration, 16 or 17 cubic inches of air are inspired by a person who makes about 19 respirations in a minute.

5. It is probable that all the air inspired is afterwards expired. The deficiency in these experiments was not more upon an average than 6 parts in 1000; and this was probably caused by the resistance to a perfect expiration occasioned by the friction of the apparatus.

6. The experiments upon oxygen prove that the quantity of air remaining in the lungs is very considerable, and that without a reference to this circumstance, all experiments upon small quantities of gas are liable to inaccuracy.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Hon. Henry Home, of Kames, &c. (continued from p. 50.)*

AFTER the publication of the *Elements of Criticism*, Lord Kames seems to have devoted a few years of his life to his judicial duties. In 1763, he was appointed one of the lords of justiciary in the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland, an office for which he was eminently qualified, and which he discharged with equal ability, impartiality, and diligence.

Lord Kames, who was an active member of the 'board of trustees for the encouragement of the fisheries, arts,' &c. recommended among other useful plans, a survey of the western islands, with a view to the improvement of the herring-fishery, and of the prosperity and civilization of the islands. Dr. John Walker was the person who was destined to this undertaking. We shall quote part of a letter which he wrote to Lord Kames on this occasion. It is dated Stornoway, August 17, 1764, and contains some interesting particulars relative to the state of the western islands at that time,

'I have seen,' says Dr. Walker, 'the most fertile lands I ever saw in my life without cultivation; a people by nature the most acute and sagacious, perfectly idle; the most valuable fisheries without lines or nets; and in every corner one of the finest harbours that nature ever formed, a beautiful though useless void, as inanimate and unfrequented as those of the *Terra Australis*. The only appearance of industry I have met with in the islands is at this place. They have for a some time had a considerable fishery of cod and ling. Their greatest discouragement is the difficulty of procuring salt, and the hazard they run with salt-ponds. But that, I hope, will be removed in this corner, by the erection of a custom-house which was done yesterday. One of the most effectual encouragements of the fishery in the islands, and I think the easiest and cheapest that has yet occurred to me would be 1000*l.* worth of salt and casks laid up at one or two proper places, to be sold to the inhabitants at prime cost. The herrings have been swarming since the end of last month, on the coasts both of the main land and Long Island; but except a few taken in Skye, I have not seen nor heard of one *last* being preserved. Lying at anchor last Monday night, in calm moonshine, in the fine land-locked lake at Island-Glass in the Lewes, which is a circle of two miles, perfectly surrounded with lofty mountains, I saw the water heaving with the fish, and felt even the air strongly impregnated with their smell. Three small highland yawls, each of them with an old tattered net, came alongside of us by day-light, loaded to the brim, with the largest herrings I ever saw, which the poor people were anxious to sell at fourpence the six score, having no salt nor casks to preserve them. And this is at

present the case in every loch in these parts. When the spinning-school was erected here eight months ago, it met with the greatest opposition from the people. No young women could be brought to it till they were compelled. To avoid this, great numbers of them got themselves married, which was the case with several but of twelve years old. But finding that this was to be no protection, they at length submitted, and ever since the school has continued full. They now find it both easy and profitable, and pursue it with a degree of spirit and cheerfulness which is very agreeable. I saw about fifty of them, from nine to twenty-five years of age, at their wheels, in one room, where a wheel was scarce ever known before. They seemed quite happy at their work, and all joined in a highland song, which gave me more pleasure, if it be safe to own such an unpolite notion, than any concert I was ever present at.'

Dr. Franklin, who had returned to America in 1762, after residing in London for some years as agent for several of the colonies, revisited this country in 1765; and on June 2, of that year, we find a very interesting letter from him to Lord Kames, from which we feel a pleasure in extracting the following judicious observations.

'In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, the Elements of Criticism, in which I found great entertainment: much to admire and nothing to reprove. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated, that the pleasure which artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope-dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those, who being unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are mere compositions of tricks. I have sometimes at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure during the performance of much that was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old *Scotch tune*, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed on to play, gave manifest and general delight. Give me leave on this occasion to extend a little the sense of your position that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful,' and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live for ever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament,) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather that their melody is harmony. I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptance, indeed, only an agreeable suc-

cession of sounds is called *melody*; and only the co-existence of agreeing sounds *harmony*. But since the memory is capable of retaining for some moments a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement, or disagreement, there may, and does arise from thence a sense of harmony between present and past sounds equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tunes is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note, is a third, a fifth, an octave, or in short some note that is in concord with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concords. I use the word emphatical, to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles, to tack the others together.

‘The connoisseurs in modern music,’ adds Dr. Franklin, ‘will say I have no taste,—but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing.’

In 1766 Lord Kames received a great accession to his income by the death of George Drummond, Esq. brother to lady Kames. Lord K. now passed his vacations at Blair-Drummond, where he prosecuted his agricultural improvements with great spirit and success. One of his plans of improvement was of so much importance, both on account of the consequences and the example, that it ought not to be passed unnoticed. Part of his new estate included a level swamp, called the Moss of Kincardine, about four miles in length, and from one to two miles in breadth, situated immediately above the confluence of the Forth and the Frith. The moss formed a stratum of from eight to nine feet thick; but covered a soil of rich clay and vegetable mould. The enterprising mind of Lord Kames projected the removal of this immense body of moss by floating it into the Forth by means of channels cut through the moss into that river. ‘He lived to see about one-third of this great tract of land perfectly cleared, and yielding a rent in proportion to the value of the soil brought into tillage.’ This large tract, which was once an uninhabitable morass, contains at present 169 houses and 720 inhabitants.

We read with pleasure the elegant and ingenious letters of Mrs. Montagu to the author of the *Elements of Criticism*. Lord Kames had informed Mrs. M. that he intended to form a *winter-garden* at his seat at Blair-Drummond.

‘I approve,’ says Mrs. Montague, ‘greatly of your lordship’s

scheme of making a *winter-garden*. We are apt to do in our gardens as we do in our minds; to cultivate the gay ornaments of the summer season, and aim at having all those things which flourish by mild sunshine and gracious dews; forgetful of the rude elements of human life, and regardless of the seasons of unfriendly and churlish winter, when sun-beams warm no more, and chilling hoar-frosts fall.'

We soon after find Mrs. Montagu writing to Lord Kames, in this airy and jocular strain.

'I am convinced that we have been acquainted in a state of pre-existence; I do not know when, nor indeed where: whether we first met on the orb of this earth, had a short coquetry in the planet Venus, or a sober platonic love in Saturn; but I am sure we did not first meet at Edinburgh in the year 1766; therefore those doubts that would be pardonable in a new friendship, cannot become us. Your lordship may remember our souls did not stand like strangers at a distance making formal obeisances the first evening we supped together at our friend Dr. Gregory's; we took up our story, where it had perhaps ended some thousand years before the creation of this globe: if we gave it a prefatory compliment, it was only the customary form to the new edition of a work before published.'

In 1765 Lord Kames, whose mind was incessantly occupied with some scheme of national advantage, published a small pamphlet on the progress of the flax-husbandry in Scotland, in order to encourage the culture of that useful material of manufacture in his native country. The following letter to the Duchess of Gordon is not only a pleasing specimen of his epistolary style, but evinces in a striking degree his desire to augment the industry and the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

*'To the Duchess of Gordon, August, 1770.*

'As I never incline to visit my favourite pupil, or to write to her, but when I am at ease and in good spirits, which has not been the case for this last fortnight, worn out as I am with the business of the court, I delayed to acknowledge her last kind letter, till I should be restored to my spirits in the country, by the wood-nymphs, the water-nymphs, and all the train of smiling rural deities. Your grace could not do me a greater favor than in communicating the little family anecdote about lady C, than which nothing can shew a more charming disposition. Dissocial passions are more painful to ourselves than to those who are the objects of them. Selfish passions are disagreeable to others, and very little pleasant to ourselves: but as for the generous and benevolent affections, if they make others happy, they double that blessing upon ourselves. There is no other part of our nature that advances us so near the

Author of all good. Cherish, my dear lady, that disposition in your daughter, because it is highly amiable; but double your diligence to cherish it in your son, who, I hope, will one day have it in his power to do much good, and to find his own chief happiness in making multitudes happy around him. The duke of G. may justly be reckoned the greatest subject in Britain; not from the extent of his rent-roll, but from a much more valuable property, the number of people whom Providence has put under his government and protection. God forbid the duke should imbibe the sentiments of too many of his elevated rank, that these people are merely beasts of burden, and that it is allowable to squeeze out of them all that can be got! In point of morality, I consider that the people upon our estates are trusted by Providence to our care, and that we are accountable for our management of them, to the great God, their Creator as well as ours. But observe and admire the benevolence of Providence. What else does it require of us, but to introduce industry among our people, the sure way to make them virtuous and happy, and the way not less sure of improving our estates, and increasing our revenues!

Now, my dear pupil, I insist upon this topic with the more satisfaction, that I figure your grace taking an active part in this useful work, and going hand in hand with your husband; if, indeed, it be not better that each of you should take a separate department. I will explain what part I allot to your grace, after a short preface. Travelling through the counties of Aberdeen and Bamff, with any sort of equipage, it is pleasant to see the young creatures turning out every where from their little cottages, full of curiosity, but not less full of industry; for every one of them is employed; and in knitting stockings, they lose not all the while a single motion of their fingers. This sight I have never beheld without delight. Now, mark what I am going to say. There is indeed the same curiosity to be observed upon your banks of the Spay, and through the county of Moray; but alas! the industry is wanting; for the young people go about there perfectly idle.

I fear you will think I am growing a little tedious this evening; for I wish to prolong conversation with your grace: but now I come to the point.—The part I allot for the Duchess of Gordon, is to train the young creatures about her to industry; and she will execute it with self satisfaction and success; for in tender years, the strongest impressions are made, and once giving children a habit of industry, it will last with them for life. What I would therefore propose as her first essay, is to introduce the knitting of stockings among the young folk of both sexes, which will be easily done, as that art is so far advanced in her neighbourhood. If your grace relishes this proposal, signify it only to your old mentor, and it shall be his business not only to lay down a plan for carrying it into effect, but to interest our trustees for the manufactures, who will most cordially second your operations. In the mean time you may order a fit person to be secured for teaching the children to spin and to

knit ; and the only thing that will be expected from your grace, besides your countenance (which is all in all,) is to encourage the children to exert themselves, by some small premiums to those who are the most deserving.

‘ So much for serious matters, and now a lighter theme, if my paper leaves room for it. From fifty years experience, I can vouch, that the pleasantest companions for conversation, are those who pass some time in their closets, in reading and reflecting. Will you give me authority to purchase for you from time to time, a few books of taste and useful knowledge, which will agreeably fill up your hours of leisure? Does the duke give his commissions to any particular bookseller in Edinburgh? In this and in every capacity, command your real friend and faithful servant,

‘ HENRY HOME.’

Lord K. took an active part in promoting the project of a navigable canal between the rivers Forth and Clyde. ‘ The work was begun in 1768 on a scale of fifty-six feet in breadth and seven in depth ; admitting the passage of vessels of seventy or eighty tons burden.’ The expences were defrayed by the subscriptions of individuals ; and government subscribed 30,000*l.* the profits are to be expended in making roads, bridges, and other improvements in the highlands of Scotland. In 1766 Lord Kames published ‘ *Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session from 1730 to 1753.*’ Of this work his learned biographer says that it ‘ affords a model of clear and perspicuous brevity of statement, which touches only the important points of a cause, and rejects all that is superfluous in the detail or argument.’

Lord Kames was a believer in the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and was surprized at the cool reception which they, at first, experienced in this country. What very much contributed, in the minds of the generality, to invalidate the pretended antiquity of the poems, was the refinement of sentiment and manners which they pourtray, so difficult to be reconciled to the barbarous age to which they are assigned. Lord Kames investigated the subject with his usual diligence of research ; and he tells Mrs. Montagu that he had been successful beyond his hope.

‘ I have,’ says he, ‘ made out that the manners described by Ossian were the genuine manners of his country. Such refined notions, especially with respect to the female sex, of a people in the first stage of society, approach to a miracle ; and yet I have brought evidence of the fact sufficient to satisfy any impartial jury.’

The opinion which Mrs. Montagu appears to have adopted  
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on the subject was a sensible medium between credulity and scepticism. Some of her remarks on the subject, in one of her letters to Lord Kames, are very ingenious and acute.

‘Where exists,’ says she, ‘the records of those ages? Not even any monuments of art appear. Were men more civilized before they were assembled in large communities? I do not mean to pun, when I say there could hardly be civility without cities. Can one imagine politeness of manners began before even agriculture? Does nature operate in other modes in Scotland, than in the rest of the world? Do not the ruins of Palmyra still bear witness to her former greatness? Are not the pyramids of Egypt witnesses, that, that country was in possession of arts? How beautiful are the ruins of Athens! how august the ruins of Rome! Three grey stones unpolished, undescribed, were all the honors the departed hero, or celebrated bard, expected for the glorious labours of his life. We find only three characters amongst these highlanders, the warrior, the bard, and the hunter. As to the fair sex, I do believe, that living in a country where the sun is not very ardent; they might be fair, though they were much exposed to weather, and certainly must have been obliged to partake of the labours and inconveniences of a savage state. But they would surely appear fair to Ossian, and to all his heroes, and the Celtæ were remarkably *regardful* of their women. I imagine that Ossian has given the fine gloss of poetry to a rude age. If there should be found any fine edifices, or any testimonies of higher improvement, we must begin to alter our opinions. But as to myself, I credited Ossian the more, because I do not see any thing in his poems inconsistent with uncivilized times. The heroes are brave in the field, hospitable and courteous at a feast. They were not cruel as absolute savages are; but I believe our Celtic ancestors were not the brutes they have been imagined. I do not see any probability, that if the highlanders had been once a polished people, they would have returned to barbarism; as they were never subdued. The grand-children of Fingal probably still remain upon the very mountain where his hall was built. They are now a fine people, brave, generous, and hospitable; but the lowest order is not polished. I have seen lovely lasses amongst them, and as fair, I doubt not, as Malvina, though indeed she was the daughter-in-law of a king. I cannot believe they pulled down towns to live on the mountains, nor houses to dwell in huts. How great elegance of form is consistent with being exposed to the sun and wind of summer, and being smoked like bacon, in the winter, I do not understand; nor how great delicacy of manners subsisted where all the men and women of a family undressed and slept in the same apartment.’

Ossian has probably described the manners and sentiments of his progenitors and contemporaries with numerous poetical embellishments; and the same manners and senti-

ments which were embellished even by Ossian, have no doubt received a still higher degree of factitious ornament and poetical colouring in passing through the translation of Mr. Macpherson. The Ossian of Macpherson probably conveys a much less perfect resemblance of the original than even the Homer of Pope. But we agree with lord Woodhouselee that the coincidences or imitations, which may be traced between the Ossian of Macpherson and the poets of the eighteenth century, though they prove that his version is not literal, are, by no means, evidence that he had no originals before him. Though the veracity of Macpherson was evidently mortified by the assertion of Dr. Johnson and others, that the poems were a forgery, yet the imputation of the exclusive authorship, was probably gratifying to his vanity. Thus a vacillation may have taken place in his mind, in which the sobriety of truth and the flippancy of vanity may have alternately prevailed; and this may account for the mysterious silence which he preserved while living, and of which the reasons have not been clearly developed since his death.

Macpherson certainly had it in his power to have placed the authenticity or spuriousness of the poems beyond the possibility of critical doubt by producing the originals as far as they were written; or by referring to the persons from whom he received those which he obtained only from oral recitation; but there was a mixture of enigmatical and disingenuous obscurity in his conduct, which is difficult to be reconciled with the simplicity of disinterested truth. His vanity, however, may solve the principal difficulty of the argument. The committee of the highland Society, as lord Woodhouselee has remarked, 'pushed this investigation as far as it can possibly go;' and even they have left the question in some degree of doubt. They believe that Macpherson possessed originals, but that he took great liberties in translating them; that he softened what was harsh, refined what was gross, decorated what was rude, dignified what was mean, elevated what was low.

In 1774, Lord Kames published, his '*Sketches of the History of Man*,' in two volumes, 4to. This work, which was the gradual accumulation of the reading and reflection of several years, must be regarded rather as a collection of facts, conjectures, and disquisitions, than a finished history. But it is full of valuable matter. Lord Woodhouselee gives a brief analytical view of the work, accompanied with some judicious observations.

The opinion of lord Kames that the *savage state* was the



original condition of man was combated by Dr. Doig, master of the grammar school of Stirling, in two learned letters. When the first of these letters was transmitted to lord Kames, dated from Stirling, but without any subscription, he was passing his Christmas holidays at Blair Drummond. His curiosity was excited to discover the author.

'In conversing on the subject with an intimate friend, Dr. Graham Mar, of Leckie, a gentleman of taste and erudition, and of great scientific knowledge, who frequently visited him in the country, his lordship, producing the letter of his anonymous correspondent, 'In the name of wonder,' said he, 'Doctor, what prodigy of learning have you got in the town of Stirling, who is capable of writing this letter, which I received a few days ago?' The doctor, after glancing over a few pages, answered 'I think I know him.—There is but one man who is able to write this letter, and a most extraordinary man he is;—David Doig, the master of our grammar school.'—'What!'—said lord Kames; 'a genius of this kind, within a few miles of my house, and I never to have heard of him! and a fine fellow too: he tells his mind roundly and plainly: I love him for that:—he does not spare me: I respect him the more.—You must make us acquainted, my good doctor: I will write him a card; and to-morrow, if you please, you shall bring him to dine with me.'

'We mention this circumstance because it forms an amiable trait in the character of lord Kames. A friendship commenced between Dr. Doig and lord K. and a correspondence which was terminated only by death.

Lord Kames, who had from a very early period of his life directed his attention to agricultural pursuits, published in 1776, the result of his own experience, with that of his reading and research. This work was published at the advanced age of eighty; a period of life at which few enjoy such activity of mind and vigour of exertion as were displayed by lord Kames. In the following year he published in one vol. 8vo. *Elucidations respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland*. In these disquisitions he is said to have displayed his wonted ingenuity of exposition and labour of research. This work was dedicated to Mr. Dundas (Lord Melville) then lord advocate for Scotland. Mr. Dundas, or rather lord Melville, has seldom received higher praise than has been bestowed in this dedication of lord Kames; and indeed higher praise cannot easily be bestowed. For the author says of him that he has candour enough to make truth welcome against his own prepossessions and talents to make it triumph over the prepossessions of others.

It had been the constant practice of lord Kames since his

promotion to the Scottish bench in 1752 to 'note the particulars of every remarkable case which occurred in the practice of the court of session, with his own observations on the decision, and occasionally on the opinions of his brother judges.'—These reports are a striking proof that, amidst his variety of literary and philosophical pursuits, he never lost sight of his judicial duties. They were published in 1780, in one volume folio: and may be regarded as a supplement to the *Remarkable Decisions* which he had printed while a barrister.

The last literary work, in which lord Kames was engaged, was a treatise on education. This was undertaken in his eighty-fifth year; and was published at Edinburgh in 1781, under the title of *Loose Hints on Education*. It refers rather to a system of moral than intellectual culture; but it contains many judicious observations, the fruit of his past experience and reflection; and it exhibits the piety and benevolence of the author in a very pleasing point of view. The following sentences, which are quoted by lord Woodhouselee, sufficiently prove that the mind which could dictate them, as one of the last bequests of its wisdom, had long been the sanctuary of charity and of peace.

'Teach your children to prefer their own religion, but inculcate that the virtuous are acceptable to God, however erroneous in point of belief. Press it home to them; that there is nothing in nature to prevent different sects of Christians from living amicably together, more than different sects of philosophers or of men who work in different arts; especially as the articles of faith which distinguish these sects are purely speculative: they have no relation to morals, nor any influence on our conduct. Yet from these distinctions have proceeded rancour and animosity, as if our most important concerns had been at stake. In a different view the absurdity appears still more glaring. These articles, the greater part at least, relate to subjects beyond the reach of human understanding. The Almighty by his works of creation, has made his wisdom and benevolence manifest; but he has not found it necessary to explain to his creatures the manner of his existence; and in all appearance, the manner of his existence is beyond the reach of our conceptions. Persecution for the sake of religion would have been entirely prevented by wholesome education, instilling into the minds of young people that difference of opinions is no just cause of discord, and that different sects may live amicably together. In a word, neglect no opportunity to impress on the minds of your pupils that religion is given for our good, and that no religion can be true, which tends to disturb the peace of society.'

The parable on toleration which lord Woodhouselee

quotes, p. 225, vol. ii, and ascribes to Dr. Franklin, is altered from Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophecyng;' where it appears to more advantage than in the variation of the American philosopher.

Lord Kames was now approaching his 'long home,' and we shall soon behold the material receptacle of his genius and worth consigned to the sepulchre of death. He had enjoyed a more than ordinary share of good health; for at the advanced age of 85, he was free from any chronical disease, or any considerable infirmities, which are the usual symptoms of decay. His habits of intense study, the bad effects of which were counteracted by regular exercise in the open air, had not occasioned a premature declension of his corporeal strength; and the faculties of his mind were even less impaired than those of his body.

During the vacation of 1782, Lord K. 'went as usual with his family to Blair-Drummond:' 'It is very possible,' said he, to his daughter-in-law, 'that this journey may shorten my life a little space; but what then, have I not lived long enough?'

'A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a short walk which he took with her (his daughter-in-law) in the garden, he desired her to sit down by him on one of the benches, saying he felt himself much fatigued; and adding that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. On her expressing a hope that, on his going to town, his friend Dr. Cullen, who knew his constitution, might be able to give him some advice that would be of service to him, and that she flattered herself his disease had been rather less troublesome to him for some time past. 'My dear child,' said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, 'don't talk of my disease, I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs. Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary? I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service, for I feel that I am dying, and I thank God that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of outliving my faculties; of that, I trust, there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one; and prosperous on the whole beyond my deserts; but I would fain indulge the hope that it has not been useless to my fellow-creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child, and I have lived to see it accomplished: I am now ready to obey my Maker's summons.'—He then poured forth a short but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden he said, 'This is my last farewell to this place: I think I shall never see it more. I go to town chiefly

to satisfy Mrs. Drummond; otherwise I would willingly have remained here. But go where I will, I am in the hands of Almighty God.'

Lord Kames attended the court of session for a few days after his return to Edinburgh; but he soon found the effort too great for his strength. On the last day of his attendance, he took a separate and affectionate leave of each of his brethren on the bench; and he died in about eight days after this, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Few live so long, and fewer spend their time so well. To professional men and to men of letters, lord Kames may be usefully recommended as a model of incessant assiduity. He suffered no time to flit away without its appropriate occupation. His mind was never without some object of pursuit; and, when that was attained, no relaxation ensued. The completion of one work was the beginning of another. His thoughts were perpetually busied with some object of general utility; and whether it were law, policy, morality, metaphysics, criticism, agriculture, or education, the general good, or the good of some large class of his fellow creatures, was the end which he proposed. Whether we regard him as a philosopher, who explains the principles, or who illustrates and exemplifies the abstractions of law, as a practitioner who develops the habitual routine of the courts, as a critic who delivers the laws of composition, or as a moralist who inculcates rules of life, he always preserves a dignified respectability. He had read too much, conversed too much, and thought too much, to be shallow in his ideas or superficial in his knowledge on any subject on which he chose to write. He is never frivolous, though not always profound. Where he does not impress conviction by the solidity of his arguments, he seldom fails to excite admiration by his ingenuity. His mind was quick and excursive; and the multiplicity of his studies rather augmented than diminished the facility of his combinations. Rapidity, or rather a certain instantaneous velocity of apprehension is apt in young persons, who are not sufficiently aware of the little which the wisest know, and of the comparative ignorance which envelops even those whom we deem profound, to generate an overweening self-sufficiency and conceit. Something of this kind was observable in some juvenile traits of the character of lord Kames, but it seems to have been renounced in his maturer years. The more a man really knows, the more modest he becomes: and though there is a kind of diffidence, which often accompanies ignorance, yet wisdom is more often associated with

that estimable quality. Lord Kames knew how to form and to maintain an opinion, but he was not a blind nor bigoted dogmatist. He was open to conviction; and he could hear what was to be said *on the other side*.

As a writer, lord Kames deserves the praise of copiousness of matter rather than elegance of style. His diction has not that nicety of polish which the discriminating sensibility of taste only can give. There is little variety or melody in his periods. The colloquial vulgarities, perhaps we ought rather to say familiarities, which he occasionally admits into his sentences, were, perhaps in a great degree, owing to the habits of forensic debate, in which they are unavoidable. And we all know how difficult it is, even when we think ourselves on our guard against the practice, to avoid forms of expression or modes of phraseology to which we are accustomed. The technical idiom of a profession or a trade, seems to influence the mechanism of the mind.

The philosophy of lord Kames, whatever alloy of the fanciful or absurd may have been mingled with the richer ore, contained what is often wanting in the works even of philosophers, a considerable mixture of good sense. His habits of reflection made him a speculative, but his habits of business kept him a practical man: He did not soar into the region of metaphysics to lose sight of this *visible diurnal sphere*. He often turned his eyes to the surface of common life; and he thought that philosophy the best which is most useful to man. Of the theological opinions of Lord Kames, we shall only say, that he was a rational, a steady, and a consistent believer in the power, the wisdom, the benevolence, and the moral government of God: and we heartily wish that those who have reviled him for not believing more, did, themselves, believe as much.

In private life Lord Kames appears to have been an amiable man; and of this we have no uncertain indication in his fondness for the society of young persons of both sexes. There must be a large substratum of benevolence in the character, where age can accommodate its feelings to the frolic gaiety of youth. His mind was naturally elastic and cheerful; and his cheerfulness partook of that religious serenity which so far reposes on an overruling Providence as never to be dejected with doubt, nor distracted with care. He looked at the bright side of things; and he did not, with querulous solicitude, anticipate uncertain ills.

It is now time to take our leave of lord Kames, and to speak of the manner in which his biographer has executed his task. Lord Woodhouselee has brought together a great

mass of information relative to the literary history of Scotland, during a period which was adorned by the most splendid talents and the most memorable names;—but some of his details are too extraneous, some of his digressions are too irrelevant, and many of his reflections too common place. We are far from affirming that the work is dull; but it is not so animated as it might have been rendered by throwing out some of the languid and flat passages, which lessen the interest of the whole. In the diction and in the structure of the sentences, there are many parts, which are very uncouth to an English ear. More condensation in the matter, and more ease, harmony, and elegance in the style, would have rendered this a most engaging specimen of that species of biography which renders the life of some eminent individual a centre on which to revolve the literary history of the times.—But ‘*non ego paucis offendar maculis*:’—Though there are some defects in this production of Lord Woodhouselee, we should be guilty of great injustice to him and to the public, if we did not acknowledge that it contains a great variety of important matter; and that those, who will read it through with as much attention as we have done, will find it a reservoir of much instruction and amusement. The appendix contains many valuable letters, some of which we regret that we have not room to quote.

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**ART. III.**—*The dormant and extinct Baronage of England, &c. By T. C. Banks, Esq. (Continued from p. 402 of the last Volume).*

THE second volume of this work, as we have before mentioned, is appropriated to those families whose honours had their origin by writ, and ‘thenceforth became an inheritance in fee descendible to the heirs general.’ In examining its contents we shall pursue the plan adopted in our first article, of noticing some few of the particulars exhibited in it which wear to us the appearance of novelty, and are calculated to afford general entertainment to our readers.

The barony of Abergavenny has been supposed by many writers, to pass with the possession of the castle, in the same manner as the castle of Arundel has been *adjudged* to carry the *earldom* to every successive proprietor; but Mr. Banks has, we think, very satisfactorily corrected this mistake by his statement of the several descents through which the title has passed, especially in the female branches. The decision in

the Bergavenny case, (1 Jac.) does not certainly go the length of confirming the popular opinion, although it at that time happened that the heir male, in whose favour the barony was adjudged, was also the possessor of the castle. It should seem, however, that that decision may very fairly be called in question, since the descent, in many prior instances, had taken place to the heirs general in the female line; and so it was probably thought when the king, by way of compromise, granted the dignity of LeDespenser to Lady Fane, the unsuccessful claimant.

Of James, 18th lord Audley and earl of Castlehaven, Mr. Banks makes a remark which we should be apt to suspect as satirical, did not our author's veneration for dormant and extinct nobility almost preclude the irreverent supposition. 'If this noble Lord,' he says, 'who led a very martial life, had not taken the pains to record his own actions, little would be known of him; historians hardly making any mention of him.' It seems he had been accused of certain malpractices respecting the conduct of the civil wars in Ireland, and published a pamphlet called the 'The Earl of Castlehaven's Review, or his Memoir of his Engagement and Carriage in the Irish Wars,' in explanation of his supposed misconduct. On the strength of this publication, he is classed among Walpole's 'Noble Authors;' and the reader who wishes for further information may seek it there.

Lady Elizabeth Tucket, sister of the last earl of Castlehaven (who died in 1777 without issue) was wife to the celebrated Governor Thicknesse; and the following curious particulars are related concerning her:

'It seems that when the lady Elizabeth Tucket married Mr. Thicknesse, she very much offended her father the earl of Castlehaven, who would never forgive her; which instance of his unnatural conduct is rather whimsically alluded to, in a quibbling comparison between the infinite mercy of the Lord of 'Hèven,' and the unrelenting cruelty of the Lord of 'Haven;' by the following epitaph, inscribed upon her grave-stone in the chapel of Landguard-Fort, Suffolk;

Sacred to the memory  
Of Lady Elizabeth Thicknesse.  
'The Lord of Hèven forsook her not.'

In the year 1762, Governor Thicknesse buried his wife, or rather left her behind him; for she could not be said to be interred, being nearly placed upon the surface of the ground, under an arch of brickwork closed at the ends. This a few years ago sunk in, and it was found necessary to rebury her; which was done by Governor Singleton, at as little expence as possible; and without any step

being taken towards the reparation of the arch, or even replacing the marble above-named, which was affixed to it, recording her death. The latter was moved from place to place, till it was mislaid, and was found in General Blake's wine-cellar, broken in two pieces, January 8th, 1804; the former continues (probably to this day) in a state of negligence and ruin.' P. 22, 3, note.

Under the head of 'Beaumont,' we remark an inaccuracy, which is the more striking as it occurs in an instance where the heraldic doctrine of abeyance would otherwise have been very fully displayed. William, the last viscount Beaumont, died, 23 H. 7. without issue, on which event his title was supposed to have become extinct. Francis lord Lovel, his sister's son, would have been next heir, *if living*, and not attainted at the time of his death; but he had been attainted, and his attainder was conceived to be a bar to the further descent of the title. It seems he had two sisters, and Mr. Banks says the barony was therefore not extinct as was supposed to be the case, but passed to the sisters, not as heirs of their brother Francis, *but of their mother*. Now it is obvious, from the very case in Dyer's Reports, which Mr. Banks has cited, that this could by no means be true, unless it could be proved that Francis lord Lovel died, living William viscount Beaumont; for, had he survived him, his sisters must have made out their claim *through* him, and then the attainder would have been a complete bar. But this obvious and necessary step is overlooked, and, neither in the text nor in the genealogical table annexed, is the date of lord Lovel's death at all referred to.

We wish that Mr. B. had furnished us with some more particulars respecting John lord Berners, for whom we have so high a respect as the translator of Froissart, than that he was 'deputy of Calais, chancellor of the exchequer, and eminent for his learning as an author.'

Henry lord Cobham, the miserable tool in Raleigh's conspiracy, who was pardoned on the scaffold when so many 'better men' suffered as victims to the jealousy of King James, is here said to have forfeited by his attainder a landed estate of 7000*l.* a year, together with personal property to the amount of 30,000*l.* and to have died in prison 'lousy, for want of apparel and linen;' a striking example, we allow, of the reverses of fortune, but in what particular respect deserving Mr. B.'s\* appellation of 'a sin-

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\* Perhaps, however, this is not Mr. B.'s expression, but Sir Dudley Carleton's, whose authority he cites; it certainly sounds a little like the puritanical fashion of former days.



gular judgment,' we are rather at a loss to discover; any otherwise than as we all admit the affairs of the world to be in the disposal of Providence. 'It is moreover asserted,' adds Mr. B. 'that the lady Cobham, his wife, though very rich, would not even give him the crumbs from her table.' If Lady Cobham had died lousy as well as her husband, we should have been apt, perhaps, to cry out with Mr. B. 'A judgment! a judgment!'

The celebrated Reginald, cardinal Pole, was not of this family. His title to the crown was derived from his mother, the countess of Salisbury, daughter to George duke of Clarence.

In the family of West, lord Delawar, occurs an instance of, what has been before remarked, the preference of the nearer relation by the half-blood over the more distant kindred of full blood, which obtains in the law of baronial descents, contrary to the maxim respecting the descent of lands. Thomas, lord Delawar, dying without issue, 5 Hen. VI. the barony devolved upon sir Reginald West, the son of Joan, *half-sister* to the said lord Thomas, in preference to Griffin, the heir-general, who was grandson of Catherine, sister of the whole blood to lord Thomas's father. Mr. Banks, in his quaint stile of expression, accounts it 'matter of marvel,' that Dugdale and Collins should have cited this as an extraordinary circumstance, 'for sure it is, that according to the accepted law of descent touching baronies in fee, the issue of the last baron seised of the title, whether from a first, second, or third wife, must have a right to succeed before the issue of a sister of the same baron.'

Le Despencer (or Spencer, for both, we believe, descend from the same stock) is the name of an office, like the Scotch name of Stuart. One Robert was steward or *dispenser* to William the Conqueror; and two *Dispensers* are mentioned under the reign of Henry I. William and Thirstine; but whether or not connected in blood either with one another, or with the aforesaid Robert, Mr. Banks does not take upon him to determine. He only supposes that Thirstine was ancestor to Hugh *the Dispenser*, who lived temp. Henry III. and who is the first ascertained ancestor of the present noble families.

Of Thirstine, a curious anecdote is given from Camden's Remains, which illustrates the simple hospitality of a Norman king in a striking manner,

'In the time of Henry I. it was the custom of the court, that books, bills, and letters, should be drawn and signed for servitors

in-court, concerning their own matters, without fee. But at this time Thirstine, the king's steward, or Le Despencer as they then called him (from whom the family of the lords Spencer came) exhibited to the king a complaint against Adam, of Yarmouth, clerk of the signet, for that he refused to sign, without a fee, a bill passed for him. The king first heard Thirstine, commending the old custom at large; and charging the clerk for exacting somewhat contrary thereto, for passing his book. Then the clerk was heard, who briefly said, 'I received the book, and sent unto your steward, desiring him only to bestow upon me two spice-cakes made for your own mouth; who returned for answer, he would not; and thereupon I denied to seal his book.' The king greatly disliked the steward for returning this negative; and forthwith made Adam sit down upon the bench, with the seals, and Thirstine's book before him, but compelled the steward to put off his cloak, to fetch two of his best spiced cakes for the king's own mouth; to bring them in a fair white napkin, and with low curtsie, to present them to Adam, the clerk; which being accordingly done, the king commanded Adam to seal and deliver him his book, and made them friends; adding this speech: 'officers of the court must gratifie and shew a cast of their office, not only one to another, but also to strangers, whensoever need shall require.'

The barony of Despencer, after the death of Thomas Despencer, earl of Gloucester, (beheaded 1 Henry IV.) passed successively into the families of Beauchamp, Nevil, Fane, Dashwood, and Stapleton, in which last it now rests. The name of Francis Dashwood, baron Despencer, (who died without issue 1781) is connected with an event which all our readers may not expect to find mentioned in a history of 'Dormant and extinct Baronage.'

'Although his lordship had no legitimate issue, yet it seems he had several natural children, who bore his name; of whom Rachael Fanny Antonia Dashwood (by a Mrs. Barry) in 1794, was married to Mathew Allen Lee, esq. a young man of genteel family, yet small fortune, and known in the fashionable world by the appellation of handsome Lee. But from this gentleman a separation took place in 1795; since when, she has not been a little celebrated and a subject of inconsiderable public conversation, by reason of her prosecution of the two brothers, Lockhart and Lauden Gordon, for forcibly taking her from her house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly; a trial which excited very general curiosity, and came on at the assizes at Oxford, March 6th, 1804, when they were both acquitted.'

Under the article 'Fitzwalter,' where Mr. Banks mentions Robert the famous baron of that name, who was constituted general of the rebel army in the reign of John, with the title

of ' Marshal of the army of God and the church,' we should have expected some notice to have been taken of the fair Matilda, his daughter, of whom the legend says that the king having made various assaults upon her impregnable chastity, caused her at last to be poisoned at Dunmow Priory, that she might not report his conduct to her father, then in France. The story is generally agreed to be false; but, nevertheless, it is one which has obtained so much popular credit, besides having been made the subject of two of Drayton's 'heroical epistles,' that we are astonished it should have been passed over in silence. The name of Matilda, even, is not mentioned in the text, although we find her existence recognised in the genealogical table.

The name of Lovel is nothing more than the diminutive *Lupellus*, (or little wolf) which was given to William, the son of Ascelin Govel de Perceval, one of the companions of the Conqueror. This Ascelin, who was surnamed 'Lupus,' from his extraordinary fierceness of disposition, is the stock from which not only the antient barons of Lovel sprang (extinct in the person of Francis viscount Lovel, temp. Henry VII.) but the present chancellor of the exchequer also derives his descent, tracing it from Richard, a younger brother of William *Lupellus*, who retained the primitive name of his family. The barony of Lovel, also, was revived in the year 1762, in favour of the earl of Egmont.

The fortunes of Francis, the last lord and only viscount Lovel of the old stock, are very interesting. He was the friend and favourite of Richard III. and fought by the side of that unfortunate monarch at the battle of Bosworth-field. He escaped with difficulty the slaughter of that day, and fled to the dominions of the duke of Burgundy, from whence he returned to share in the desperate enterprise of Lambert Simnel, and *was said* to have been slain at the battle of Stoke.

But, however certain it is that he attempted to make his escape out of the fight, being seen on horseback endeavouring to swim the river Trent; yet, from this period, no further mention of him is made by any historian. Though there was a strong rumour that he for the present preserved his life, by retiring to some secret place where he was starved to death by the treachery or neglect of those in whom he confided. Which report, in later days, seems to be confirmed by a very particular circumstance, related in a letter from William Cowper, esq. clerk of the parliament, concerning the supposed finding of the body of Francis Lord Lovel, viz.

'SIR, Hertingsfordbury Park, 9th August, 1737.  
'I met 'tother day with a memorandum I had made some years

ago, perhaps not unworthy your notice. You may remember that lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII. giving an account of the battle of Stoke, says of the lord Lovel, who was among the rebels, that he fled, and swame over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side, by reason of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after in a cave or vault.

‘Apropos to this; on the 6th of May, 1728, the present duke of Rutland related in my hearing, that about twenty years then before, viz. in 1708, upon occasion of new laying a chimney at Minster-Lovel, there was discovered a large vault or room under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, &c. &c.; in another part of a room lay a cap, all much mouldered and decayed; which the family, and others, judged to be this Lord Lovel whose exit has hitherto been so uncertain.’

From hence it may be concluded, that it was the fate of this unhappy lord to have retired to his own house after the battle, and there to have intrusted himself to some servant, by whom he was immured, and afterwards neglected, either through treachery, fear, or some accident which befel that person. A melancholy period to the life and fortunes of one of the greatest and most active noblemen of the æra wherein he lived.’ P. 321.

We have all heard and read a great deal about the splendour of the now ruined castle of Kenilworth, during the time that queen Elizabeth kept her court there; but few of our readers, perhaps, know that the same place was the scene of equally magnificent solemnities three centuries before, when Roger Mortimer, lord Wigmore, (grand-father of queen Isabella’s adulterous paramour) was its possessor.

P. 366. ‘In 7 Edw. I. when all was quiet, having procured the honour of knighthood for his three sons, he, at his own costs, held a tournament at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained one hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days, the like whereof had never been before in England; and there began a *round table* (so called from the place wherein they practised those feats), which was environed with a strong wall made in a round form. And upon the fourth day, the *Golden Lion*, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it with all that company to Warwick. The same whereof being spread into foreign countries, occasioned the queen of Navarre to send him certain wooden bottles, bound with golden bars and wax under pretence of wine, but, in truth, filled with gold; which were for many ages after kept in the abbey of Wigmore. Whereupon, for the love of that queen, he added a *carbuncle* to his arms.’

Was not lord Poynings, the celebrated lieutenant of Ire-

land, of the family mentioned in p. 436 ? If so, why is his name, or the leading circumstance annexed to it, omitted ?

The history of no English family, perhaps, can show more signal instances of the mutations of fortune than that of 'Stafford,' even more unhappy in the days of its overgrown greatness, than in those of its low and abject poverty. Humphrey, the first duke of Buckingham of this house, fell in the cause of the unfortunate Lancastrian party, at the battle of Northampton, 38 H. VI. Humphrey earl of Stafford, his son, perished in the same cause, at the battle of St. Alban's. Henry duke of Buckingham, his son, was the famous duke of Richard the third's time, who died, as is well known, on the scaffold. And the same fate was reserved for his son Edward, who was restored by Henry VII. to his father's dignities, only that he might fall a sacrifice to the pride of Wolsey, and the jealousy of his tyrannical master.

'When the emperor Charles V. heard of his fall, he is said to have exclaimed, "*A butcher's dog hath killed the finest buck in England.*"

Among the immediate ancestors of these illustrious men, Edmund, the father of the first duke, was slain at the battle of Shrewsbury ; and Ralph, one of his uncles, was murdered by sir John Holland (half-brother to Richard II.) on an expedition into Scotland.

Henry, son of the last duke, was afterwards restored to the barony, and he and his successors enjoyed it for three generations, till the death of another Henry lord Stafford, in 1637. On this event, it was supposed that the barony (which had been limited to *heirs male* on its new creation by Edward VI.) became extinct ; and accordingly Mary, the sister of the late lord, and heir to the family estates, together with her husband, sir William Howard, petitioned the king to have it again erected in their favour. But now an unexpected claimant stepped forth, the legitimacy of whose title it was never once attempted, because it was impossible, seriously to doubt, but who was overthrown entirely from his own poverty and the weighty influence of the house of Howard. The detail of this most nefarious transaction, as it is given us by Mr. Banks, shall conclude our present extracts. It may be remarked by the way, that fortune, who dealt in this instance so unequally between the poor heir and the rich usurper, seems to have made up the difference in the end. Poor Roger Stafford, probably, returned to his cottage and died in peace. The proud sir William Howard, succeeded in the object of his unjust petition, and

perished many years after on the scaffold, the most innocent of all the bloody sacrifices made to the perjuries of Oates and Bedlowe.

Richard Stafford, the younger son of Henry lord Stafford (son of the last duke of Buckingham) died very poor. He married Mary, daughter of John Corbett of Lee in Shropshire, by Anne his wife (widow of sir William Brereton of Brereton in Cheshire) and daughter of sir William Boothe of Dunham Massey; which Mary survived her husband and sued for her jointure at Essington in Gloucestershire, and lost it. She died at Congleton in Cheshire, and was buried at Brereton about 1632. Her daughter Jane Stafford was born about 1581, and was married to a joiner at Newport by Sheffal in Shropshire; was living his widow in 1637, and had a son, then a cobbler or shoemaker, in Newport. The grand-daughter of Henry lord Stafford, the great-grand-daughter of the mighty Edward duke of Buckingham, the wife of a joiner, and her son a cobbler! credit Romani!

His father's mother, Ursula, was daughter (as before said), of sir Richard Pole by Margaret, daughter and heir of George duke of Clarence, brother to king Edward IV, but Richard Stafford her father, had also a son, the before-mentioned Roger.

Roger was born at Malpas in Cheshire about 1572. This unfortunate man in his youth went by the name of Fludd or Floyd; for what reason has not yet been explained; perhaps with the indignant pride that the very name of Stafford should not be associated with the obscurity of such a lot! However, one Floyd, a servant of Mr. George Corbett of Cowlesmore near Lee in Shropshire, his mother's brother is recorded. And it is not improbable that this was some faithful servant under whose roof he might have been reared, or found a shelter from misfortunes, when all his great alliances, with a cowardly and detestable selfishness, might have forsaken him; and that he might have preferred the generous, though humble name of Floyd to one that had brought him nothing but a keener memorial of his misfortunes.

At the age of 65, he became, by the early death of Henry lord Stafford (the great grandson of his father's elder brother), in 1637, heir male of the family; a circumstance which was to subject him to new mortifications.

The act 1 Edw. 6, restored his grandfather in blood, gave to him and the heirs males of his body the rank of a baron; and enabled him and his successors to make jointures or grant a life estate to younger children; or dispose by will, for advancing children, or paying of debts to the amount of two thirds of the parcels of the small lands restored by Henry VIII. Yet Dugdale does not specify whether the entail is on the heir male or the heir general, except of a small part. But the entail of the peerage depended upon the act of Edward VI. and that is most express and decisive upon the heir male.

‘ Roger Stafford, therefore, in 1637, became, beyond all doubt, lord Stafford; and accordingly petitioned the king and the lords. In the discussion of this case, it appeared that Henry lord Stafford sat in parliament the whole of Edward VI.’s reign, as the younger baron.

‘ It is stated by Dugdale, that in the reign of queen Mary, he and lord Clinton had a dispute about precedence; and for his meanness in descending to this dispute after having lost the dukedom of Buckingham, is founded lord Orford’s censure of him. But Dugdale has mistaken the fact. In the parliament, 4 and 5 P. and M., he and lord Clinton joined in petitioning, “to be restored to the rooms, pre-eminences, and places of their ancestors.”’

‘ And this place the lords Stafford enjoyed, down to Henry; who dying in 1637, left his sister Mary, wife of sir Wm. Howard, his heir. On this event, Roger Stafford conceiving himself clearly entitled to the same seat in parliament, submitted his right to the king’s judgment. But hear the cruel and unjust result, aggravated, if it be possible, by the cruelty of the manner! “Roger Stafford, in his youth called Fludd, pretending himself to be descended from a younger son of the said Henry, first lord Stafford, did claim the barony of Stafford, which title and dignity the said William Howard in right of his said lady, did also claim.” For the deciding of which several disputes, the said Roger Stafford, on the 5 December, 1637, did submit to the king’s majesty all his title to that barony. Upon which submission, his majesty declared his *royal pleasure*, that the said Roger Stafford *having no parte of the inheritance of the said lord Stafford, nor any other landes or means whatsoever*, (a most honest and generous reason), should make a resignation of all claims and title to the said barony of Stafford, for his majesty to dispose of as he should see fit. In obedience and performance of which said order, the said Roger Stafford (who was never married), did, by his deed enrolled, dated 7 December, 1639, grant and surrender unto his majesty the said barony of Stafford, and the honour, name, and dignity of lord Stafford, in and by that act granted, and all his rights, &c.; and covenanted, before the end of Hilary Term next, to levy a fine of the barony; which fine was levied accordingly. After which surrender made, and fine levied, the king, by patent, 12 Sept. 16 Cha. I. created sir William Howard, and Mary his wife, baron and baroness Stafford, with remainder to the heirs males of their bodies, remainder to the heirs of their bodies, with such place and precedence, as Henry lord Stafford, brother of the said Mary, had, or ought to have, as baron Stafford. Which latter clause seems certainly illegal; for this would be nothing but a new creation; the limitations being totally different from those of the old honour. And no new creation can, without an act of parliament take precedence of any older creation of the same degree.

‘ Thus was this poor old man overpowered for ever. By what intimidation he was induced to surrender his right cannot now be known; but the validity of a fine has since been questioned, and

overturned. And, to shew how far such oppression may extend beyond the case of the present sufferer, this case of Roger Stafford was very strongly urged as a precedent in that of the viscount Burbeck, by sir William Jones, then attorney general. Who was answered by the earl of Shaftsbury; who says; "this sole, single, melancholy precedent, was condemned in parliament, 1640." And in that instance, the lords, who luckily felt for their own families, got rid of this dangerous example, and determined, "that no fine now levied, or at any time hereafter to be levied, to the king, can bar any title of honour, or the right of any person claiming such title under him that levied, or shall levy such fine." p. 580.

The tables of descent annexed shew at one view, more clearly than can be done in detail, the connection of the several branches whose different fortunes form the subject of our last quotation. Mr. Banks observes pointedly enough in a note on the name of Jane, the sister of Roger the claimant, "who married a joiner, and had a son a cobbler, living at Newport, by Sheffnal in Shropshire, in 1637;" "The most zealous advocate for equality must surely here be highly gratified, when he is told, that the great-grand-daughter of Margaret, daughter and heir of George duke of Clarence, brother to king Edward IV, was the wife of a common joiner, and her son the *mender of old shoes*!!!"

The male descendants of sir William Howard (of whom the four last enjoyed the title of *earls* Stafford) became extinct in the person of John-Paul the last earl, who died in 1762, and although the representation still survives in female branches, it does not appear that any claim has been since instituted in respect of the barony. Neither do we find that Mr. Banks's industry has traced any living descendants from Jane Howard the joiner's wife, who, (did any such exist) might still perhaps, be admitted to contend that the forced resignation of Roger Stafford can in no wise effect their rights which they claim collaterally to him from Richard Stafford his father. And, in failure of descendants from Jane, Mr. B. seems to imagine that there may yet be existing some progeny of Walter, a younger brother of Richard, whom the renunciation of Roger can be supposed to affect even less than his sister and her offspring. How can we say that among the crazy persecutors of the chancellor, there may not be some unfortunate persons with claims as unquestionable (if the truth was sifted) as poor Roger's?

Another singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune, (but of a different nature from the foregoing) occurs in the well-known instance of Catherine, heiress of the house of Willoughby de Eresby, and fourth wife of the great Charles



Brandon, duke of Suffolk, whom she afterwards married a private gentleman of the name of Bertie. In the time of queen Mary's persecution, she was compelled together with her husband (on account of the zealous part they had jointly taken in the reformation) to fly the country; and so great were the distresses to which they were reduced, that this duchess is actually said to have fallen in labour under a church-porch in Holland, for want of better shelter. A curious old ballad descriptive of these extraordinary incidents, is here preserved; but our limits will not admit of any further transcripts. The child born under these *discouraging* circumstances was named Peregrine; he was restored by Elizabeth to his mother's title of Willoughby, and became the progenitor of the earls of Lindsay and dukes of Ancaster. We must now take leave of Mr. Banks, who has already afforded us a great deal of entertainment and instruction, expecting to derive yet more from the promised publication of another volume.

ART. IV.—*Fowling, a Poem (in five Books), descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting.* 12mo. pp. 150. Cadell. 1808.

THIS is a very pleasing poem, the author of which professes to have written "without any view to publication, during the various hours of leisure, afforded by his distant removal from the tiresome tumults of public society;" but he should not have resorted to so hacknied a plea in justification of what requires no apology.

Had a poem on this subject been written two or three centuries ago, its readers would have expected from it gay and animating descriptions of gallant knights and fair ladies, each with her kestrel on her wrist, sallying forth from some princely hall or castle by break of day, all nobly mounted, with troops of squires and pages at their heels, and well-trained falcons for the sport. The various fortunes of the day would be answerable to so fair an opening; and the whole would perhaps conclude with a right merry and joyous banquet, some goodly peacock with all his pride and plumage, filling up the middle space on the table. The same title will now call up a very different train of ideas, ideas which can only be admitted as poetical in a high state of refinement and cultivation, and which have constituted a class of poetry extremely familiar in modern days to our countrymen, but almost unknown to

any other nation. It consists of a certain union of description and sentiment, which only solitude can engender, and strong habits of reflection, added to an ardent admiration of the beauties of nature, can inspire. It is a species of poetry strikingly adapted to the serious and contemplative character of this people, a character which, in many respects, most honourably distinguishes us from almost all the rest of mankind.

It cannot be denied that this peculiar gift has frequently been abused by sickly sensibility, and outraged by unnatural affectation. Sometimes it is made a vehicle for low familiarity, sometimes for infantile simplicity; for the ravings of enthusiastic devotion, or the misconceptions of gloomy methodism. And as singularity will bestow a fashion upon every species of bad taste and error, so in no one instance has the catching absurdity died with its inventor, but has generally created a host of admirers, and, not unfrequently, a tribe hardly less numerous of imitators.

It is our duty to oppose the prevalence of these and similar errors in public opinion, wherever we think them perceptible; and it is very possible that in some instances of general criticism, our zeal may have overstepped the bounds of caution or of just discrimination. We shall not allow, however, that it has ever betrayed us into unjust censure or condemnation of any work, the merits of which it has fallen within our province to appreciate. Our *official judgments* are founded upon the conviction arising in our own minds from the fullest examination of the subject, and these we shall be always ready to defend and maintain.

But with regard to the poem now before us, we are most happy in being able to say that it is not only very free (in general,) from any infection of the prevailing bad taste, but is worthy of being distinguished for many true and legitimate beauties. We are the more happy in stating this opinion because we conceive the author to be a young man, and are informed that he now appears for the first time before the public. For these reasons we may confidently trust that his good sense will continue to preserve him from errors which have hitherto failed of seducing him, and almost as confidently look forward to the improvement of those powers which he has shewn himself to possess. In perusing his work, we had originally marked, perhaps half a dozen passages which savoured (as we thought) of fashionable simplicity and fashionable familiarity of expression; but, upon looking over it again we found them so few, so comparatively inoffensive, and so unlike the author's general style,

that we fancied it would look more like carping, than criticising, to take any particular notice of them,—from the yet more contagious and more abominable vices of canting and whining he is totally exempt; and although we trembled for the fate of, a poetical fowler, lest he should not have escaped treading on the dangerous ground of modern sensibilities, we soon found that there was no reason for our fear. He is a true sportsman (a keen one too,) of the old English breed: he loves his dogs, and cherishes some affection even for that dumb creature, his gun; he even confesses an hereditary regard for the ancient natural inmate of our ancestors, Robin Redbreast, not a feather of whose wings he would touch, even when, a boy, he used to go out armed for the destruction of small birds; he feelingly reprobates all infliction of unnecessary pain upon animals of whatever shape or dimensions; but he thinks human beings objects of more concern to their fellow-men than even jackasses or wood-pigeons; and these honest prepossessions he confesses, without fine-strung nerves or a heart feelingly attuned to the sympathetic vibrations of pain and pleasure, and without (as far as we remember) shedding a single tear. Till these plaguy sensibilities and simplicities came in vogue, which now run away with our youth of both sexes, and hurry them the Lord knows whither, an over-fondness for ornament and metaphor were considered as the most usual characteristics of young poets; but since our friends on the lakes began to write, we have really almost forgotten that those vices ever existed. Our present author, however, has occasionally produced instances of these old-fashioned errors,—but those which we have detected are very few; and it is perhaps worthy of remark that they all occur in the *first book*, which, (as he seems to have prosecuted his design at intervals) may be fairly presumed to be of earlier composition than either of the succeeding.

Another defect, not of style, but yet of more importance than any we have yet noticed, is that the poem is by far too little diversified. It contains no episodes, and very few and very trifling incidents. Thus every succeeding book is the same as the last, with the exception of the different species of the sport which it describes. In all five the author rises at day-break (or earlier), “brushes away the morning dews,” (like our old friend baron Piffleberg,) admires the scenery, caresses his dog, kills his game, takes his solitary and simple meal, and returns in the evening making suitable reflections on the pleasure of a country and troubles of a town-life. These last, indeed, he very much overcharges in his

imagination: for, having always, as he says, lived in the country himself, he seems to have no notion of the many pure and rational enjoyments which may be possessed even by a wretch condemned to the *prison-house of the metropolis*. What follows, for instance, must be allowed to be *somewhat too highly coloured*.

' As at this sweet and silent hour of eve,  
I take my lonely way, how more than mean,  
How vain and poor seem all your boasted joys  
Of gay society—where hollow smiles  
Hide heartfelt misery; where friendship's name,  
That should be sacred in the mouths of all,  
*Polluted with the flattering tongue of galle,*  
Runs round the *polished circle*; where the pow'r  
Of avarice, in amusement's borrow'd dress,  
*Inflates the rancorous heart.* Far, far from me  
For ever be your *tinsel* and your *glare*,  
Your *loud pretended mirth*, and *secret grief*,  
Whilst health and sport, and a few chosen friends  
In the deep rural scene are haply mine.'

The conclusion of the last book is also liable to the same objection, though in many respects highly poetical.

' Amid the rural scene still be it mine  
To pass my peaceful days. No populous town,  
*Noisy and gay, of lofty buildings proud,*  
*With sculpture graced*\*, possesses charms for me.  
More grateful to my eye the mountain rock,  
Worn by the hand of time, that frowning bends  
O'er the low grassy vale, the sweeping wood,  
And river winding swift its murmuring way;  
Nor the *fantastic luxuries* of life,  
My sober wishes move. No *tinsel'd robe*,  
Excites my envy—far more dear to me,  
The *homely russet garb*, in which through woods  
Of kindred hue my joyous sport I urge,—  
And can the costly perfumes, which the light  
And fickle voice of fashion loads with praise,  
Vie with the breath of morn, o'er thymy hills  
And flow'ry meadows wafted? what bright gem  
Can match the blazing sun, from which it draws  
Its imitative ray? and who, that feels  
Nature's invigorating power, regrets  
The sumptuous banquet *which rewards the guests,*  
*With many a dire distemper, oft with death?*

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\* This seems to argue a greater want of taste, than most men would be inclined to confess.

But, height of human vanity ! to prize,  
 The sculptur'd monument, the fretted aisle  
 With ostentatious grandeur raised aloft,  
 Exalting the vain perishable dust  
 E'en at the soul's expence ! When heaven requires  
 The spirit which it gave, a verdant turf,  
 Beside some low and simple village-spire,  
 Haply in woody vale with mountains girt,  
 The scene of harmless joys, my relics shroud.  
 The early sportsman oft may view the spot,  
 And kindly breathe the charitable wish ;  
 The sun at least may smile, the dews of Heav'n  
 Softly descend ; and nature's gentle voice  
 O'er whisper sweetly o'er the grassy mound.  
 Nature ! admired and loved ! with thee began  
 The sportive strain, with thee the strain shall end.

‘ Is there who, dead to feeling, never heard  
 Thy sweet inviting voice, that gently calls  
 To pleasures ever new—for whom thine hand  
 Has deck'd the seasons, the green budding Spring,  
 The flowing Summer, Autumn rich in fruits,  
 And Winter clad in ermine robe, in vain ?  
 Can the sweet breath of flow'rs, the song of birds,  
 The waving forest, and the murmuring stream,  
 Inspire no soft delight ? The tow'ring rock,  
 Or foaming torrent, or the dazzling sight  
 Or wintry splendour raise no sacred awe ?  
 Unhappy is his fate, though fortune show'r  
 Her envied favours thick upon his head !  
 O great and beautiful, in all thy works,  
 In every season and in every scene !  
 May the life-blood, that circles round my heart,  
 Forget to flow, when I forget thy praise,  
 Or fail to seek thee with industrious foot.  
 In all thy varied walks ; whilst sport shall throw,  
 O'er all thy charms a lovelier brighter grace.

As for us, we live in town, and are moreover somewhat advanced in years. For these reasons we are not, perhaps, fit judges in the cause ; but to our sober comprehension it seems hardly right that the pursuit of fowling (very innocent and very laudable, taken as an exercise, or an amusement), should engross the whole time and thoughts of a rational being. By his own description our author should seem to do nothing else. He never goes to bed after a whole day's shooting, but he dreams of the success which is to attend him the next.—“ Extasy,” “ transport,” “ dear delightful pleasures,” are the mildest terms by which he can describe his feelings at the approach of day-light, reminding him of

his ensuing occupation; and his gun (like Mr. Moore's mistress) is to him

"His own little heaven of love."

But, luckily for him (or at least for his reputation in the eyes of us his censors) his own work gives the lie to the pretensions it conveys; since we are perfectly convinced that, if he always lived in the fields (as he gives us to understand) he never would have written such verses as the following:

' Sweet is the hour of morn, and nature's face  
Beneath her influence, sweet in every scene;  
E'en on the barren waste, but how much more  
Amid these fertile fields, and woody vales,  
Where the rich scene with interchange of charms  
Enchants the eye; the verdure of the mead,  
The upland brown, clear'd of its golden load,  
And shady nook that yet demands the aid  
Of the warm sun to change the waving corn.  
Not a wild flower that lifts its modest head  
Upon the mossy hedge, or vagrant spray  
With pearly dew embossed, or humblest blade,  
But to my eye the form of beauty wears.  
Here wantons wild the vegetable world  
In native pride profuse, nor has the year  
That pride with stern and chilling frown yet checked.  
Ah! what a glorious sight! the rising sun,  
That slowly lifts his head above yon wood,  
Gilding each trembling leaf of varied green,  
Along the topmost ridge; whilst far below  
The grey of early morn with floating mists  
Conjoined, slow rising from the brawling stream,  
Enwraps each dark and venerable trunk.  
The mountain glisters in the orient ray;  
And in the vale, rous'd by the distant view  
Of the glad promis'd beam, the flocks and herds  
In grateful concert hail the rising day.  
Nor are the hedges silent; many a throat  
Still chaunts the beauties of the waning year.'

' The work is done, and ere the setting sun,  
But lingers on the brow of yon dark hill  
Empurpl'd with his beams, to bid farewell,  
Farewell great orb of day! content I view  
Thy fiery disk forsake our hemisphere  
Conveying light and life to other climes.  
How still is all around! no human sounds  
Nor low of wand'ring herds, nor bleat of sheep  
Break the deep silence of these wastes remote.  
The spoil secur'd, with joyous heart I leave  
The solitary scene, to join once more

In the far distant vales my fellow-men.  
 Though heavy laden, yet move light my step,  
 Than if with empty bag, I took my way.  
 And you, my trusty dogs, well have you worked,  
 Nor shall you fail of the well earn'd reward,  
 The plenteous mess, the wholesome bed of straw  
 Where quick repose shall close your weary eyes.  
 There lies my way, betwixt those hills that rise  
 On either side, and form a hollow pass,  
 And pointing to the western sky, reflect  
 The sun's departed rays. Yet once again  
 I turn, and in the changing east remark  
 The ev'ning shades; their filmy vapours  
 Cross the blue expanse. Whilst in the west  
 Deep-azure yet surmounts the saffron-robe  
 That clothes the smiling heav'ns. How sweet to mark  
 As down the heath I wind, the distant scene  
 Unfolding by degrees; at first appear  
 The blue topp'd hills with floating vapours crown'd;  
 Drawn from the vale beneath, the spiral wreath  
 Of smoke ascending through the tranquil air,  
 Its source unseen, 'till the close crowding trees  
 Denote the shelter'd farm that lies below.  
 How fast each well known object now recurs!  
 The grassy slope, the winding shrubby lane,  
 The clatt'ring mill, and now at large display'd,  
 The village rises to my gladden'd eye.  
 Here let me pause upon this ancient stile,  
 O'ergrown with moss, and nature's charms survey,  
 Clad in her ev'ning robe; and let my ear  
 Catch the sweet rural sounds that float around.  
 From yon tall elm that decks the meadow's hedge,  
 Perch'd on its topmost bough the tuneful thrush  
 Pours forth his mellow lay; across the lane  
 The milkmaid carols blithe her ballad strain;  
 Whilst many a mingled sound of flocks and herds  
 And village swains remote invades the ear.  
 'But hark! what melody is this that bursts  
 Upon my ravish'd sense! the rustic youths,  
 Their daily labour done, in yon grey tower  
 Ring round the tuneful peal. I love the strain,  
 Whether its merry morning notes proclaim  
 The plighted vows of some unpolish'd pair,  
 Or chiming slow, as now, with frequent pause,  
 Chaunt a sweet requiem to the dying day.  
 The peal has ceased. The rustic youths repair  
 With hasty foot each to his simple home.  
 Come dumb companions, let us homeward tend,  
 Through the fast-gathering shades, that early rest

With renovated strength may fill our frames ;  
And when to-morrow dawns we shall renew  
With light and jocund hearts our cheerful sport.'

We have not selected for quotation any passages merely descriptive of the sport, not because we do not suppose them to be very good, but because (as we said before) we are no sportsmen, and like the general descriptions of natural scenery much better. We have, however, no churlish inclination (were it in our power) to restrain this gentleman from the practice of his favourite amusement—the utmost we shall or can do on the occasion, is to express our hopes that he will now and then lay his gun aside and turn his thoughts to 'pen, ink, and paper.'

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ART. V.—*Chronicle of the Cid, continued from p. 18.*

WE left the Cid on his departure from the realm of Castile, and in the succeeding books we accompany him and the brave companions of his banishment into the territories of the Moors, where they signalize their valour by acts of the most exalted daring. Robin Hood and little John, so famous in our own traditional stories, are mere vulgar outlaws in comparison with Ruy Diaz the Campeador, and Alvar Fañez Minaya, Pero Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, Alvar Salvadores, and the rest of this illustrious band of adventurers. Their first grand exploit is the taking of Alcocer, a castle on the confines of Valencia, which brings against them the whole power of Galve, the Moorish king; and a battle ensues, of which we are presented with a description, so lively and animated, that we can hardly refrain from laying it before our readers. But it is necessary to recollect that it is our province to give only a general idea of the work and point out its principal merits and defects. To select for quotation all that we have admired in the perusal would be to reprint very nearly the whole volume, and we must content ourselves with referring to the battle of Coimbra, (see our former number) for a specimen of the spirit with which our chroniclers have related that of Alcocer.

The remainder of the history of the Cid's banishment is somewhat confused. A certain count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer, (Ramond Berenger) is introduced, joining forces with the Moorish king Abenalfange to wrest from our fortunate plunderer the rich spoil won by the prowess of his arm. They meet with the same fate that is reserved for all the ene-



mies of the Cid, being utterly discomfited by him and his 'little band of brothers.' But it is extraordinary that in a subsequent part of the Chronicle, the same expedition and defeat (or at least so nearly similar that Mr. Southey himself suspects it to be the same) is told over again with very inconsiderable variations in the circumstances. Perhaps it would have given the history a more connected and credible form if Mr. Southey had only selected that relation which appeared to him founded on the greatest degree of probability, and omitted the mention of the other except in a note. The reason of count Ramon's conduct is also very imperfectly given, and an historian of the Barcelonese dynasty has concluded (perhaps a little too hastily) that the whole story is mere romance. However this may be, it is a very characteristic narrative, especially that part of it which represents the Cid's conduct towards the count when he had made him prisoner, after the battle.

\* Thus was Count Ramon Berenguer made prisoner, and my Cid won from him that day the good sword Coloda, which was worth more than a thousand marks of silver. That night did my Cid and his men make merry, rejoicing over their gains. And the Count was taken to my Cid's tent, and a good supper was set before him, nevertheless he would not eat, though my Cid besought him so to do. And on the morrow my Cid ordered a feast to be made, that he might do pleasure to the Count, but the Count said, that for all Spain he would not eat one mouthful, but would rather die, since he had been beaten in battle by such a set of ragged fellows. And Ruy Diaz said to him, eat and drink, Count, of this bread and of this wine, for this is the chance of war; if you do as I say, you shall be free; and if not you will never return again into your own lands. And Don Ramon answered, eat you, Don Rodrigo, for your fortune is fair and you deserve it; take you your pleasure, but leave me to die. And in this mood he continued for three days, refusing all food. But then my Cid said to him, take food, Count, and be sure that I will set you free, you and any two of your knights, and give you wherewith to return into your own country. And when Don Ramon heard this, he took comfort and said, if you will indeed do this thing I shall marvel at you as long as I live. Eat then, said Ruy Diaz, and I will do it: but mark you, of the spoil which we have taken from you, I will give you nothing; for to that you have no claim, neither by right nor custom, and besides we want it for ourselves, being banished men, who must live by taking from you and from others as long as it shall please God. Then was the Count full joyful, being well pleased that what should be given him was not of the spoils which he had lost, and he called for water, and washed his hands, and chose two of his kinsmen to be set free with him; the one was named Don Hugo, and the other Guillen

Bunalto. And my Cid sate at the table with them, and said, If you do not eat well, Count, you and I shall not part yet. Never since he was Count, did he eat with better will than that day! And when they had done he said, now Cid, if it be your pleasure let us depart. And my Cid clothed him and his kinsmen well with goodly skins and mantles, and gave them each a goodly palfrey with rich caparisons, and he rode out with them on their way. And when he took leave of the Count he said to him, now go freely, and I thank you for what you have left behind; if you wish to play for it again let me know, and you shall either have something back in its stead, or leave what you bring to be added to it. The Count answered, Cid, you jest safely now, for I have paid you and all your company for this twelvemonths, and shall not be coming to see you again so soon. Then Count Ramon pricked on more than apace, and many times looked behind him, fearing that my Cid would repent what he had done, and send to take him back to prison, which the perfect one would not have done for the whole world, for never did he do disloyal a thing.

Soon after this, certain events take place in the kingdom of Castile, which prove to Alphonso the folly of his conduct in disabliging the Cid, and make him very anxious for his return. The loyal knight obeys the first intimation of his king's desire, making only these generous and patriotic stipulations preparatory to resuming his station in the court.

And the king bade him make his demand: and my Cid demanded, that when any hidalgo should be banished, in time to come, he should have thirty days, which were his right, allowed him, and not nine only, as had been his case; and that neither hidalgo nor citizen should be proceeded against till they had been fairly and lawfully heard; also, that the king should not go against the privileges and charters and good customs of any town or other place, nor impose taxes upon them against their right; and if he did, that it should be lawful for the laud to rise against him till he had amended the misdeed. P. 128.

That portion of the history which succeeds the recall of the Cid is somewhat uninteresting. It relates to the capture of Toledo by king Alphonso (whose vow to Alimaymon had expired by the deaths of that prince and his son, and the accession of his grandson Yabia) and to the revolutions of the Moorish kingdom of Valencia.

The Cid is banished again by the capricious jealousy of his master, and resorting to his old mode of life, seeks to avail himself of the dissensions in that part of Spain. At last he collects a sufficient number of adventurous retainers to invest the capital city of Valencia, which he at length reduces to a blockade. The picture of the miseries endured

by the starving inhabitants is in some respects very forcibly coloured, but the most curious part of the detail is the poem of lamentations composed by a noble Moor residing in the city, which Mr. S. pronounces with some confidence to be strictly genuine.

'Then was there a Moor in the city who was a learned man and a wise, and he went upon the highest tower, and made a lamentation, and the words with which he lamented he put in writing, and it was rendered afterwards from the Arabic into the Castilian tongue, and the lamentation which he made was this.

'Valencia! Valencia! trouble is come upon thee, and thou art in the hour of death; and if peradventure thou should'st escape, it will be a wonder to all that shall behold thee.

'But if ever God has shown mercy to any place let him be pleased to show mercy unto thee; for thy name was joy and all Moors delighted in thee and took their pleasure in thee.

'And if it should please God utterly to destroy thee now, it will be for thy great sins, and for the great presumption which thou had'st in thy pride. The four corner stones whereon thou art founded, would meet together and lament for thee if they could!

'Thy strong wall which is founded upon these four stones trembles, and is about to fall, and hath lost all its strength.

'Thy lofty and fair towers which were seen from far, and rejoiced the hearts of the people, little by little they are falling.

'Thy white battlements which glittered afar off, have lost their truth, with which they shone like the sun-beams.

'Thy noble river Guadalaver, with all the other waters with which thou hast been served so well, have left their channel, and now they run where they should not.

'Thy water-courses, which were so clear and of such great profit to so many, for lack of cleansing are choked with mud.

'Thy pleasant gardens which were round about thee, the ravenous wolf hath gnawn at the roots, and the trees can yield thee no fruit.

'Thy goodly fields with so many and such fair flowers, wherein thy people were wont to take their pastime, are all dried up.

'Thy noble harbour, which was so great honour to thee, is deprived of all the nobleness which was wont to come into it for thy sake.

'The fire hath laid waste the lands of which thou wer't called mistress, and the great smoke thereof reacheth thee.

'There is no medicine for thy sore infirmity, and the physicians despair of healing thee.

'Valencia! Valencia! from a broken heart have I uttered all these things which I have said of thee.

'And this grief would I keep unto myself that none should know it, if it were not needful that it should be known to all.'

We would willingly quote, besides the story of 'how the Cid made Martin Pelaez, of a coward a good knight;' because it redounds most highly to the credit of the Cid's patient and generous disposition, and of his knowledge of human nature. This Martin Pelaez, a man of excellent principles but constitutionally prone to fear, was by the prudent and mild management of the Cid, effectually cured of his only fault, and became afterwards one of the most active, as well as most zealous, companions of his exploits.

In the Cid's conduct after the surrender of Valencia, we are presented with the reverse of this delightful picture, in another instance of treachery and regardlessness of promises. Among all the strange inconsistencies of human nature one of the most striking is this very peculiarity in the Spanish character, which, in various passages of history, seems to be marked at the same time with a most romantic sense of honour, and with the most flagrant breach of it, in the violation of solemn treaties. How often do these instances occur, in the eventful story of the revolution in Holland, and in that of the conquest of South America! The convention which followed the battle of Baylen is, we fear, only a more recent example of the same remarkable contradiction; and, as moralists, we still feel ourselves obliged to condemn the violation of that treaty even at the moment that we join with the most heartfelt enthusiasm in praising the heroic exertions by which it was preceded. How happy should the spirit of patriotism (which, we hope, still lives, though repressed, not extinguished, in the minds of the Spaniards), blaze out afresh in the person of some second Cid, even though the flame were partially obscured by errors and faculties, from which the highest degree of human perfection can never be totally exempt.

The martial bishop of Saint Andero may be supposed to have formed himself on the model of Don Hieronymo, "he of the shaven crown," who came from the regions of the east, and on account of his good qualities was promoted by the Cid to the bishopric of his newly acquired dominion. These qualities are thus enumerated. "He was a full learned man and a wise, and one who was mighty both on horseback and a'foot: and he came enquiring for the Cid, wishing that he might see himself with the Moors in the field, for if he could once have his fill of smiting and slaying them, Christians should never lament him." \*\*\* "God! how joyful was all Christendom that there was a lord bishop in the land of Valencia!"

There follows a most interesting account of the message

sent by the Cid to his wife and daughters to inform them of his good fortune, and of the journey undertaken by them to Valencia and re-union to their husband and father. Having quoted the affecting incidents of their separation, we can hardly allow ourselves to pass over those of the meeting; but it is absolutely necessary for us to put some restraint on our inclinations. On this account we also most unwillingly hasten over the interesting particulars recorded of an invasion by the Moors, and, among the rest, the animated description of the fears entertained by Donna Xiména and her daughters, who witnessed the whole fortune of the day from one of the highest towers in Valencia, the gallant and chivalrous exploits of Alvar Salvadores, performed in sight, and for the honour of the ladies, the no less noble actions of the good bishop of Hieronymo, with many others in the highest degree picturesque or characteristic.

The second return of Ruy Diaz to the court of Castile and his reconciliation with Alfonso, are detailed with no less minuteness, and furnish food for a number of most entertaining and useful observations. In the meeting of the king and his great subject, we recognise the true features of Spanish loyalty, a quality which we are not to despise on account of the servile appearance which it presents to the imagination of an Englishman; because it is only the force of education and habit that makes the difference between us, in which we so vaingloriously pride ourselves; and, be the motives for great and generous exertions what we please, still those exertions are not more or less deservedly the objects of our admiration and applause. It is under this view that, with the most exalted reverence for *true independence of character*, we can hardly express, in terms strong enough for our feelings, our decided reprobation of the sentiments expressed by some of our countrymen that the present cause of Spain is unworthy of the exertions to which it has given birth, or the inference which would naturally arise from them that a French *regeneration* is preferable to the re-establishment of the ancient system. The defects of that system will cure themselves in proportion to the slow, but certain progression of knowledge among mankind. But national independence, once lost, can never be regained. Let Ferdinand, or the pope, or the inquisition, be the nominal cause, still it is for every thing that is held valuable under the names of country, laws and liberty, that the Spaniards actually contend; and if they are at last compelled to kiss the feet of a conqueror, the abolition of feudal rights or of royal imposts, the diminution of the church revenues, or the annihilation of that

formidable bug-bear, inquisition, will only gild, and gild very superficially, the strong and indissoluble chain with which he binds them. The first and greatest of national evils is foreign subjugation. Avert that most dreadful plague and trust to the revolutions of time, the progressive nature of the human understanding, and the ultimate preponderance of good and honest feeling, for the improvement of the independence which is preserved to you!

We are now arrived at the most romantic part of this romantic history, the marriage of the Cid's daughters with the Infantes of Carrion. These ungentlemanly gentlemen were connected in blood with the royal house of Castile, and were possessors of lands which we know better at present as the scene of a skirmish between our English cavalry and Marshall Soult's advanced guard.

These cowardly scoundrels, seeing the high regard in which the Cid was held at court after his return, seem to have conceived that they could not pay their own court to the king more successfully than by entreating his interest with the favourite hero for an alliance with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. It does not appear that the Cid contemplated their proposal with very high satisfaction, or looked on his daughters' suitors with eyes of affection; but to his loyal soul the least intimation of his sovereign's desire is a law: accordingly the writings are soon settled, the marriages completed; and the whole family, having staid with the king as long as decency and duty seemed to demand, accompany the champion of Bivar back to his lordship of Valencia.

After their arrival at this place, various circumstances happen which tend too amply to justify the Cid's unwillingness towards the proposed alliance, but for the detail of which it is necessary that we should refer our readers to chapters 2 and 4 of the 8th book, viz. "Of the cowardice shewn by the infantes of Carrion when the lion broke loose;" and "how the infantes were afraid when they beheld the great power of the Moors."

On these unhappy occasions, the cool and noble forbearance exemplified by the Cid on a former occasion towards Martin Pelaez, did not forsake him: every opportunity of redeeming their character and of saving the fragments of their reputation was amply afforded the dastards; but they (as is the vice of weak minds) counting every indulgence which they did not expect for a debt which they could not pay, chose rather to attribute their own disgraces to a combination of circumstances designed for their mortification, and seek to hide from themselves the sense of their own

baseness is a most base determination to revenge themselves upon their benefactor for fantastic injuries.

In execution of this most infamous plan, they ask the Cid's permission to depart, and take with them their brides for the purpose of shewing them the inheritance designed for their children in the land of Carrion. The Cid, pursuing his open and generous plan of conduct, betrays no mark of unwillingness, and dismisses them with an handsome retinue and his good swords Colada and Tisona (one won from Ramon Berenguer, the other from a Moorish king, both in personal conflict) as pledges of his confidence and affection. Passing through the wilderness of Corpes, the two villains contrive to disengage themselves from their suite, and decoying their wives into the most unfrequented recesses of a forest, strip them naked, beat them with their horse-furniture and spurs till the blood streams abundantly from their tender bodies, and then leave them without any signs of life. Felez Munios, one of the retinue and a relation of the Cid's, suspecting foul play, lingers behind and discovers the wretched ladies in their so hard plight. His timely attentions restore them to life, and bring them at last safe back to Valencia. It may be easily supposed how the Cid was transported with rage at so foul an indignity. He represents the case to king Alfonso who, for once, determines to act with justice, and assembles the Cortes to try the fact alleged against the unknighly Infants. The traitors, being summoned, make their appearance, supported by their rogue of an uncle, Suero Gonzales, and with unparalleled impudence confront their accuser.

The ceremonies and proceedings of this august assembly are detailed in the Chronicle itself with a most entertaining minuteness. Among other circumstances we must notice the extraordinary fondness of the Cid for his beard, which was the longest and most remarkable in Christendom, and was always kept delicately combed and tied up with ribbands to the grievous annoyance and dismay of the unbelieving Moors; and next to that, his partiality to a certain ivory chair, which had been sent him as a present by some great eastern monarch, and which king Alfonso, in honour to him, caused to be brought from Valencia and set by the side of the royal throne in the great hall of audience. The events which follow are most entertaining, as related in the text; but we prefer, for the sake of variety, to give some specimens of them from the appendix, containing metrical translations from the *Poema del Cid*. Mr. Southey confesses his obligations to a friend for these fragments, and we entirely coin-

cide with him in opinion that they are executed with uncommon spirit, and in a very characteristic style.

The assembly being met, "the Cid is called upon to state his grievances." He first claims the swords Colada and Tisona; which are restored without hesitation. He then demands restitution of all gifts made to his sons in law on their departure; and they, rejoiced at so easy a condition of peace, deliver them up. "The Cid then rises a third time."

' Justice and mercy, my lord the king, I beseech you of your grace!

I have a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface :

Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case

Listen to what these counts have done and pity my disgrace.

Dishonour'd as I am, I cannot be so base

But here before I leave them, to defy them to their face.

Say Infants, how had I deserv'd, in earnest or in jest,

Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,

That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast.

I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,

I gave you wealth and honours, and treasure at command ;

Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,

You might have left them with me, in honour and respect :

Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were ?

In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?

Why did you mangle them with whips, why did you leave them bare,

To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air ?

The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done

I say your name and honour henceforth is lost and gone.

The count Don Garcia was the first to rise,

' We crave your favour, my lord the king, you're always just and wise ;

The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,

He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,

We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.

The blood of the counts of Carrion is of too high a line

To take a daughter from his house, though it were for a concubine.

A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,

They could have done noother than leave them as they did.

We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat,

With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat,

He took his beard in his hand, ' If this beard is fair and even,

I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven ;

It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven ;

It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn,

What business, count, have you to speak of it with scorn ?



It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away nor torn,  
 By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born ;  
 As yours was once, sir Count, the day Cabra was taken ;  
 When I was master of Cabra that beard of yours was shaken,  
 There was never a footboy in my camp but twitch'd away a bit,  
 The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet.

This very curious altercation continues through some pages, and terminates in a challenge, made by three champions on the part of the Cid against the two infants and their uncle. The king confirms the challenge ; and the Cid, confiding in the justice of his cause, then takes his leave and returns to Valencia. The time and place of combat being appointed by the king, the preparations made, and solemn entrance of the combatants are next described.

‘ Three weeks had been appointed, and now they are past away,  
 The champions of the Cid are ready at the day :  
 They are ready in the field to defend their master's right,  
 The noble king is with them to protect them with his might,  
 They waited in the place for two days and a night,  
 Behold the lords of Carrion where they appear in sight ;  
 They are coming with an host of their kindred and their clan,  
 With horses and with arms, and many a valiant man ;  
 If they could meet with them apart, or take them unaware,  
 In dishonour of the Cid to have slain his champions there.  
 The thought was foul and evil, but yet they did not dare,  
 For fear of the king Alfonso that had them in his care,  
 That night they watch'd their arms and past the hours in prayer.  
 The night is past and over, the day begins to break.  
 Great was the throng of folk who for that battle's sake,  
 Flock'd in on every side, assembled for the fight,  
 And many a man of arms and many a wealthy knight.  
 There is the king Alfonso with all his power and might  
 To keep down force and wrong, and to defend the right.  
 The champions of the Cid are all of good accord,  
 They are arming themselves together like vassals of one lord.  
 The Infants of Carrion are arming themselves apart,  
 Count Garcia sits advising them, and keeps them in good heart.  
 They bring a plea before the king and they pretend a right,  
 That those two trenchant swords should not be used in fight,  
 The swords Colada and Tison, which the Cid's champions wore ;  
 They repent of their imprudence when they gave them up before,  
 They were earnest in their plea, but they could not succeed,  
 You might have kept them for yourselves to serve you in your  
 need,  
 If you have other good ones make use of them instead.  
 Infants of Carrion ! Hear me and take heed :  
 You must approve your honour by some manly deed,

Go forth into the field, and shew a valiant heart,  
For nothing will be wanting upon the champions' part.  
If you are conquerors in the fight, you will purchase great re-  
nown,

If you are beaten and disgrac'd, the fault will be your own.  
For this business was your seeking, as has been seen and shown.

The Infants of Carrion are beginning to repent;  
The lordship of Carrion with its honours and its rent,  
Its mansions and its lands, they would have given all  
Could they command the past to redeem it and recall.

'The champions of the Cid, clad in their warlike weed,  
The king is gone to see them, and wish them well to speed.

'Sir, we kiss your hands as our good lord and sire,  
To have you judge and umpire is all that we require.

Defend us in all right, assist us not in wrong;

The friends of the lords of Carrion are numerous and strong.

We cannot guess their councils, nor how they will behave.

To the good Cid our master the promise that you gave,

To defend us and protect us, this, sir, is all we crave,

So long as right and justice are found upon our part:

'That will I,' said the king, 'with all my soul and heart.'

Their horses are brought to them, coursers strong and fleet,

They sign their saddles with the cross, and leap into the seat;

Their shields are hanging at their necks with bosses broad and  
sheen,

They take their lances in their hands, the points are bright and  
keen,

A pennon at each lance, the staves were large and stout,

And many a valiant man encompass'd them about.

They rode forth to the field where the barriers were set out,

The champions of the Cid are agreed upon their plan,

To fight as they had challeng'd, and each to charge his man,

There came the lords of Carrion with their kindred and their clan;

The king has appointed heralds for avoiding all debate,

He spoke aloud amongst them in the field where they sat.

'Infants of Carrion! attend to what I say:

You should have fought this battle upon a former day,

When we were at Toledo, but you would not agree;

And now the noble Cid has sent these champions three,

To fight in the lands of Carrion, escorted here by me.

Be valiant in your right, attempt no force nor wrong,

If any man attempt it, he shall not triumph long,

He never shall have rest or peace within my kingdom more.'

The Infants of Carrion are now repenting sore;

The heralds and the king are foremost in the place,

They clear away the people from the middle space:

They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix:

They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:

'If you are forced beyond the line where they are fix'd and traced,

You shall be held as conquered, and beaten and disgraced.  
 Six lances length on either side an open space is laid,  
 They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.  
 Their office is perform'd, and from the middle space,  
 The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.  
 Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion,  
 Opposite on the other side, the lords of Carrion;  
 Earnestly their minds are fixt, each upon his foe;  
 Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow,  
 They stir their horses with the spur, then lay their lances low,  
 They bend their shield before their breasts, their face to the sad  
     dile bow,  
 Earnestly their minds are fixt, each upon his foe.  
 The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below,  
 The people stand in silence, gazing on the show.

We cannot follow our entertaining poet any further into the heat of the combat. Suffice it to say, it terminates at each encounter to the glory of the Cid and his champions, and the severe and just punishment of the dastardly Infants and their uncle. In p. 311 we find a note, discussing the arguments for and against the truth of this singular story. Mr. Southey maintains the affirmative side of the question; but his principal argument being, 'the improbability that so improbable a tale should ever have been invented,' we, knowing the strange vagaries of human fancy, must beg leave totally to dissent from the conclusion which he draws. The same argument, according to Mr. Southey's mode of reasoning, would prove incontestibly the 'magic wonders' of his own *Thalaba*, and the wanderings of his Cambrian prince.

The remainder of the Cid's life does not present us with many events of considerable interest. In his declining years he has the satisfaction of beholding his injured daughters happy in husbands more deserving of them than the Carrion scoundrels, and of a rank not less exalted than that of heirs to the crowns of Navarre and Arragon. At last the good old man dies quietly in his palace of Valencia, full of years and honour, and in the odour of sanctity, his beard never having been plucked by hand profane. But we must not omit to mention some of the surprising adventures which beset him after death. A few days subsequent to that event, king Bucar (his ancient and most powerful enemy) invaded the kingdom of Valencia with the most formidable host that he had ever yet encountered. The Cid, having been forewarned of this peril by an apparition of St. Peter, had left instructions in his last will in what manner his surviving friends were to face it; and according to these instructions,

' On the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a *gambax* of fine sandal next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out and fitted, that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the poll, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move.'

Thus accounted, (according to a costume which we cannot but suspect was designedly imitated by the attendants of a certain famous governor of Barataria, who (some centuries after) dressed up their living master to meet a similar emergency) the dead Cid was fastened firmly to his horse Babieca, and, with his sword Tisona in his hand, and the bishop Hieronymo and trusty Gil Diaz at his side, was placed in the front of the army to encourage his own men and intimidate the enemy. The event fully answered the invention. Heaven did not fail to send suitable allies for the relief of the illustrious corse; full 70,000 knights, as white as snow, with flaming swords, being seen by the Moors to come against them on the part of the Christians. Of six and thirty kings who came with king Bucar, twenty and two were slain, besides a certain negress queen whose skill in archery had been firmly relied upon by the pagan invaders. All who did not perish on the field were driven into the sea, except a few who contrived to mount (according to Buonaparte's phrase) 'their wooden horses' and course back over the Mediterranean to the Barbary coast.

It seems, notwithstanding this glorious victory, that the surviving companions of the Cid could not make up their minds to trust to a repetition of the same extraordinary favours from above; since, very shortly after, they deemed it expedient to abandon Valencia (of which the great bulwark was now no more) and accordingly, mounting the Cid again upon his horse Babieca as before, commenced their journey in grand cavalcade towards Burgos. Here, at last, the wandering corpse was committed to its place of rest, in the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardena; only the king (who came to do honour to the occasion) would not allow, even then, of its being laid in a coffin; directing it, for the greater respect, to be fixed in a sitting posture, in the ivory chair which had been so prized by him when alive, and seated at the right side of the high altar. In this position it remained ten years, being so well embalmed that during all that time it exhibited a fresh and comely countenance to the admiring beholder. Then, and not before, the nose began to change colour; and on the

first appearance of this token, care was taken to inter the corpse like those of other christians.

Of its subsequent translations we cannot now enter into the detail, referring our readers for satisfaction on those important points to the book, which is sufficiently explicit in the account of them, as also of the good lives and pious ends of Doña Ximena, the horse Babieca, and the converted Jews Gil Diaz, and Diego Gil, together with the miracle operated by the Cid's beard to redeem the last mentioned character from the deadly errors of the circumcised race. But we must not forget to say that the Cid had not yet fought all his battles. His death took place "on the 29th of May, in the year 1099," (the 73d of his life). On the 16th of July, 1212 was fought the great battle of Navas de Toloso by king Alfonso VIII. of Castile, against the Miramamolin of Africa.

"The night before the battle was fought, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through. And it passed on to the royal monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a priest who was keeping vigils in the church, and told him, that the captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruy Diaz and count Ferran Gonzales, and that they came there to call up king Don Ferrando the great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle was fought, wherein 60,000 of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors\*." p. 352.

The interest excited by the principal part of this work has led us to so great a length in our preceding observations, as to leave us no room for saying any-thing about the notes which are added to it, but that they contain a great deal of very curious matter, the result of Mr. Southey's extensive acquaintance with the old romances and legendary histories of the Spanish nation.

Concerning the introduction prefixed by Mr. Southey to his chronicle, it may perhaps be expected of us to treat rather more particularly: but, to confess the truth, we have felt ourselves disappointed in the perusal of it. It appears to us to be filled with many trite, and some ill-founded, observations, put together without much thought or study, and

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\* This Monkish fable, in which there is something very awful and striking to the imagination, has been handled, not unsuccessfully, by the author of "The seven champions of Christendom," where St. George rises out of his grave to fight the battle of his son, and discomfits an innumerable host of Pagans by whom they were almost overwhelmed. Rzv.

tending very little, if at all, to illustrate the real character of the times or of the people. It embraces a much wider sphere of historical retrospect than the subject seems to demand, and in our opinion, by aiming at much more than is at all necessary, accomplishes nothing.

ART. VI.—*Cottle's Fall of Cambria, concluded from p. 96.*

ELEANOR de Montford, the betrothed of the gallant Llewellyn, is picked up by an English cruiser on her way to the court of Snowdon, and brought to Gloster castle under the escort of the gallant earl of Warwick, who, being obliged to attend the king at Chester, leaves her to the care of one Talbot (by what historical or heraldic right we are utterly at a loss to conceive, constantly designated as the recreant earl of Gloster,\*) and, in so doing, ignorantly exposes her to the solicitations of an infamous debauchee. Talbot is such a man as never existed any where but in extravagant and unnatural romances; a compound of every vice under Heaven with the reputation of virtue; a beaten coward with the fame of the most exalted bravery. Eleanor manfully resists the temptations and assaults of this incarnate Belial till the return of her champion Warwick, who, discovering the injury offered her, challenges the plausible villain, and overcomes and disgraces him in fair combat. The whole of this episode tends to no end whatever; since Talbot contrives notwithstanding to retain his credit with king Edward; and therefore its only purpose seems to be the opportunity it affords the poet of describing a solemn duel according to the laws of chivalry.

Earl Warwick, having foiled the infamous ravisher, can think of no better device to save the honour of his fair charge from further insults, than by inviting her to accompany him in his projected conquest of Dinevawr.† The unlucky

\* The earldom of Gloster was, from the time of Henry the II. to that of Edward III. uninterruptedly in the possession of the family of Clare. Valence was himself earl of Pembroke, and there was no other baron of that name. Hubert de Burg died at least 30 years before Edward the I.'s accession. The father of Eleanor de Montford was earl of Leicester, not of Lancaster, and he was killed at the battle of Evesham, not of Worcester. In such a poem as this, where every other species of merit is out of the question, we may be allowed to notice such repeated instances of delinquency against the easy rules of historical precision.

† A new name, we believe, for South Wales. It used to be called *Deheubarth*;

Llewellyn, meanwhile, hears of the danger of his betrothed, and of her confinement in Gloster castle. His love gets the better of his generalship; and, casting Folard and Dundas aside, he decamps by night from the strong hold in which he had entrenched himself, to wait the coming of the English powers, and having traversed the whole extent of his principality with the utmost dispatch and secrecy, appears on a sudden with a small but daring force before the walls of Gloster. Here, however, his valour stands him in little stead. Gloster is taken, not by Cambrian courage, but by the treachery of a certain knight of the garrison, whose speeches throughout the poem Mr. Cottle always thinks proper to introduce by such phrases as 'the waggish knight,' 'the merry jester,' &c. epithets which, we conceive, are designed, like marginal notices in a German play, to instruct the reader in what places he ought to exert the risible muscles of his face, and without which he would be entirely at a loss whether to laugh or look solemn.

To be brief, however, Gloster is taken, and Llewellyn has the satisfaction of finding his bird flown, and the pleasure of trudging back again to Snowdon just as wise as he came. The brave Talbot hides himself in a ditch and runs away as hard as he can drive to Chester, where he bullies our English Justinian into a most easy belief of his gallant and glorious defence, and receives a high command in the army that he may revenge on the Dee or Conway the injury he had just sustained on the Severn. The remainder of the poem (consisting of full fifteen books, good epic measure) contains the various operations of the campaign, marches and counter-marches, battles, sieges, wounds, death, and long speeches, with as little diversity of interests either poetical or historical as can well be imagined possible in so ample a compass. The ill-weaved ambition, the desertion, repentance, and honourable death of prince David, Llewellyn's younger brother, amount, nearer than any other incidents, to an exception from this general character of the work. The re-union of Eleanor to her Llewellyn, the last actions and death of that hero, and the consequent despair and melancholy fate of his long-lost and late-found bride, would of course be expected to exhibit every variety of passion or interest, and the author is entitled to very high praise for his ingenuity in so carefully and successfully avoiding what every body would have thought it impossible to miss. Nor is less credit due to him for the perfect coolness which (with Gray's ode immediately before

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and Dinevawr or Dynevor we apprehended to have been only the castle (near Caernar then), in which the princes of Deheubarth held their customary residence.

him) he has contrived to display in the episode of the massacre of the bards. We must not, however, omit to state that the guilt of this atrocious action is, by poetical licence, removed from the shoulders of Edward and thrown on those of two recreant generals, Veneables and Talbot, who, we are happy to say, meet at length with the retribution due to their crimes.

We have already stated what, in our opinion, is the radical and systematic defect of Mr. Cottle's fable; the confusion of vice and virtue, the palliation of tyranny, the equalization of generous patriotism and unprincipled aggression. This glaring vice is no where so conspicuous as in the winding-up of the poem; Llyrarch, the venerable and enthusiastic bard, the friend of Llewellyn (his benefactor and his lawful sovereign,) the sole survivor of his brethren slaughtered in Mona, the wise, the virtuous, the unambitious, the patriotic Llyrarch, accepts a place at the court of the conqueror, and condescends to tune his harp for the entertainment of his banqueting nobles. Unlike the captive Israelites,

Whose holy strain  
Was too pure for Heathen land,

the good Llyrarch is vastly civil and condescending; a true citizen of the world, with a just preference of the flesh-pots of Egypt over the spring-water and manna of the desert. The poem concludes with a long lyric effusion of this prince of rational poets, in which he contrives to lavish on his 'grand pacificator' as much of the oil of adulation as the meanest deputy of the 'conservative senate' ever poured out on the head of the august Napoleon. We are far from attributing any unworthy motive to Mr. Cottle; but should his 'Fall of Cambria' ever find its way into France, (an event, which, nevertheless, we deem rather improbable) we think this 'union-song' of Llyrarch would look too much like a hint of his readiness to accept the office of poet-laureat to the imperial court whenever the 'great Western Family' shall happily become united by the subjugation of these obstinate and rebellious islands.

We have said nothing respecting the versification of this poem, intending to conclude our account of it with a few extracts which we mean to select in the most impartial manner, to enable our readers to judge of its merits for themselves.

For this purpose, we first select the interview between



Llewellyn and Llyrarch the bard in the eighth book. The prince of Wales is in the middle of his unlucky expedition to Gloster castle ; and we should in fairness state that the scene is preceded by a long train of moral reflection, which must be supposed to have made already some impression of solemnity on the mind of the reader.

‘ Now to a craggy vale

Slow they descend. It seem'd the lonely spot  
Where Nature after overwhelming toil,  
Retired to rest, and there, in secrecy,  
Stretch'd her fair limbs, unrobed—so bleak, so wild,  
Both far and near were seen, wood and wild rock,  
Save where a stream appear'd as some huge snake,  
Winding its course, thro' trees and towering crags :  
Now lost, then manifest, and urging on,  
Like earnest traveller, his unknown way.  
Upon this waste of ages, sand and stone,  
And pebbles numberless (so long unmoved  
That the thin blade, in its green infancy  
Peep'd here and there, enjoying its brief hour,  
Till the next torrent from the mountains came.)  
*E'en here Llewellyn pitch'd his evening tent.*

‘ In the faint distance, lo ! a form appears,  
Now slow, beside the water course he comes !  
His long white beard, his garb of frosty hue,  
The patient firmness of his tread, unmoved  
By warrior and bright lance, all speak a man  
High in the orders of intelligence.—  
A bard ! his harp he bears. Reverenc'd of all,  
The ranks retire as he, slow passes by,  
And onward to the prince he walks. *No voice  
Welcomes, whose presence gladdens every heart.*  
Llewellyn's tent he finds. He enters in.  
Cambria's high lord bends at the revered form,  
Thus he address'd him, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bard replied.—“ Prince, father of thy realm  
My name is Llyrarch. Thou dost deign to ask  
(In this contemplative and soothing hour)  
My state and habitudes ; know, 'mid these hills,  
And by the side of the loud water-fall,  
Roaming along, alone, I love to stray,  
To muse in silence, to survey the cloud  
Sailing thro' air, portentous, lowering, dark,  
Then hear the winds, then mark the furious storm  
Fiercely assault some towering pinnacle,  
Buried in mists and clouds ; anon survey  
The rushing torrent, bearing in its course

Deep-rooted trees and rocks precipitous,  
 Weltering along the channel of the flood.  
 I love to lift my head amid the storm,  
 And on some brow a ghostly spectacle,  
 Mark the blue lightnings bursting 'neath my feet,  
 With oft repeated flash, then 'mid the gloom;  
 Succeeding, and that veils all forms in night,  
 Hear the loud thunder, from th' aspiring hills  
 Reverberate, stilling the mountain winds,  
 And bearing far the wrath of Deity.  
*These scenes, the rougher movements of the soul,*  
 Now, in some mood, calm, thoughtful and alone,  
 I love, upon a still and star-light eve,  
 To wander forth, to mark the hosts of Heaven ;  
 To view the tranquil Moon, sailing on high,  
 Sole empress, thro' the spangled canopy ;—  
 To mark surrounding forms, sleeping serene  
 In the mild beam, high hill and mountain bare  
 Tipp'd with faint light, and rock, and drowsy stream  
 Murmuring along, with here and there some wave  
 Unseen, tho' nigh, sounding with sudden dash  
 Harmonious gliding o'er its rocky bed ;  
 Whilst oft (by th' list'ner heard) in louder note  
 Th' up-leaping fish urged from his limpid haunt,  
 By passing night-fly, or the feathery moth,  
 Moves the dull air ; no other sound to break  
 The awful stillness, save Night's tuneful bird,  
 Or, faintly, at long intervals, the wolf,  
 Shaggy and gaunt and with a ravenous howl  
 Scaring the forests : then the plaintive harp,  
 Gently I sweep ; its solemn sounds augment  
 Night's calming influence, and, a sanctity  
 O'er all things cast, mountain and wood and stream,  
*No pamper'd appetites, I seek alone*  
 Nature's plain fare ; my drink the crystal stream ;  
 My food, divided with the birds of Heaven.  
 A world of toil and turmoil, once I knew,  
 Corroding and ungenial ; better form'd  
 For silent meditation, and the walk  
 Of meek-eyed peace and mild humanity.  
 The shade I loved, to touch the chord unseen,  
 To gather up the fleeting forms of mind,  
 Which haunted me, new visaged visitants,  
 Both 'mid the day, and at the hour of night,—  
 When thro' all worlds imagination foam'd,  
 And shaped ideal things and called them true.  
 And, bathed in holy phantasies, to wake  
 New strains, with harp and voice, and till thy soil,  
 O poesy ! was my peculiar joy.

Where at the last, haply some humble flower,  
 I hoped might rise, (courting no idle gaze,  
 E'er for no alien pleasure, for itself)  
 The daisy, or the valley's spotless pride,  
 And one perchance, with bloom of amaranth.  
 No more involved in tempest, I survey  
 The wild career of the multitude  
 Unmoved, save with concern and pity true,  
 Which ever thrives for all my fellow kind,  
 Yet, their pursuits, soul withering, I behold  
 Far off, like one who hath small sympathies  
 With common things. Honors and cankering gold,  
 The smiles or frowns of the world's mighty men,  
 I heed them not. My harp is my delight,  
 God my support, and Nature a rich feast  
 On which I banquet, and find nourishment.  
 Prince! go thy way! Heaven prosper thy designs!  
 Make this thine arm strong to subdue thy foes,  
 And give our land peace and prosperity.  
 Now for my wanderings wild. All joy be thine!

Our next extract shall be from the beginning of the 25th, and last book, which will in some sort seem as evidence to the truth of our parallel between the hero Edward and the canting Napoleon, as well as justify our censure of Mr. Cottle for throwing away the best opportunities and sacrificing real pathos to the pernicious affectation of simplicity.

'They reach the spot, where stretch'd upon the earth  
 Llewellyn lay. His sword was by his side.  
 One hand still grasp'd it, whilst the other lay  
 O'er the broad buckler, that half propp'd his head:  
 And still the blood slow trickled from his wound.  
 Edward with awe looked on. He turn'd aside.  
 The tear would fall! the anger of his heart  
 Vanish'd, and only pity sojourn'd there.  
 'He was a gallant man,' Edward exclaimed;  
 'Had we been friends, I could have lov'd him.  
 His heart was noble, and his arm, for might,  
 None have surpass'd. *Brav'ry hath many claims!*  
 Living thou wast my enemy, but, dead,  
 Yea, I will call thee friend, &c. &c.

'O chieftains! I henceforth will study peace! &c. &c.

At last, after much more of the same pitiful stuff,

'To Doibadarn, and to the captive hosts,  
 Edward now hastens, Warwick by his side,  
 With noble earls, and gallant knights and squires.

The gates they enter. All their joy, display,  
 Save the sad captives who, in avenues,  
 Like yew trees stand, (the guardians of the dead,  
 Dark cheerless, while creation smiles around.)  
 'Mid loud acclaim, and with heart speaking smiles  
 Edward, triumphant hails, friend after friend,  
 Escaped the fight, dearer for perils past.  
 Turning (aside) to Warwick's earl he spake:  
 Where dwells that damsel, Warwick, of whose fame,  
 Oft I have heard? earl Warwick sigh'd and said  
 Alas! poor Eleanor! anguish supreme  
 Hangs heavy on her heart. Her lord is dead!  
 The rose is faded, and the drooping maid  
 Now asks for solitude." Edward replied,  
 "Where is she? one whose heart Llewellyn prized,  
 I must respect." Earl Warwick bow'd and spake,  
 "I will conduct thee to the sorrowing maid."  
 'The windings of the castle now are pass'd.  
 The door unfolds, earl Warwick entering cries,  
 "O Eleanor! Edward our king is near!"  
 The maiden, from the couch whereon she lay,  
 Gently her head upraised, then sank again.  
 Edward approach'd and spake. "Maiden revered,  
 Say! can I prove that thou hast yet a friend?"  
 No voice is heard—a death-like silence reigns—  
 Once more thus Edward spake. "My queen is nigh,  
 To her the sorrowful are ever dear.  
 She will respect the child of Lancaster.  
 Forget the past, fatality may smile,"  
 The maiden rose. Earl Warwick hasten'd near  
 Trembling, he held her hand. With earnest eye,  
 He gazed at Eleanor. She strove to speak,  
 Slowly at length she said! "I thank thee, O king!  
 No aid canst thou afford. My wants are o'er!—  
 I have a deadly sickness at my heart!  
 Lead me away!"  
 'Toward the refreshing breeze  
 With earnest tenderness, *which gave to looks*  
*The soul's pure language*, Warwick led her forth.  
 Edward the while paced sorrowful the floor.  
 Earl Warwick enters. "Ah! thou art more sad!"  
 The king awaits the tidings which he bears,  
 His hands out-stretch'd! Trembling, earl Warwick cried,  
 "My Eleanor is dead! Her heart hath burst—  
 Her march of tears is o'er!"

If we were asked for a general character of Mr. Cottle's poetry, we should say that, at the best he resembles very strongly the better style of Wordsworth; but that the com-

parison is to the disparagement of the latter gentleman, who has infinitely more originality and more true poetical feeling. Mr. Cottle's vices are also of a kindred stamp—tedious minuteness of description (hardly ever producing the effect of a picture); in sentiment, an utter disproportion between the cause and the impression; an affected simplicity of ideas, a forced inversion of language, a sickly, vapourish, metaphysical sort of sensibility—but here on the other hand Mr. Cottle is injured by the comparison! for, as we think his genius is not equal to Wordsworth's, so neither has it tempted him to commit so many and so glaring extravagances. In one quality only, the art of writing sonorous nonsense, Mr. Cottle must be universally allowed to excel all his contemporaries.

ART. VII.—*Modern State of Spain, translated from the French of I. F. Bourgoing, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the Court of Madrid, &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. with a 4to. Atlas.* Stockdale.

IT is a peculiarity in the literary history of the present day, that the task of catering for the public in the article of mental recreation, is almost entirely confined to the booksellers. Until the breaking out of the recent disturbances in Spain, therefore, it did not occur to these redoubled champions of learning, that Spain was a country at all worth knowing any thing about, or that Bourgoing was an author worth translating. It is to this influence of the *trade*, in matters of learning, that we may ascribe our almost total ignorance for many years of one of the best topographical works of modern days.

At the commencement of the French revolution, its leaders, like the college of the Jesuits, had their emissaries in every court in Europe. They saw the importance of watching the secret workings in the minds of foreign princes and their ministers; and appointed men to diplomatic situations, who were statesmen and philosophers. With what success they fixed upon M. Bourgoing for their minister at Madrid, his readers will have ample means of ascertaining.

In his introduction he gives a coup d'œil of the merits of his predecessors, who have visited Spain as travellers and authors. Twiss, Swinburne, and Townshend are reproached with innumerable faults, while Peyron, Chantereau, and a few other French writers, are extolled as models of imita-

tion. So far M. Bourgoing exercises his judgment, and we have no objection to allow him to indulge in a partiality for his own countrymen; but when he goes on to show, by a kind of side wind, the superior advantages possessed by himself, we are inclined to ascribe the whole of the article to the unhallowed pen of the bookseller who purchased his manuscript.

M. Bourgoing first visited Spain in 1777: he was then secretary to the French embassy, sent to Madrid with a view to sound the dispositions of the Spanish court, on the subject of the revolution in America. The picture presented, at his first entrance into Spain, was by no means prepossessing. The vehicles for the conveyance of travellers, resembled the dray of an English brewer, and the cattle harnessed to it, were denominated mules; but from their starved and emaciated appearance, Linnæus himself would have been puzzled in the attempt to give them an appropriate classification. The badness of the roads next exercises the philosophy of M. Bourgoing; but all these evils only serve him as pegs, upon which to suspend some panegyrics upon M. Florida Blanca, the Spanish prime minister, and upon this occasion our author makes his *debut* as a politician.

During twenty years of his administration, this true patriot, Florida Blanca, was occupied, not in extending the colonial acquisitions of his country, by expeditions against unoffending Indians, but in bettering the condition of the population in the mother country. Roads, bridges, and canals, were the improvements by which he hoped to introduce industry and civilization among a people, besotted for many ages by the rankest superstition, and held in subjection and ignorance by an impolitic and tyrannical form of government. Amid all his good qualities, however, M. Bourgoing discovers that Florida Blanca was never sincere in his attachment to French principles, and no sooner does our travelling charge d'affaires make this discovery, than means are taken at the court of Madrid to supplant him in the royal favour. That bad minister of a bad king, the prince of the peace is then called in, and matters are subsequently managed so smoothly, that our author has no further cause of complaint. Those who are in the habit of tracing events to causes, may perhaps discover the seeds of the miseries which have been since entailed upon Spain, in the intrigues so candidly avowed by Bourgoing and his associates.

After a few such episodes, or digressions, M. Bourgoing resumes his route. His character of the Biscayans does them great honour. He avows that they had at all times

displayed a repugnance to French principles. The revolutionary *sans culottes*, of the year 1793, attempted to fraternize the Biscayans at the point of the bayonet: the shores of Biscay resounded with the shouts of *vive la republique*; the Biscayans flew to arms, and drove the invaders from their province. The same spirit of independence which animated them against a foreign enemy, has also frequently broken out in partial revolts against the mandates of the Spanish monarchs, from whom, at intervals, they have wrested important concessions.

The Biscayans regard themselves as the genuine descendants of ancestors who bled in defence of their mountains, and waged a successful war against the enemies of the Christian religion, in the persons of the Moors. They consider themselves as being ennobled above all the other inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula, and they carefully preserve the etiquette of the distinctions which they have thus assumed. They refuse to acknowledge the Spanish monarch by the title of king: 'My lord, and your lordship,' are the only distinctions they observe when addressing his majesty; and their taxes are scrupulously denominated *benevolences* or *free gifts*.

Our author concludes his panegyric with a comprehensive assertion that Biscay is the asylum of liberty, independence, industry, and honour! He invites misanthropy to visit Biscay in order to be convinced that patriotism is not an empty name!

We have been thus particular in following M. Bourgoing while portraying the Spanish character, because it is somewhat singular that of all the provinces in Spain, Biscay has been the least renowned in the present struggle for every thing connected with national independence and national honour; who could doubt after this description that the French legions would have forced the passage of the Bidasoa, over the lifeless trunks of proud and haughty patriots, instead of being hailed by congratulatory deputations from time-serving *alcaldes*, and worthless *grandees*?

The devotion exhibited by a muleteer previous to the mounting the coach-box, next furnishes us with a picture of the state of religion, and perhaps of morals, among the lower orders in Spain. This class, it ought to be remembered, composes the greatest part of those called *patriots*, in the vocabulary of our modern news-writers. The ragged member of the whip club in Spain pulls out a greasy rosary, and throws himself upon his knees, in the mud, at the feet of his mules. After calling upon all the saints in the ca-

lendar by name, to be propitious to his journey, he mounts his seat, and his cattle set off at full speed to the usual music of the whip. Bridles are a luxury it seems not yet introduced into Spain, for when the team attempts to take a shorter route by plunging into a deep river, or precipitating themselves from a rocky eminence, occurrences not at all unusual, the charioteer is obliged to descend from the dicky, and drag his refractory stud into the beaten track. It happens sometimes, however, that all his attempts to controul them are unavailing, and this clumsy vehicle is overturned and dashed to pieces, to the no small injury of the dead and live stock it contains.

On such an emergency an English, or even a French postilion, would naturally assist his passengers in their endeavours to extricate themselves from the fragments of the post-chaise: not so, however, with a Spanish muleteer. His first care is to see that his rosary is safe, and then deliberately squatting himself on the ground, he discharges imprecations on the 'canonized bones' of all the defunct patrons of Spain, until he has exhausted the blasphemous and impious maledictions with which the Roman liturgy has furnished him. Poor Saint Barbara is devoted by this modern Phaeton to gratify the lust of his infernal majesty, and our Lady of the Pillar is consigned to the embraces of all the devils in Pandemonium!

After traversing Biscay, our author enters *Alava*, which he describes as a dirty province, although he apostrophisès the inhabitants for the virtues connected with hospitality. The plains of Castile then extend themselves before the eyes of the traveller, but they present a monotonous picture of gloomy sterility. Unlike the plains of Marathon, they excite no recollections by which to compensate, in the 'mind's eye,' for their want of physical beauty!

The mass of the inhabitants of Castile exhibit the most finished portraits of human wretchedness, and we arrive at Burgos only to be shocked with the contrast excited by the extremes of riches and poverty. The cathedral and the residences of the monks are described as magnificent beyond description; while the houses of the inhabitants betray the absence of every common comfort. Burgos is finely situated in the midst of fertile vallies, but their vegetation is destined to feed a population of monks, from whom the labourer is contented to receive as an alms that bread which he and his children have earned with the sweat of their brows!

Burgos, in short, exhibits a striking picture of the truth of the Hudibraic axiom, that



' Jesuits never took in hand,  
To plant a church in barren land.'

Valladolid is described as having more claims upon the interest of the traveller than Burgos. It has to boast of an university and a patriotic society. There are also some appearances of industry among the inhabitants, and their staple article of commerce is madder, which is cultivated in great abundance. Valladolid has a cathedral, and, of course, an immense number of monasteries, filled with male and female devotees.

Salamanca has now lost its reputation as an asylum for learning, but in proportion as the votaries of science disappeared, those of the catholic religion usurped their place, and it may now be regarded as 'Salamanca the holy!' It has twenty-five convents, fourteen of which are filled with females. All these receptacles of human weakness vie with each other in the quantity and respectability of their relics. The bones of the eleven thousand virgins shewn at Cologne are a mere handful to the piles exhibited at Salamanca.

At Segovia, the antiquarian will be gratified with the Moorish architecture of the Alcazar and the cathedral. Trajan's aqueduct, which still exists here, and is adapted to its original purpose of supplying the inhabitants with water, will also attract the notice of a learned stranger.

Segovia being famous for wool, naturally leads M. Bourgoing to discuss the policy of the Spaniards with respect to that staple article in their national industry. Of all the obstacles which have obstructed the progress of civilization in Spain, not even excepting the evils in the train of catholicism, none have been more effectual than those produced by the operation of the privileges of the *Mesta*.

This is a kind of junta composed of rich landed proprietors, who have acquired a right, partly by prescription, and partly by statutes, of pasturing their flocks of sheep indiscriminately upon the estates of every person in Spain. If a landed proprietor be not a member of the *Mesta* so much the worse, his pastures, and perhaps his vineyards, are doomed to be devoured by immense herds of Merinos, which pay him a visit at stated periods of the year; and his own flocks are not allowed a similar indulgence in return. The higher ranks have contrived to exclude the middle classes of proprietors from all share in the privileges of the *Mesta*, and the hardships thus entailed on them are visited on the lower classes in their turn.

M. Bourgoing appears to great advantage in pointing out

the sources of the misery of the population in Spain, and his materials have been collected with an industry which we seldom witness in a French writer. He is also peculiarly happy in managing subjects comparatively dry, and passes from topic to topic with a gracefulness which banishes ennui and listlessness from his readers.

From Segovia and the Spanish Merinos he proceeds to St. Ildefonso, one of the most romantic retreats ever embellished by the sunshine of royalty. His description of the gardens and palace is always lively, and sometimes elegant. The vicinity of the royal residences produces some details upon the nobility of Spain, which are comparatively uninteresting. An extensive creation of nobles took place after the accession of the Prince of the Peace, but it is somewhat singular that the new peers were all foreigners. In pursuance of the same line of policy, from that period all the Spanish embassies to foreign courts were filled by foreigners. Are we to ascribe this singularity to measures of policy or rather to a state of degradation into which the Spanish grandees had sunk, to the total exclusion of genius and learning from their order?

The cortes, or parliament of Spain is, described as the ruins of a noble bulwark erected by a free people against the subsequent encroachments of their sovereigns. It is now *vox et præterea nihil*. The kings of Spain have been in the habit for two centuries past of levying taxes by ordinances, to which they attach a declaration that they shall have the same effect as if they had been issued by the Cortes! The Spanish parliaments are of course never called together.

The various characters who have occupied the diplomatic *bureaus* of Spain for the last twenty years, next pass in review before us. M. Bourgoing, like a good courtier, praises the whole indiscriminately. Don Pedro Cevallos is accused of owing his rise to his marriage with a female relation of the Prince of Peace.

The palace of the Escorial introduces the subject of the amusements of the court, and here we cannot help remarking, that the same barbarity which is displayed in the bull-fights is conspicuous even in the field sports of the Spaniards. An immense concourse of peasants assemble several days previous to a royal shooting match, for hunting it cannot be called. The occupation of these ragged wretches consisted in driving herds of terrified deer and other animals into an inclosure, where they were pent up for a few days without food until it pleased the King of Spain and the Indies, to take the unmanly diversion of shooting the unfortunate animals by dozens in cold blood.

The convent of the Escorial is described as rich and magnificent beyond comparison, and the monks are said to be an exception to monks in general: for they are polite, affable, and enlightened. They are accused of the crime, however, of being 'scandalously rich,' an imputation, by the bye, which King Joseph Napoleon did all he could to obliterate during his short residence among them. The description of the pictures and antiques of the Escorial is entertaining, the shelves of the library groan under Arabian manuscripts, which, for the sake of literature, we shall have no objection to see transferred from the present lazy possessors to the French Institute.

The subject of the inquisition is next treated by our author, with a freedom which does honour to his heart as a man, and in language dictated by sensibility and philanthropy. We blush for humanity when we inform our readers that in the eighteenth century, a whole family of industrious and peaceable Moors, father; mother, children, and grandchildren, were committed to the flames amid the triumphant yells of thousands of cannibals, who displayed over the heads of their victims, the banners of that religion which teaches us to live in peace and good-will with all men. There is something peculiarly affecting in the little history of these unhappy Moors; they had been settled at Barcelona many years as silk-weavers, and the articles they sold were of a superior quality to those of their neighbours. A jealousy was of course created; the holy office lent its barbarous assistance, and the tortures of the Inquisition were the precursors of an auto da fè, which deprived the country of some of its most valuable subjects.

It is but a few years since a poor Jew was put to death in the same way in one of the principal cities in Spain. He was convicted of being a Jew, an apostate, a heretic, and of *wavering in the faith!*

In 1780, a female was burnt alive at Seville for witchcraft by a sentence of the holy office.

A most interesting narrative of the cruelties inflicted by the Inquisition, is given in the history of M. Olavede, one of the most enlightened characters in Spain, if not in Europe, and which engages a large portion of M. Bourgoing's attention.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with details upon the commerce, the army and navy of Spain, with a general statistical account of her resources in population, finances, &c. which are the less interesting to an English reader, because all these objects are upon the eve

of regeneration. It may be observed, however, that the priesthood and the nobles (comprising nearly one third of the whole population) were wholly exempt from taxes and military service under the ancient regime.

The influence of the catholic superstition upon the minds of all classes in Spain, is described by M. Bourgoing in the following animated and lively manner :

‘ When the holy sacrament is carried any where, a little bell announces its approach. Immediately all business, all entertainment, all pleasure, is suspended; and every one continues on his knees till it is past. Even Protestants, who look upon this homage as a species of idolatry, have much ado to dispense with it. So far there is nothing more than what is conformable to the faith and doctrine of the catholic religion; but when the ludicrous appears, it is, as I have seen more than once at Madrid, when the Host passes a play-house. As soon as the little bell is heard, the play is instantly stopped. Spectators and actors, whatever their parts, Moors, Jews, and even Devils\*, all without exception turn towards the door that leads to the street, and, kneeling, remain in that position as long as the bell can be heard; and it requires not a little self-command to check an inclination for laughter.

‘ Another custom which must appear singular to an observer, even if he is himself a catholic, is to see on certain days notice fixed on the churches to this effect: *Oy-se saca amina*; “ To day souls are released from purgatory.” On the eve and the day of All-souls, this delivery is universally announced with the most doleful pomp. The churches are hung with black. The tombs are opened. A coffin, covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood representing the souls of the deceased are half way plunged into the flames. To succeed in drawing from purgatory those for whom they interest themselves, they pray a long time with great fervour; and passing afterwards rapidly from these charitable funereal employments to every worldly recreation, the day is finished by a jovial banquet, the principal dish of which is called *trépassés*, a kind of cake made of flour, butter, and aniseed.

‘ In almost every catholic country these customs prevail, and tend to cast a ridicule upon devotion: but in none, except perhaps in Italy, are they so frequent and universal as in Spain.

‘ Without being charged with impiety, or even philosophy, (which with certain people are synonymous,) I believe a man may avow that the custom observed at the door of the church of St. Anthony,

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\* I do not exaggerate: One day during the performance of the play called *The devil turned preacher*, a very whimsical piece, where the devil is introduced into a convent in the dress of a monk, the Sacrament passed just at the time the preteaded monk was on the stage, and he was obliged to kneel as well as the others which of course stopped the performance for some minutes.

on the day of his festival, of driving horses and mules in great solemnity to partake of a small quantity of oats, which a priest has sanctified by his benediction, and which is to preserve these beasts from sickness all the year, is not sound religion.

'Preserving all due respect for the catholic religion, one cannot but be surprised at the strange inconsistency of those who profess it, at the little conformity there is in their lives and actions with their religious ceremonies. This contradiction is extremely general in Spain, and few classes of people are exempt from it. I shall not speak of the coachmen, who when they mount their box; cross themselves, and mutter a few prayers, which are instantly followed by those energetic phrases with which they animate the ardour of their horses. But I will mention their masters, who, for their part, repeat an anthem almost always to the Virgin, even when they are going to pay very profane visits. Shall I add what I have heard from some wags, whose veracity however I will by no means answer for,—that if they meet a rival in a cowl, on the staircase, they ask of him absolution beforehand for the same kind of sin which he himself, to his great regret, is going to commit.

'The monkish habit is so respected that a preservative virtue is attributed to it, even beyond this life, whatever irregularities may have been committed under it. Nothing is more common than to see the dead buried in a friar's dress, and conducted in this manner with their face uncovered, which is almost the general custom in Spain. The Franciscan habit is the object of a marked predilection in the devotion of the deceased. The convents of this order have a special warehouse appropriated to this posthumous wardrobe. There is such a sale of these habits, that a stranger, who was only a few months at Madrid, without being informed of this singular custom, and seeing nothing but Franciscans interred, expressed to me his surprise at the prodigious number of them in that city, and asked me seriously, if their community, whatever their number, were not entirely carried off by this violent epidemic.

'In the same manner that the monkish habit accompanies some to the grave, it rises with others from the cradle. It is not uncommon to see gamboling in the streets, little monks of the age of four or five years. Sometimes the parents, whose whimsical vow they thus expiate, take the liberty of exercising their paternal severity under this holy robe: but that is perhaps the only outrage the habit receives in Spain; and these innocent creatures are the only monks who submit to the austerities of penance.

'Besides this a certificate of confession is required from every faithful catholic, native as well as stranger, which must prove that he has observed the precepts of the church during Lent; a very idle measure, because it is so very easy to procure them without accomplishing the formalities they require; because they are sold in the market like all other articles; because the *filles de joie* (who have numerous correspondents) have always to sell again to the bearer those they have obtained *gratis*, it is easily guessed how.

'One of the most familiar gestures of the Spaniards is the sign of the cross. It is even their manner of expressing their surprise whenever they hear any thing extraordinary, pronouncing at the same time the name of *Jesus*. At each flash of lightning they repeat this sign; and even cross their mouth with their thumb when they gape: every step they take, it may be said, is marked with a grimace of devotion.

'When you enter a house, unless you wish to be considered as impious, or, what is still worse, a heretic, you must begin with these words, *Ave Maria purissima*; to which you will certainly receive this answer, *sin peccado concebida*. There is still fixed every year at the church doors, the *index*, or the list of those books, especially foreign, of which the Holy Office has thought proper to interdict the reading on pain of excommunication. But many of them certainly have not sufficient merit to deserve this proscription. What respect can we have for the thunder of the church, when it is hurled only by caprice or ignorance? Can the impious, or, if you please, the philosophers, wish for any other means to render it contemptible.

'Finally, that tribunal, secretly appreciated by a good number of wise men in the country, the Inquisition, is still honourably received by a great part of the nation. It has still its tremendous forms, its *familiers*, even in the most exalted classes, and sometimes its victims, &c. &c. &c.

'Let us be just, at the hazard of wounding the pride of those who are too ticklish, and desire nothing but praise without restriction, and declare without calumny that Spain is still the birth-place of mummery, and the land of fanaticism and superstition.'

After this gloomy picture of one part of the national character, the author appears before his readers as a man of gallantry, and apostrophises the Spanish ladies in the amorous strains of a love-sick novelist. It would, perhaps, be doing injustice to M. Bourgoing not to present him before our readers in a character which he seems to have assumed with exultation: if he has been too luxuriant in his description, his long residence in Spain, added to the natural gaiety of a Frenchman will plead his excuse.

'Jealousy, that odious passion, once so offensive in its suspicions, so injurious and cruel in its precautions, and implacable in its resentment, is now much weakened among the modern Spaniards. If in Spain the lovers are tormented with suspicion, and sometimes too severe in their vengeance, there is no country in Europe that can boast of so few jealous husbands. The women, who were formerly deprived of all intercourse, who could hardly be seen through the *jalousies* of their windows, (which certainly owe their name to the vile sentiment of him who invented them)—these women now enjoy perfect liberty. Their veils (*mantillas*), the only

remains of their ancient slavery, now serve no other purpose than to defend them from the sun, and to render them more attractive. A tissue at first invented by jealousy now belies its intention. Coquetry has made it one of its most seducing articles of dress ; and, in favouring half-concealment, has indirectly encouraged the stolen glances of love. Those lovers who breathed the tale of their disconsolate sufferings under the balcony of their invisible mistresses, and had no other witness or interpreter than their guitar, are now only to be found in plays and romances. Conquests are become less cruel, and less dilatory, and husbands are become more tractable, the women more accessible.

The sensation which you experience at the approach of a handsome Spanish lady has something so bewitching that it baffles description. Her coquetry is more open and less restrained than that of other women. She cares little about pleasing the world in general. She esteems its approbation much more than she courts it ; and is perfectly contented with one, if it be the object of her choice. If she neglects nothing which is likely to carry her point, at least she disdains affectation, and owes very little to the assistance of her toilet. The complexion of a Spanish woman never borrows any assistance from art. Art never furnishes her with a colour which Nature has denied to her by placing her under the influence of a burning sun. But with how many charms is she not endowed, as a compensation for her paleness ! Where can you find such fine shapes as theirs ; such graceful movements, such delicacy of features, and such lightness of carriage ? Grave, and sometimes at first sight even a little melancholy, when she casts upon you her large black eyes full of expression, and when she accompanies them with a tender smile, insensibility itself must fall at her feet. But if the coldness of her behaviour does not hinder you from paying your addresses to her, she is as decided and mortifying in her disdain as she is seducing when she permits you to hope. In this last case she does not suffer you to be long in suspense, but perseverance must be followed by happiness ; and this line from a well known poem,

Nourri par l'espérance, il meurt par les plaisirs,

cannot be applied to a Spanish lady.

Perseverance is, without doubt, pleasure with a Spanish woman ; but is at the same time a rigorous and slavish duty. Love, even when crowned with success, requires that you belong to her alone. The man who has enlisted under her banners, must sacrifice to her all his affections, all his desires, and all his time. He is condemned, not to languor, but to idleness. Those happy mortals whom the Spanish women deign to subdue, and are named *cortejas*, are less disinterested, but are not less assiduous, than the Italian *cicisbeos*. They must be ready to prove their devotion every hour of the day ; to accompany their beloved to the promenade, to the theatre, and even to the confessional. More than one tempest disturbs the serenity of such an union ; the slightest incident produces alarm ; and a transient wavering is punished like infidelity. It may

be said, that in Spain Jealousy has fled from Hymen to take refuge in the bosom of Love ; and that it belongs more particularly to that sex which seems made rather to inspire than to experience it.

‘ To be brief. The bonds of a handsome Spanish woman are less pleasant to support than difficult to avoid. Their caprices, the natural offspring of a lively imagination, are sometimes obstinate and unruly. But it is not easy to reconcile with those transient humours the constancy of most of the Spanish women in their attachments. The infatuation which they occasion and which they experience, so different from all extreme situations that do not last long, is often prolonged much beyond the ordinary time ; and I have seen in this land of ardent passions more than one lover die of old age. May not this apparent contradiction be accounted for from their religious scruples, ill understood as they almost always are ? The conscience of a Spanish woman, though complaisant enough to permit one only choice at which her duty murmurs, would it not be frightened with a succession of infidelities ? Does she find for the first an excuse in her frailty, and in the irresistible vow of her heart, that draws her to the only object which Nature designed for her ? Or does she find in succeeding attachments the sin appear again in all its ugliness ? This is another enigma to explain in the Spanish women. They reconcile their inconsistency in morals with the minute observance of religious duties. In many countries these excesses succeed one another alternately. In Spain they are inseparable, as well among the men as the women. In this association of the most incoherent things, their object seems to be not to prevent scandal or to change their conduct, but to make a kind of compensation for their faults.

‘ I have known many women, abandoned to an attachment which their duty disproves, surrounded with relics and scapularies, bind themselves by the most insignificant vows, and fulfil them with scrupulosity.

‘ I believe that hypocrites, the true *Tartuffes*, are rare in Spain ; but this fantastic association of immorality with superstitious practices is more common in Spain than elsewhere. That horrible gift which the New World has given to the Old, is become in Spain the patrimony of whole families, and the degeneration of a great number of illustrious races is strikingly visible. This plague, which seems to have become very common here, is of most dangerous consequence to those who have been born in another climate ; and though a thousand charms and attractions incite, a prudent foreigner will hesitate before he bends his neck to this dreadful yoke.

‘ This depravity is, however, not so general as the libertine would insinuate. There are, indeed, in Madrid many exemplary families, faithful spouses, and women that might be quoted as models of reserve and decorum.’

(*To be continued.*)



**ART. VIII.—Modern Medicine ; containing a brief Exposition of the principal Discoveries and Doctrines that have occasioned the recent Advancement of Medical Philosophy : with Strictures on the present State of Medical Practice ; and an Inquiry how far the Principles of the healing Art may become the Subject of unprofessional Research. By David Uwins, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and Author of the Medical Articles in Dr. Gregory's Encyclopædia. 8vo. 6s. Tipper. 1808.**

DR. Uwins has here presented us with some agreeable small-talk on medicine, and other subjects connected with it. What is his precise object we profess we cannot tell ; but we suppose it is to inform the good people of Aylesbury, where he has lately, we believe, taken up his residence, that they have a doctor of no common stamp come among them. The object (if such it be) is at least very innocent : and as, from the specimen of his talents here before us, we are not inclined to think meanly of them, we wish him every success. We hope that his book will not be confined to a principal pane of the window of the bookseller's shop ; may it penetrate into the parlours of the mayor, aldermen, and principal burgesses ; may all the curates of the neighbouring parishes read and admire it ; and finally, may its author become the *Magnus Apollo*, not merely of the borough of Aylesbury, but of the whole county of Buckingham.

If we are right in our conjecture concerning the motives which have given rise to this performance, we may be spared the trouble of giving a laboured analysis of its contents. But a man has commonly two motives in all the actions of life which are likely to invite the notice and remarks of his neighbours : one the private and real motive, the other the avowed and professed. They are commonly as opposite as light and darkness : as most men carry about them two faces, one smooth and smiling and good-humoured for strangers and holiday visitors ; another sour, gloomy, and ill-natured for the service of their wives and families. Let the doctor then speak for himself, and tell us what he would have the world believe to be the object of his writing.

‘ This path of investigation is not however the track which it is my attention to pursue ; and it is merely necessary in this place to speak of one consequence of the change in public sentiment alluded to, as it relates to the profession of medicine. I mean the establishment of scepticism upon the ruins of mystery. Man is proverbially prone to extremes and to error : it is moreover a singular fact,

that the same constitution of mind which favours implicit belief, facilitates also the influence of doubt. Those optics which are most easily dazzled by exterior splendour, and artificial colouring, are by this process blinded to the interior and essential, when the exterior and adventitious are removed. The curtain is drawn, and all behind it is a blank. The awfully obscure of medicine is abrogated, and therefore 'medicine itself is a mere trick.'

In this respect we find the history and fate of physic to bear a pretty exact correspondence with that calling, the objects of which are incomparably more momentous than medicine itself; and as the requisitions of the times summon the divine not to assert magisterially, but to give a reason for the hope that is in him, so it devolves upon the medical professor to silence cavil and crush suspicion by a fair and open avowal of his claims to public respect and confidence. To appeal then from the misconception of the ignorant, and the misrepresentation of the inimical, to the good sense and candour of the public was my principal object in the execution of the present treatise, which is intended to convey such information respecting the science and practice of medicine, as, while it instructs the professional student, shall interest the man of general intelligence; while it endeavours to collect and fashion into one body the various members of which modern medicine is composed, will at the same time, attempt to mould this mass into such form as not to terrify the uninitiated beholder.

In fine, it is my wish to give such a general view of the medical art as, not intended solely for the public, shall be open to public inspection; to state the grounds upon which is argued the improved condition of this art, to show "that medicine need only be better known to secure the esteem of mankind," and to draw that line of distinction, which exclusively of artifice, and independently of interest, must ever divide the professional from the popular cultivation of medical philosophy."

We do not think that Dr. Uwins has been very happy in his selection of topics to prove the superiority of modern over ancient medicine. He enters upon his task by a slight and superficial view of the history of medicine. M. Cabanis (a sprightly and engaging writer, but one whose learning is very confined) seems to have furnished our author with the meagre catalogue of names and sects, which forms his second chapter. From some of the observations in the third, entitled a "*Disquisition on the nature of theory*," we have derived more pleasure. We have seldom seen the connection between theory and experience more happily and more strongly expressed than in the following words.

'To experience, is to know; to know is to infer; to infer is to reason; and to reason is to systematize. A system, in its proper signification is not then an invention, but a scheme which unites

many things in order, and it is thus impossible not to systematize; for to learn we must not merely observe, but we must collect, connect, arrange, and compare; from this collation and arrangement, we come to make certain deductions, which deductions constitute the whole of our knowledge.'

We have then a chapter on the Brunonian system, in which the author, though sensible of its deficiencies, maintains that it has produced much benefit in reforming practice. The criticisms on this system are, we think, very feeble; nor are the illustrations of its supposed benefit happily chosen.

From medical systems Dr. Uwins takes a leap to chemistry, concerning which we find nothing but what is common-place and superficial; and from thence he flits away to physiology, his remarks on which we are compelled to characterize by the same terms. The seventh chapter on the question, *how far does the new chemistry apply to medicine*, has more of originality, and deserves to be considered by those who dream that the phenomena of diseases are now-a-days to be explained by stories about oxygen and azote, as they formerly were by acids and alkalis.

But we would ask how does all this prove the vast superiority of the modern over the ancient medicine? Does it show that we possess more useful and efficacious remedies than formerly? that the histories of diseases are more complete, and consequently that the art both of discriminating, and of prognosticating is essentially improved? What disease is cured more safely or more speedily than by our predecessors? Has any one of the Herculean maladies, the *opprobria medicorum*,—has the gout, the dropsy, or the cancer, ceased to harass its unfortunate victims; and to render human life a burden to its possessors? We understand perhaps the office of the lungs, and the atmospheric changes produced by respiration more perfectly than was done thirty years ago: do we therefore cure asthma or consumption more surely? Till questions such as these are satisfactorily answered, we fear that there will still be sceptics with regard to the vastly improved condition of the medical art, and railers who will assert that "medicine itself is a mere trick," in spite of the rhetoric of Dr. Uwins.

Dr. Uwins avows himself to be wholly hostile to systems of domestic medicine.

'How far,' asks he, 'ought the medical learning of the unprofessional to extend? Just far enough to make them "know how little is to be known," to induce them to consign their domestic sys-

tems of medicine to the flames, and to convince them of the utter incompetency of books alone to direct the practice of physic in the slightest degree.

How consistent is this in one who professes to write a view, "though not intended solely for the public, to be open to the public inspection." With what modesty can any writer of a popular work say to the public, read my book; you will learn much from it; but commit all others to the flames. This is very nearly the language of declaimers against attempts to instruct the public on subjects concerning which they are much interested to form correct ideas.

When Dr. Uwins has really something to write about, we shall attend to him with more pleasure, we doubt not; than we have received from this performance. His stile is natural and agreeable, his thoughts seem to flow in an even and tranquil course, and if he is not profound, he is neither shallow nor coxcomical. Some of his words are perhaps hardly English, as *negated*, *debile*, *subordinating*. But the present volume is for the greater part, a mere collection of common topics, or observations which are familiar to every tyro. We should willingly see him employed on an original work, where there may be a proper field for the native good sense which he appears to possess.

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ART. IX.—*Juvenile Dramas*, 3 Vols. By the Author of *Summer Rambles*, &c. &c. Longman.

THESE dramas are very pleasing little performances, and the perusal will afford much gratification. Indeed, we think there are few young minds whom they would not very materially benefit. The characters are delineated with delicacy and discrimination; they exhibit that refinement of manners and sobriety of thought, on what may be termed family matters, which it is of essential service to impress on the attention of our juvenile fair. Books for young people and children have been too much tinctured with that prudery and puritanism which mark the characters of our country schoolmistresses, or to speak more fashionably, *governesses*, who, having obtained a smattering of every thing, which they style *accomplishments*, think themselves qualified to 'open a seminary for young ladies, where the greatest attention is paid to the accomplishments, health, and morals of the pupils entrusted to their care.' This is the common cant,

and the specimens they *turn out*, may be seen as large as life, but neither useful nor ornamental, in our market towns and country villages, dressed, or rather undressed, according to the present fashion, sticking coloured paper on fire-screens, netting purses, and reading novels. The ladies, who establish a *seminary* in or near town have a much more easy way of informing parents what they *may not expect* from their exertions and attentions to their young friends. The consideration of morals is much too gothic and too trivial compared with the important accomplishment of the best method of whitening the hands, and gracefully kissing them *en passant*, letting down the glass of a carriage with ease, and entering a drawing-room with elegance. The young lady must also be *au fait* in the management of her voice, the turn of the eyes, and the reclining of her neck. She must know the most approved method of throwing the mantle in graceful folds over the shoulder, and adjusting her dress with elegance *piquant*. Her other accomplishments are equally *serious*; and require the same time and labour to acquire. There must be a little French, a little Italian, a little painting, a little varnish work, a little worsted work, a little embroidery, and a great deal of music, with a certain portion of fashionable reading, &c. and she is returned to her parents a completely elegant, well-bred, well educated, and fashionable young woman.

The object of these little dramas is to expose the folly of bringing up young women in this frivolous and faulty manner, and to shew the superiority of an education which blends the useful qualities with the ornamental, which forms the complete gentlewoman, the sensible companion, the affectionate wife, and the tender mother. We will present our readers with the titles of each drama, that they may know on what subjects they treat. The first is *Quarter-day*, on which two elegant girls receive their allowance; the difference of these girls' character is very prettily portrayed, and shows the truth of the good old saw of *being just before we are generous*. The next is the *Fashionist*, with the story of Neily and her poor old father. And the next, *All in the Wrong*, which closes the first volume. *Duplicity*, the *Bank-note*, and the *Birth-day*, are the subjects of the second volume; *Agnes* commences the third; and this character, who promises every thing and performs nothing, is extremely well drawn, and gives a lesson which cannot be too much impressed on young minds. The *Contrast*, and the *Harvest Home*, conclude this little performance,

which we have much pleasure in recommending for its amusement and instruction. We will subjoin a scene from the last volume, as a specimen of these simple dramas. The scene is the preparation for a harvest-feast given by an *honest* and *liberal* farmer (a sort of prodigy in these days) in expectation of the return of his daughter, who had been taken under the protection of a lady, who fell so much in love with her good looks and pleasant manners that she is determined to make her a gentlewoman (or rather a *fine lady*) which is a character easily formed. A farmer's or a cobbler's daughter may readily be metamorphosed into the latter; but the *true gentlewoman* is much more difficult to attain.

*Act the first. Benson.*

'Let there be plenty; and do not spare the cakes and ale, I beg of you; but let it go round freely, that all may see they are welcome.—I long for Ann's arrival; I hope her town life has made no change in her, I never relish'd that jaunt; but the old lady was so taken with her, and so pressing, and Ann so desirous of trying it, that I did not like to refuse.—I shall never forgive myself if she has got hold of any airs, and learn'd to despise her family, and country acquaintance.

*Mrs. Benson.*

'I don't think we shall find any change in her. James said, she was very joyful when he told her, last week, that she was to come home to the harvest feast; and said if there was no horse to spare she would walk; any thing rather than be absent on such an occasion.

*Dorothy.*

'I shall break my heart if she is grown a fine lady, and looks down upon me.—She used to love me so dearly, and to be so happy at home! she was the life of the house:—I wish she had never left us.

*Robert.*

'Hark!—I hear a horse!—(looking out)—'Tis James,—and there's Ann. [Runs off, followed by Rose and the others; but meeting Ann, they all return immediately with her.—Her dress is to be entirely different from Dorothy's and she is altogether, to make a very fashionable appearance.]

*Ann. (embracing her father and mother.)*

'Dear father! dear mother! how glad I am to see you.—My dear Dorothy! how grave you look! and how you stare at me!—Are you sorry I am come home?

CRIT. REV. Vol. 16, February, 1809.

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‘ Dorothy (embracing her).

‘ I am sure you are well persuaded to the contrary, Ann, tho’ I hid from you, as well as I was able, what I felt when you left us.

‘ Benson.

‘ Why Ann ! you are as fine as the ladies up at the squire’s !—I hope you are not come home to make a show of yourself ?

‘ Ann.

‘ My dear father ! can you think me so ridiculous ?

‘ Mrs. Benson.

‘ Why then did you come in such a garb, to make the whole village laugh at you ?

‘ Ann.

‘ I could not avoid it :—Mrs. Lawrence insisted on my doing so, and that I should pack up a portmanteau full of my best clothes to wear to-morrow, and *surprise the savages* she said. If I had contradicted her, and put her out of humour, she would not have allowed me to leave the house.—All I could do, as soon as I got out of the town, was to take this enormous feather out of my hat, (pulls a feather from her pocket,) and to beg James would bring me home by the back lane.

‘ Benson.

‘ Savages forsooth !—Why does she call us savages ?

‘ Ann.

‘ Because she has been taught to believe that people who live in the country have not common sense ; and it was to save me from becoming *wild* and *savage*, that she took me away from you, to make a lady of me, and to teach me to hold up my head ; to be two hours dressing ; to wear a long piece of muslin hanging after me, for people to wipe their shoes upon ; to spend my mornings either shut up in her dressing-room by a roaring fire, receiving visits and talking of the fashions, or in driving round the town to leave cards, with her name upon them, at twenty different doors ; and to discover a great pleasure in sitting a whole evening at her elbow, whilst she was at cards, with two or three cross people who were all the time wrangling about odd tricks, and four by honours.—No, all her kindness will not induce me to continue to live such a life.—I have never been happy since I left home ; and if I had not been unwilling to appear ungrateful to a lady who profess’d so much regard for me I would have left her at the end of the first week.

‘ Mrs. Benson.

‘ Why did you stay where you was not happy, child ? You knew you had a comfortable home to return to.——

‘ Ann.

‘ My dear mother ! I heard I was to be sent for to the harvest-

feast, and thought it would give me a fair opportunity of quitting my town life, for that which nature intended me for, and which I hope never again to be induced to leave. My father will assist me in writing a letter of thanks to Mrs. Lawrence, and excuse my not returning, for indeed I cannot go back to her. I felt myself quite out of my place in her house, and without any relish for her amusements.

*' Dorothy.*

' Oh! my dear Ann! how happy I am to hear you say so!—We have all been afraid that we should see you come home in a very different humour.

*' Benson.*

' I also rejoice at finding you in this disposition, tho' had it been otherwise, I do not think I could have made up my mind to leave you any longer there: had you once imbibed a taste for dress and dissipation, you would have been lost to us for ever; you would soon have learn'd to look with disdain upon our country manners, and our simple amusements, and would have been ashamed to own farmer Benson, of Wheatley, for your father.—I seldom have seen any good arise from stepping out of the line which Providence has marked out for us, and do not wonder that you felt yourself uneasy in Mrs. Lawrence's fine house; things misplaced always appear awkward.—Mrs. Lawrence would look very much so in your mother's dairy!

*' Mrs. Benson.*

' I fancy she would, indeed!—I should be very sorry to see her there slopping my milk and cream about.

*' Ann.*

' She could not be more ridiculous than your daughter Ann. I saw fifty things every day which I could not understand, and to say the truth, which even when explained, I never discovered the use of, unless to put money into the pockets of those who had invented them.

*' Dorothy.*

' Well dear sister, since you will not leave us any more, we shall have time enough to hear of your adventures among Mrs. Lawrence's finery, how much of her china you knock'd down, and how many of your long trains you tore, because you did not know how to manage them. At present we have no time to lose in chatting, James has carried all the things into the back room, and we have spices to pound and currants to clean, for our cakes to morrow.—My lady, will you please to allow me to lend you an apron?

*' Ann.*

' Well recollected—thank you Dorothy!—I hope I shall find all my own in my drawers, as well as my other clothes, and, lest any



one should come in and catch me in this masquerade dress, I will go up stairs immediately, and change it, for something better suited to the work we have to do and to my situation in life.—I shall lay this dress in a drawer by itself, and if I should ever grow tired of our village, (which I don't think likely to happen,) one glance at it will make me recollect the restraint I suffer'd when I lived in town, and teach me to be contented with my home, and the society of my old acquaintance.

[*Exeunt Ann and Dorothy.*]

' *Benson* [looking after *Ann*.]

' There she goes, just the good girl she was when she left us ; and since she has returned free from the infection of finery and pleasure I am not sorry she has had the trial ; it will probably be a useful lesson to her, &c. &c."

**ART. X.**—*Historical Account of Charter-house ; compiled from the Works of Hearne and Bearcroft, Harleian, Cottonian, and private MSS. And from other authentic Sources. By a Carthusian. 4to. Price in boards 3l. 3s. pp. 380. Wilkie, &c. &c. 1808,*

' IN the year 1346 a raging pestilence desolated the earth ; commencing in Asia, and spreading thence to Italy, Germany, and France.' From the latter country it soon communicated itself to this island, where its ravages were most signally destructive, such multitudes being swept away in London (as well as in all other parts of the country) that the consecrated places of burial were far from being sufficiently extensive to hold the dead. Under these circumstances the superstitious charity of the times was evinced in donations of particular spots of ground to be consecrated for the melancholy purpose of receiving the ejected bodies ; and among these, the most conspicuous was that of Sir Walter de Manny (Froissart's celebrated hero) who purchased of the master and brethren of St. Bartholomew's Spittle, a piece of ground called Spittle-croft (contiguous to Pardon Chapel-yard), containing 13 acres and a rood, to be appropriated to the pious use above-mentioned. In the ground so bought and consecrated, upwards of 50,000 persons are said to have been buried during the year 1349, the second of the plague in England. On the same ground Sir Walter furthermore erected a chapel where masses were said for the repose of his numerous tenants ; and towards the year 1360:

He seems to have first formed the design of further enlarging his charity by the establishment of a college on the spot.

Before this design could be executed, Michael de Northburgh, bishop of London, died (A.D. 1361) having bequeathed the sum of 2000*l.* besides other considerable benefactions 'for the founding, building, and finishing of a convent for monks of the Carthusian order;' and Sir Walter, having heard of this bequest, consulted with the bishop's executors as to uniting together the scheme for a Carthusian convent with his own intended foundation. An arrangement took place between them accordingly, and on the 28th of March 1371, Sir Walter having obtained the king's licence for the purpose, sealed his charter of foundation, by which,

'After reciting his original donation of 13 acres and a rood of land, without the bars of West Smithfield, in a place then called the Spittle-croft, and afterwards New Church Hawe, for the interment &c. &c. 'and' &c. &c. 'had built in the same place a chapel in honour of God and the Blessed Virgin, he did (having a special love to the most holy order of Carthusians) erect a house of that order in perpetual memory of the said holy festival' (the annunciation); 'and with the consent of the chief-prior of the said order, did appoint John Lustote to be first prior of his convent, and did, by that writing, give and confirm the said 13 acres and a rood, and the chapel and all other buildings erected thereon, to the aforesaid prior and monks, and their successors, and also, to the same persons, 3 acres adjoining without the walls on the north part.'\*

This charter was afterwards confirmed by a bull of Pope Urban, the fifth, according to Herne and others, but as the author of this volume (Mr. Smythe) has sufficiently proved, the sixth, who ascended the papal chair in 1378, by which time it appears that the foundation was complete under the title of 'the house of the Salutation of the mother of God, a double Monastery of the order of Carthusians, without the bars of West Smithfield, near London.'

This account of the foundation of Charter-house (*Chartreuse*) is followed by some details respecting the Institution of the order and the life of its romantic founder, St. Bruno, the Quixote of monks. These are 'principally extracted from the *Histoire des ordres Religieux*,' and do not contain much information that may not be frequently met with elsewhere: but the following abstract of the singular code of laws which he promulgated may be amusing to those of our readers who have not met with any account of it before.

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\* This instrument is still kept in the evidence-room of Charter-house, and is said to be in good preservation.

\* Superstition seems to have borrowed all the austerities practised by the various preceding monastic institutions, to form a code for the mortification of these religious.\*

\* They never ate flesh, not even in the most dangerous distempers, nor even fish, *unless it was given them*; they slept upon a piece of cork, with a single blanket to cover them; they rose at midnight to sing their matins; they never spoke to one another, or to any person whatever, except upon festivals and chapter-days, and were allowed to walk once a week only, about their own grounds, but never to go abroad, except the Prior and procurator, upon the necessary affairs of the house. All were obliged to fast upon bread and water, and salt, at least one day in the week, and to wear shirts made of hair; their habit was a white loose coat with a cowl of the same: but when they went abroad they had a case of black stuff over it.

\* The monasteries of this order had generally two cloisters, a large and a small one, the smaller next the church, the greater next to that, and about this great cloister were the houses of the religious, for they had not cells, as in other orders, but every one had a separate house to himself, with all things requisite for a person who had renounced the world; having a chamber with a chimney in it, another to sleep in, a closet to study in, a refectory, a little gallery, a closet to lay things out of the way, a place for provisions, and a garden. Some diverted themselves in the garden, others with mechanical arts, and some with their books. They went out of their houses only thrice a day, to the choir; to matins early in the morning, to high mass at noon, and to vespers in the afternoon; continuing shut up all the rest of the time; and dining in separate houses, their diet being carried to them, and put in at a little window, without speaking. On holy days, they went to the choir, at all hours of the divine offices, and ate together at the common refectory; women were not only excluded their enclosure, but even their church and court, and therefore their church was generally within their house. The brothers were not only interdicted speech with each other, but they could not even converse with a stranger, unless authorised by a special license from the superior. p. 19, 21.

Mr. Smythe thinks proper, in the next chapter, to give us some biographical notices of the co-founders above mentioned; but of Bishop Northburgh he has been unable to find any thing worth the labour of search; and his details respecting Sir Walter Manny might well have been spared, since Froissart (from whom alone they are compiled, with the exception of a very few unimportant facts from the Eng-

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\* This sentence is most evidently *done into English* from the French original. Many instances of awkward translation and also of awkward composition appear in the work. R&v.

lish chroniclers, &c.) is become so familiar to the public in Mr. Johnes's translation.

Mr. Smythe complains, in his introduction, of a refusal which he experienced when he asked leave of the Governors for liberty to inspect the records in the Charter-house; and, if he assigns the true reason of this refusal, viz: 'that it was supposed Mr. Malcolm had already extracted from them all that was useful or entertaining,' we really think there is some foundation for his complaint. At least we know no reason why he should not have been permitted to form his own judgment on that head. Whether the result of his enquiry would have equalled the sanguine expectations which he seems to have formed of it, we cannot pretend to say. But, deprived as he has been of that obvious assistance which, it seems to us, he had some right to demand, we are not to wonder that his facts are very scanty respecting the state and transactions of the convent from the time of its erection to that of its dissolution. Respecting the latter event, however, he has collected some amusing details, with extracts from which we shall present our readers.

The act having passed to prohibit appeals to Rome, and that also to invest the king with full authority to reform abuses in the church, commissioners were sent to administer the prescribed oaths to the members of all monasteries and convents throughout the kingdom.

'The inquisitors delegated to visit the Charter-house, commenced their functions there early in 1534, being the 26th year of Henry's reign, and John Howghton the prior, and Humphrey Middlemore the procurator, refusing to take the oaths, were imprisoned in the Tower; a month's confinement induced compliance, and, with several of their brethren, they gave a certificate of conformity, under their hands, dated the 29th of May in that year. Still the major part of the convent refused, and, although obstinacy and bigotry may be imputed to them, the monks seem to have been, for the most part, men who acted from principle and the impressions of conscience.

'Their debates on this great and important question were conducted with much deliberation. Several communications by letter passed between the Monks of the *Charter-house* and those of *Sion* on the subject. Father *Fewterer*, confessor general of the latter, had confirmed, and most zealously endeavoured to persuade the monks of the Charter-house to follow his example. In the *British Museum* is the copy of a letter written to them at the request of Father *Fewterer*, and is as follows, &c. &c.'

'Whether moved by the salutary advice of Father *Fewterer*, or acting from the impulse of terror, the remainder of the convent

subscribed to the succession and supremacy on the 6th of June following, &c.

Notwithstanding the acquiescence of the convent in what had been required of them, *Prior Houghton* enjoyed his liberty and his life but a short time; for he was convicted of delivering too free an opinion of the King and his proceedings, in regard to the supremacy, to speak against which was now made treason, and, together with two other *Carthusian* priors, originally monks of this convent, a monk of *Sion* house, and the vicar of *Thistleworth* (Isleworth) was condemned on the 29th of April, and drawn, hanged, and quarter'd at *Tyburn*, on the 4th of May 1535; and, that the execution might strike the greater terror into the refractory, the heads and quarters of the unhappy sufferers were exhibited on the gates of the city, except part of the mangled carcase of *Houghton*, which was set up over the gate of the *Charter-house* itself. This last piece of disgusting barbarity does not seem to have wrought the effect intended; so certain it is that persecution tends to make converts even to error.

The very next month, *Humphry Midylmore*, the procurator above-mentioned, who had been imprisoned with *Houghton* the year before, *William Exmew*, and *Sebastian Newdigate*, three principal monks of the convent were on a similar account apprehended, condemned, and executed.

These unfortunate men had been chained in an upright position for thirteen days prior to their execution.

Not long afterwards the act passed, still more severe than any of the preceding, declaring 'every person who possessed any office, ecclesiastical or civil, and who refused to renounce the pope *by oath*, and acknowledge the king's *supremacy*, guilty of treason.

A compliance with this statute was demanded of the monks at *Charter-house*, and the assistance of Father *Copynger*, who had succeeded Father *Fewterer*, as general confessor of the order, was obtained to persuade these refractory monks to submit to the king; but in vain. Two of the most bigoted, *Fox* and *Chauncey*, were transported to the monastery of *Beauvalle*, to profit by the arguments of the visitors of that convent. The following letter, now extant in the *British Museum*, serves to shew the trifling impression made by the visitors on these monks, and how anxious they were to escape from the discipline of *Fairvalley Abbey*, &c.

Two of the monks of this convent, *Brook* and *Burgoyne*, who had been, or pretended to be, convinced by Father *Copynger's* precepts, were zealous in their endeavours to induce *Fox* and *Chauncey* to follow their example, and, upon the latter being sent by the visitors to *Sion*, earnestly solicited the confessor's '*paynes and patience*' for

their brethren. Their letter on this subject, preserved in the same valuable repository, breathes a fervent spirit of charity.

Andrew Board, another Carthusian monk, having discovered that his age was at variance with the rules of the order, and that the confined air of his cell was injurious to his health, quitted the habit and advised his brethren to submit to the king.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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ART. XI.—*Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza. By Charles Richard Vaughan, M.B. Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, and one of Dr. Ratcliffe's travelling Fellows from that University. Ridgway. 1809.*

THIS small performance is perhaps the most interesting which has appeared on the present agitated state of Spain. It is a plain, inartificial, and circumstantial summary of the siege of Zaragoza, which will be for ever renowned in the annals of valour and of patriotism. Had the whole of Spain, or only a large part of the towns and cities, been animated with the same determined spirit of resistance to the aggressions of the French, the same enthusiastic resolve to conquer or to die, which animated the single city of Zaragoza, the great Napoleon would, long ere this, have abandoned the design of imposing a king on the Spaniards, as a hopeless task. Had even Madrid made the same heroic defence, the strength of the army of Napoleon would have been wasted before its walls, and slaughtered in hecatombs in its streets. But none of the towns in Spain have evinced the same noble daring which has immortalized the capital of Arragon; and has caused the name of Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the place, to be enrolled among the most illustrious in history.

Dr. Vaughan tells us, in his preface, that in the summer of last year he made a long tour in Spain; and that, among other objects of curiosity, he visited the city of Zaragoza, where he was 'introduced to Don Joseph Palafox, at whose table he lived; and whom he twice accompanied as a volunteer to his army on the frontiers of Navarre.' Dr. Vaughan remained several weeks in the town of Zaragoza itself, where he made the most diligent enquiries into the particulars of the siege. Don Joseph Palafox is, we are told, 'the youngest of three brothers of one of the most distinguished families

in Arragon.' He had accompanied Ferdinand VII. to Bayonne, from whence he had escaped in the disguise of a peasant to his country-seat near Zaragoza. The inhabitants of Zaragoza and of the neighbouring villages had unanimously conferred on him the government of the place, on the deposition of the last captain-general of Arragon, Guiliamah, who had manifested a disposition to submit to the French.

Palafox is about thirty-four years of age, 'his person of middling stature; his eyes lively and expressive, and his whole deportment that of a perfectly well-bred man, accustomed to the best society.' Previous to the commencement of his command on the 25th of May, 1808, he had seen no actual service; and though he had been in the Spanish guards, he had little acquaintance with military affairs. At the perilous moment, when the city of Zaragoza determined to repel the aggressions of the French, its walls did not contain more than two hundred and sixty regular troops; and the public treasury of the province could not furnish a larger sum than twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence in English money. But PUBLIC SPIRIT alone, where it is general, ardent, and sincere, can furnish resources which exceed all common calculation; and can provide against exigencies and overcome difficulties which would be insuperable without this means of counteraction and assurance of triumph.

Early in the month of June the French sent eight thousand infantry, and nine hundred cavalry, from Pamplona against Zaragoza, before any plan of military organization for the defence of the place could be completed. This force was opposed by some armed peasantry in the neighbourhood of Tudela, on the 13th of June; the latter were, however, beaten by the enemy, when they retreated into the city of Zaragoza; and the French advanced within a very short distance of the town. On the 15th of June the French made a furious attack upon the place; but, after a most sanguinary conflict, the desperate valour of the Aragonese obliged them to retire. Soon after this event General Palafox left Zaragoza for a short time in order to procure reinforcements. He collected from twelve to fourteen hundred soldiers, who had escaped from Madrid, with whom he united a small division of militia. With this insignificant force he complied with the wish of his soldiers to give battle to the French; but that design was anticipated by the enemy, who, in the night, made a sudden attack on the Spaniards at Epila. The patriots were defeated after an obstinate resistance; and the remnant threw themselves into Zaragoza.

The French, who had received reinforcements of troops and artillery from Pamplona, had on the 28th of June, obtained possession of the Torrero, or some high ground which commands the city.

\* The neighbouring battery also, which had been entrusted to an artillery officer, and five hundred men, fell into their hands; the officer was declared a traitor to his country, for not having defended this important post as he ought to have done, and on his return into Zaragoza, was immediately hanged.

After the surrender of the Torrero, the city could communicate only with the country on the side of the Ebro.

During these operations, of the enemy, the Aragonese were busily employed in placing their town in the best possible state of defence that their slender resources would admit of. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before every gate, in the form of a battery, digging round each of them, a deep trench. They broke holes in the mud-walls, and intermediate buildings for musquetry, and sometimes, where the position was commanding, cannon were stationed; the houses in the environs of the city were pulled down, or burned: gardens, and olive grounds that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy. The exertions of the men were animated by women of every description, who formed themselves into parties for the relief of the wounded, and for carrying water, and provisions to the batteries at the gates, while their children were employed in conveying cartridges which had been made by the monks.

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About the last day of June, a powder magazine, a very strong building in the heart of the city of Zaragoza, blew up, and in a moment nearly a whole street was reduced to a heap of ruins; the inhabitants of Zaragoza had scarcely recovered from their consternation at this fatal, and irreparable loss, and from the labour of extricating their fellow-citizens from the ruins of their houses, when the French, who had received mortars, howitzers, and cannon (12 pounders, of sufficient calibre for the mud-walls of Zaragoza) opened a destructive fire upon the city. It has been estimated, that about 12 hundred shells and grenades fell in Zaragoza, which had not one building within it that was bomb-proof, nor had the inhabitants then taken the precaution of placing beams of timber together end-ways against the houses, behind which passengers might find shelter, whenever a shell should chance to fall near them.

The attack of the enemy seemed to be directed principally against the gate called *Portillo*, and the castle near it without the walls, and which is nothing more than a large, square building made use of as a prison, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The sand-bag bat-



tery before the gate of the Portillo, was gallantly defended by the Aragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carriage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. It was here, that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel; Augustina Zaragoza, about 22 years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of the people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo, at the very moment, when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens, and soldiers, for the moment, hesitated to remain at the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery man, and fired off a 26-pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege, and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. When the writer of these pages saw this heroine at Zaragoza, she had a small shield of honour embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with "Zaragoza." inscribed upon it, and was receiving a pension from the government and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

Above the city, the Ebro was fordable, below it, the French, in spite of the efforts of the Aragonese, had constructed a bridge on the 24th July. Having by these means transported their cavalry to the opposite bank of the river, they destroyed the mills which supplied the town with flour, levied contributions in the different villages, and thus cut off the only communication by which the besieged could receive any supplies either of provisions or ammunition. Every difficulty, however, which they hourly, nay momentarily experienced, served only to heighten the resentment of the people, and to call forth the resources of their active, and intelligent general. In this critical situation he caused corn-mills worked by horses, to be established in various parts of the city, and ordered the monks to be employed, under skilful directors, in manufacturing gunpowder. All the sulphur which the place afforded was put into immediate requisition, the earth of the streets was carefully washed in order to furnish saltpetre; and charcoal was made of the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grows to every unusual size; and on this simple foundation there has been formed since the siege a regular manufactory of gunpowder, which yields thirteen arrobas of Castile per day, or three hundred and twenty-five pounds of twelve ounces.

At the close of the month of July, the Aragonese found their city completely invested by the enemy. Their large population was now but scantily supplied with food, and had little or no hope of succour. By the unremitting exertions of forty-six days, their spirits were exhausted, and their bodily strength necessarily impaired.

ed. Without a single place of security for their sick and their children, they were in hourly expectation of another general attack, and a second more formidable bombardment; while their streets were filled with wounded, in consequence of daily skirmishes with the enemy, entered into in order to open a communication with the country. At this moment one desperate effort was made, though in vain, to recover the important position of the Torrero; after which, the Aragonese, convinced of the impossibility of making a sortie with effect, resolved to conquer or perish within the walls of their city.

On the 4th of August the splendid convent of the Santa Engracia was set on fire by the batteries of the enemy, who had made a breach by which they rushed into the city and penetrated to a street called the *Calle de Cozo*, in the centre of the town. The French were thus in possession of one-half of Zaragoza. The French general demanded the capitulation in the following note:

‘*Quartel General—Santa Engracia.  
La Capitulation.*’

The answer immediately returned was:

‘*Quartel General—Zaragoza.  
Guerra al Cuchillo.*’

PALAFOX.\*

‘We do not believe that the annals even of the Greeks or Romans furnish a trait of patriotic heroism superior to this.

‘One side of the street Cozo, the breadth of which is about equal to that of Pall Mall, was now occupied by the French, in the centre of which General Verdier was seen giving his orders from the Franciscan convent. The Aragonese maintained their positions on the opposite side, throwing up batteries at the openings of the streets, within a few paces of similar batteries of the French. The intervening space was soon heaped up with dead either thrown from the windows of the houses in which they had been slain, or killed in the conflicts below.

‘Nothing in the whole course of the siege more embarrassed Don Palafox than this enormous accumulation of the dead, and the apprehension of the contagious disorders which must infallibly result from it. To an Aragonese it was almost certain death to appear in the middle of the street, and the expedient resorted to was to push forward French prisoners with a rope attached to them amidst the dead and dying, to remove the bodies of their countrymen, and bring them inter burial. The office in which they were employed, and the pity of their own soldiers, secured them in general from any

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\* ‘*War*’ even ‘*to the knife*,’ which, like the short sword of the ancient Spaniards, is a terrible weapon in close combat.

annoyance, and by this expedient the evils arising from the horrible corruption of the dead was in some degree diminished. The principal season for attack in this singular species of warfare was the night; the French, and the Aragonese, under the cover of darkness frequently dashed across the street, and attacked each other's batteries with the most undaunted courage; the struggle began at the batteries, was often carried into the houses beyond, and the author of this narrative has often seen in every story of an house in the Calle de Cozo unequivocal marks of the madness and desperation with which such sort of contests must have been carried on. The batteries of the contending parties were so close to each other, that in one instance a Spaniard crept from his own side, and insinuating himself under the intermediate bodies of the dead, attached a rope to one of the French cannon; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Aragonese were deprived of their prize, at the very moment when they thought themselves secure of it.

On the 5th of August, when the French were expected to renew their efforts to obtain complete possession of the city, the Aragonese found their ammunition begin to fail; but even this circumstance created no dismay, nor did it suggest to any one the idea of capitulation. The only cry that assailed the ears of the gallant general, as he rode amongst the people was, that if ammunition failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives alone. At this awful crisis, just before the day closed, a convoy of provisions, and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon, unexpectedly made their entry into the city, under the command of the brother of the captain-general, Don Francisco Palafox.

A council of war that was held on the 8th, came to the following ever-memorable resolves,—“that those quarters of the city in which the Aragonese yet maintained themselves, should continue to be defended with the same firmness which had hitherto been so conspicuous; should the enemy at last prevail, the people were immediately to retire by the bridge over the Ebro into the suburbs, and having destroyed the bridge, to defend the suburbs till they perished.” This resolution of the general, and his officers was received by the people with the loudest acclamations.

For eleven successive days the most sanguinary conflict was continued from street to street from house to house, and from room to room, (the enraged populace always gaining by degrees upon the disciplined troops of the French,) until the space occupied by the enemy was gradually reduced to about one-eighth part of the city.

The spirit displayed by the men was seconded in the most admirable manner by the women of Zaragoza; the Countess Burrita, a lady of great rank in that country, formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions, and wine to the soldiers; many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Zaragoza, declare that they have frequently seen this

young, delicate, and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells : nor were they even able to perceive from the first moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose. The loss of women and boys during the siege was very great, and fully proportionate to that of men ; in fact, they were always the most forward ; and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent, and proper sense of their danger.

‘ During the night of the 14th of August, the French fire was particularly destructive, and when their batteries ceased, flames were observed to burst out in many parts of the buildings in their possession ; and on the morning of the 15th, to the great surprise of the Aragonese, their columns were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona. Their departure had probably been hastened by intelligence that the Junta of Valencia had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, destined to relieve the capital.’

Such is the account of this ever-memorable siege, as described in the clear and circumstantial narrative of Dr. Vaughan. If we can find any military events in antient or in modern history which can be compared with this in the patience, fortitude, and public spirit with which it was associated, we certainly cannot recollect any in which these great virtues were displayed in a manner more transcendantly worthy of universal admiration. The inhabitants of Zaragoza had to contend against an armed force not only superior in numbers but in military skill. They were destitute of almost every resource but that which valour and public spirit could supply ; while their enemies were amply furnished with every requisite of sustenance or aggression. The inhabitants of Zaragoza had not only to contend against the enemy, but against the agency of the strongest feelings and sympathies of the human heart ; which, if they had been suffered to gain the ascendant over the will, would have at once diminished their courage and their strength. They beheld their private property destroyed, their houses burned down, the fruits of the industry of years dissipated in a moment by the ravage of the invader ; their wives, children, and relations suffering under the accumulated pressure of hunger and the sword. But the enthusiasm of public spirit was so great as to absorb every other feeling, or to render it subservient to the generous impulses of liberty and of patriotism. Even the women and children partook largely of the determined sentiment of resistance to the imperious foe, of

the firm resolve to rescue the city from the French or to perish in the ruins. If this love of liberty and of independence, converted into a strong and overbearing passion, were thus capable of rendering one city invincible to the most potent and skilful enemy—what could not the same principle of counteraction to the designs of the French have effected, if it had been generally diffused? Why did not the Junta send proper persons, or take proper measures to kindle the same spirit in the other towns? The love of liberty, and the abhorrence of servitude, which inflamed the hearts and invigorated the hands of men, women, and children in Zaragoza, might have been imparted to the whole peninsula of Spain. These feelings themselves are of the most communicative and excitable kind. There is something in every heart, not totally rotten and depraved, from which they may be elicited, or into which they may be inspired. And, when once rendered general, they make an inconceivable accession to the physical strength and the ordinary resources of man. But the Junta, as we have remarked in another place, seemed afraid of kindling the enthusiastic flame of freedom; and though it shone with unparalleled effulgence within the walls of Zaragoza, yet only a few scattered scintillations of it were seen in the capital or in the other towns.

The inhabitants of Zaragoza, who have been but feebly seconded by their countrymen in other parts of Spain, will, perhaps, at last, and may ere this, be reduced by the overwhelming myriads of the enemy; but they have done enough to render their names immortal in history; and the capture of their city, whenever that event may take place, will bring tears of admiration and regret into the eyes of every man in the civilized world who hears the sad recital; and who can sympathize with all the nobler virtues which glow in the bosom of man, when his stern resolve is rather to die free than to live enslaved.

Dr. Vaughan has our best thanks for his simple and luminous narrative. We perused it with enthusiastic delight. It has all the interest of a romance arising out of the unvarnished truth of real history. Surely, the greater part of the money, which has been raised in this country for the relief of the Spanish patriots, ought to be sent to the inhabitants of Zaragoza, as a testimony of the homage which Britons feel for the unparalleled virtue and heroism which they displayed.

## CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

**Aug. 12.**—*The Christian Name. A Discourse addressed to the Congregation assembling in Mill-Hill Chapel, Leeds, on Sunday, October 30, 1808; on accepting the Pastoral Office in that Place. Published by particular Request. By Thomas Jervis. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1809.*

IN this sensible discourse, Mr. Jervis encourages his auditors to be contented with the simple name of CHRISTIAN; and not to seek to be designated nor to designate others by those sectarian appellations, which indicate the divisions of those who ought to constitute one body under one head, Jesus Christ; and which serve not only to prevent the benevolent concord of believers but to augment the stock of personal animosity.—In the present religious temperament of Christendom, it is hardly sufficient for a man to confess that he is a CHRISTIAN, without, at the same time, wearing the badge, or mouthing the creed of some particular sect or party in the Christian community.—If a man be questioned as to his faith, and he answers that he believes in Christ; this will hardly satisfy the inquirer, unless he be at the same time informed whether he be a Papist, a Lutheran, a Calvinist, or Armenian; an Athanasian, an Arian or Socinian.—In short, the majority of Christians have a troublesome sort of gossiping propensity to talk over their neighbour's creed, and to call names, when it differs from their own.—But to be a true Christian, a man should aspire to no other name;—he should not slip the shibboleth of a sect; for there is nothing sectarian in the doctrine of Christ. Christ ordered us to love one another without any reservation of individuals, or any exclusion on account of speculative differences.—If Christ were now upon earth, all sects would claim him as their own; but it is much to be doubted whether any one would receive his exclusive approbation.—“It were to be wished,” says the good and enlightened Mr. Jervis, “that by unanimous consent, we could at once forget the names of Calvinist and Arminian, of Athanasian and Unitarian. But if these terms cannot be suffered to fall into disuse, and to become obsolete; if, on account of the imperfection of language, they must be retained in order to facilitate the discussions, or to unfold the subtleties of polemical divinity—let us, at least, consider them as of no value, of no authority. As long as we use them, let us take care that we do not abuse them to the purposes of strife and contention, of prejudice, vain glory, or spiritual pride, the most odious, inconsistent and intolerable species of pride. “Endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,” let all nominal distinctions be abolished, save one—for “one is our master, even Christ.”

Let us, therefore, lay aside all other names by which his followers, at different periods have been solicitous to distinguish themselves ; and let us be content exclusively to bear his venerable name.

ART. 13.—*Two Sermons, preached on the first Day of January, 1809, at Hanover Street, Chapel ; and on the eighth of the same Month at Worship Street Chapel, London, By Joseph Nightingale, Author of a Portraiture of Methodism, &c. &c. Published by Request. Longman. 1809.*

OF these two sermons, the subject of the first is entitled "the effects of time on the condition of man," and the second, "grateful recollections of divine mercy and goodness." Mr. Nightingale, in his preface, says that, "*these sermons were written without the most distant view to publication, and are now printed in compliance with a request he knew not how to deny.*"—On a work thus circumstanced we should think ourselves uncharitable, if we were to exert the most rigid scrutiny of criticism.—Had Mr. Nightingale prepared his sermons for the press with more anxious care than he professes to have bestowed on the composition, it could not have been expected that he would have been able to throw any new light on subjects, which have been so often discussed or to give fresh cogency to truths which have been previously enforced by the reason, the learning, and the eloquence of such numerous divines. These two sermons of Mr. Nightingale are however, very respectable productions; and by no means detract from the moderation and good sense which are so conspicuous in his "*Portraiture of Methodism,*" which we noticed at length in the C. R. for August 1807.

ART. 14.—*Familiar Discourses upon the Apostles Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Litany. By a Dignitary of the Church, London. 8vo. 6s. 1809. Bickerstaff.*

OF this work the author tells us that "the contents have been addressed to a congregation consisting chiefly of the lower class," and designed only for their use. The writer adds that his wish is to "*promote Christian knowledge, to inform the ignorant, and to discharge a duty.*"—These sermons amount to fourteen, and the author has added a lecture on the form of supplication subjoined to the litany.—The doctrinal matter which is found in this volume, does not appear to us to contain one spice of what is termed heresy. It will of course be very acceptable to those who are reputed orthodox.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached on the 8th of February, 1809, being the Day appointed for a general Fast, at the Parish Church of Loughton, in Essex. By the Rev. Robert Baynes, LL.B. Curate. 1s. or 50 Copies for 40s. Longman. 1809.*

THE principal object of Mr. Baynes in this sermon is by a forcible and lively representation of the desolation and misery which would be the consequence of a foreign invasion, to impress the people with right notions of the interest which they have in resisting the

enemy, and in bearing with patience and with fortitude those sacrifices which the public exigencies may require.

## POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Flowers at Court.* By Mrs. Reeve. 2s. 6d. Baldwin. 1809.

AFTER having witnessed the gay doings, that have lately occurred among the birds, beasts and fishes, in the 'Peacock at home,' the 'Eagle's Masque,' 'the Lion's Masquerade' and 'the Fishes grand Gala,' we were not unprepared to hear that some of those parts of creation, which do not possess the locomotive faculty had been made the subject of some grand festival. The progeny of Flora from the richness and varied beauty of their attire are certainly well entitled to make their appearance at court. Perhaps some of our females will be anxious to know what dresses the ladies had on, and what colour seemed to be most in vogue. For this gratifying piece of information we must refer them to the work of Mrs. Reeve:

ART. 17.—*Miscellaneous Poetry,* by Thomas Green, Junior, of Liverpool. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1809.

THESE are said to be *juvenile essays*. The subjects are very miscellaneous; but we do not discover either in the imagery, the sentiment or the diction, any traces of genius which should induce us to encourage the author to persist in his poetical career. The following may serve as a specimen of the talents of Mr. Green:

*On the death of Mrs. Ward, of Leeds-street, Liverpool.*

'By heav'nly Sympathy's soft pow'r imprest,  
The muse essays, with fault'ring voice, to sing;  
Come, Consolation, aid the troubled breast,  
The spirits cheer, by grief intense oppress,  
Thy balm apply, reviving cordials bring;  
Though Death, stern tyrant, has an inroad made,  
And burst the tend'rest ties with rigorous hand,  
Let Resignation ev'ry soul pervade,  
"Thy will be done," dread Lord of sea and land.

'Yet far from you begone the horrid thought,  
Insensibility's dark shades to seek;  
Ah! no; for Nature feels each heart is fraught  
With keen distress, while tears bedew the cheek.  
But let not grief extreme your souls o'ercome:  
Reflect—to you this consolation's giv'n,  
Consigned the mortal to the silent tomb,  
Th' immortal finds eternal rest in heav'n.  
There join'd with cherubims, "a countless throng,"  
In bliss they sing, SALVATION is their song!



Full well I know your hearts are rent with pain ;  
 Your eyes with streaming torrents are surcharg'd ;  
 In vain we strive—Resistance is in vain—  
 And oft resistance has our woes enlarg'd.  
 To him the Great I AM, let all submit,  
 With filial awe fulfil his just command,  
 And humbled into dust beneath his feet,  
 Bless the Omnipotent JEHOVAH's hand.

' While here below life's thorny path you tread,  
 On you may ev'ry blessing e'er attend ;  
 And each, when life shall close, lay down his head  
 Secure in him, the vilest sinner's friend.  
 Freed from th' incumbrance of this house of clay,  
 To scenes of joy extatic soar away,  
 And live for ever in eternal day.'

## NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Theodore and Blanche ; or the Victims of Love. From the French of Madame Cottin. 2 Vols. 9s. S. Tipper. 1809.*

THE title of this novel speaks for itself, and prepares the reader for a tale of sorrow and distress. We have not read it in French, but, from the former publications of this ingenious lady we have every reason to believe that she has not lost any portion of her well-earned fame in this style of writing.

Blanche de St. Aubin, who is just emancipated from a convent, is the only daughter of the Marquis de St. Aubin, an haughty and obdurate nobleman, who resolves to sacrifice every thing for his only son in the true spirit of the feudal system. Theodore is the son of a gentleman lately dead, who was a respectable agriculturist, and a cousin of Blanche's intimate friend and fellow-pensioner in the same convent. Blanche and Theodore soon become most violently and faithfully enamoured of each other. The mother of Blanche sensible of the merits of the youth, and of the love of her daughter, advises him to go into the army, and deserve the object of his passion by acquiring honour and distinction in his profession. Theodore obtains a vacancy in the regiment of which Blanche's brother is colonel, and receives from him every kind and friendly attention. Theodore, when riding out with his colonel saves his life ; this circumstance unites the bands of friendship still more closely, and Theodore is as happy as an enthusiastic lover can well be during his absence from the woman whom he loves. In the mean time the mother of Blanche dies ; and the Marquis insists on his daughter marrying the Count de St. Pierre, a powerful Norman baron, who is portrayed as every thing that is ugly in person, and unamiable in mind ; Blanche refuses ; her brother is informed of her attachment to Theodore ; and enraged at the obstacle, which it presented to his ambition, he in-

suits Theodore, regardless of their former friendship and of all anterior obligations. The colonel, not satisfied with his first insults, upbraids and affronts him on the parade before the officers and men. Theodore demands satisfaction; they fight; Theodore is severely wounded; and soon after dismissed the regiment for sending a challenge to his superior officer. The Marquis, finding his threats and entreaties of no avail to induce Blanche to marry the Count de St. Pierre, bids her prepare either to attend him to the altar as a bride, or to return to the cloister from which she is never to emerge. She chooses the latter with cheerfulness, and takes the vows!—For a few days, she fancied that she could forget the world, forget her love, and her Theodore; but a settled despair soon takes possession of the unfortunate girl; and she dies in the convent of a fever brought on by the agony of her mind. The concluding passage of the translation says,

‘Love had taken such violent and unbounded possession of the mind of Theodore; that he was insensible to the cares and consolations of friendship. Incessantly haunted by the image of his adored mistress, and a prey to the most heart-rending grief, his health gradually declined, and he only survived Blanche a few months, as we learn from the inscription placed over the simple monument erected to his memory by his friend.’ This story is written in letters from Blanche to her friend Julia; and Theodore to Julia’s husband, Monsieur de Valcourt.

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 19.**—*Observations on an eruptive Disease, which has lately occurred in the Town of Sherborne, Dorset, after Vaccination. In a Letter to a Friend. By Richard Paw, M.D. of Sherborne, Member of the Royal Medical and other Societies, Edinburgh.* Longman.

DR. PAW says, that seven or eight cases of an eruptive disease, resembling small pox, have lately occurred in Sherborne, but that in the worst of these cases, the indisposition was so slight that the child was not confined to bed, nor even to the house for a single day. Instances are not rare in which individuals, who have been inoculated with the small pox, have afterwards been indisposed in a similar manner, by cohabitation with persons labouring under variolous infection. Though previous vaccination may not, in all cases, render the system insensible to the deleterious agency of variolous matter, yet it always renders the disease more mild, so mild indeed as hardly to deserve the name. When the few and trivial evils, which in the great average of instances are subsequent to the vaccine, are compared with those which are incident to the variolous inoculation, a balance will appear in favour of the vaccine practice, which every rational lover of his family and his species will think sufficient to give it a decided preference. Even, according to the anti-vaccinists, ninety-nine instances of vaccination out of an hundred are not attended with any subsequent disorder. How many

persons gladly engage in what is called the *state lottery*, with as many chances against them, as vaccination exhibits in their favour! And yet, in this instance, prejudice, ignorance, or the misrepresentations of interested impostors, prevent numbers from having recourse to a safe, and at least highly probable preventive of the most loathsome disease with which humanity can be afflicted.

Dr. Pew has placed the argument in favour of vaccination in a very clear point of view; and his remarks are well worthy of extensive circulation.

ART. 20.—*An expository Letter to Dr. Moseley, on his Review of the Report of the London College of Physicians on Vaccination.*

THE anti-vaccine scurrilities of Dr. Moseley are hardly worthy a reply. The present writer has not, however, condescended to exchange abuse with his opponent. His production is that of a scholar and a gentleman. Indeed we believe that it will be universally allowed that the vaccinists are beyond all parallel superior to their adversaries in learning, good humour, and urbanity. When we see two men disputing, the one of whom employs no weapons but those of candour and of argument, and the other none but those of ribaldry and invective, it is not difficult for the unprejudiced spectator to determine on which side the truth lies. The merits of vaccination will bear any test; but one which deserves considerable attention; will be found in the *conduct of its opponents.*

## POLITICS.

ART. 21.—*The candid Appeal to the British Public of John Buffa, M.D. late Physician to the Army Depot, Isle of Wight, containing his Remonstrances to his Royal Highness Field-Marshal the Duke of York; and subsequent Correspondence with Persons composing the Army Medical Board; giving a minute and circumstantial Detail of all the Abuses and Peculations in that Depot Hospital, which appeared at a secret Investigation, held by Mr. Knight, the Inspector and Comptroller-general of the Army Hospital in the Month of June, 1805, with Addenda and Notes explanatory of some important Facts, &c. &c. 2s. 6d. Dickson, Newgate-Street. 1808.*

THE particulars of this case, as far as they can be collected from the narrative of the author, which is rather intricate, are the following: In 1793 the author formed a part of the medical staff to the British army at Toulon. He was apothecary to the general hospital. On the evacuation of Toulon he accompanied the sick and wounded to Gibraltar; and afterwards rejoined the British forces in Corsica. In 1795 he was strongly recommended by lord Minto, to the patronage of lord Melville, through whose interest he became surgeon to the 27th regiment of foot then stationed in upper Canada. In the latter end of 1799 the author proceeded with the same corps to Halifax in Nova Scotia. Here the duke of Kent was pleased to appoint him assistant inspector of hospitals, and director

of the medical department in North America. In Novr. 1800, he returned to England to solicit a confirmation of these appointments, when 'on application to the surgeon-general (Mr. Keate) he informed him that he could not be confirmed in that situation, but if he conceived himself *strong enough* to stand an examination by a special board of physicians, and was by them found and reported duly qualified, he should be appointed physician to his Majesty's forces.'

He acceded to the proposal, passed through the required examination, and was appointed physician to the forces, when he proceeded to Portsmouth to join the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. In Egypt Dr. Buffa lost his wife, and one of his children by the plague, and was himself seized with the ophthalmy, which long endangered his sight. In 1803, he was made physician to the hospital at Chatham; but he was no sooner settled at that place than he was required by Mr. Keate to exchange that situation for one in the army depôt in the Isle of Wight. To this exchange he consented much against his inclination. When Dr. Buffa had been but a short time in the Isle of Wight he tells us that he was informed by Mr. Powell, the acting apothecary, of numerous delinquencies which were practised in the management of the hospital. Mr. Powell said that he would only inform Dr. Buffa of what was publicly known to all his colleagues, and of what he had himself been an eye-witness, that casks of smuggled claret were admitted into the king's stores and appropriated by the principal medical officer and others to their own use; that candles, soap, sugar, tea, port-wine, porter, meat, and bread, were surreptitiously taken from the hospital stores; that 'the principal medical officer and acting purveyor received a valuable consideration from the butcher, who supplied the hospital with meat, which was the reason why the meat was so bad,' and why so many complaints respecting it were made in vain.

In Feb. 1805, Dr. Buffa states that an anonymous letter which he ascribes to Major Gray of the army depôt, was sent to Mr. Pitt exhibiting a circumstantial detail of the various abuses that existed in the hospital; that this letter was transmitted to the army medical board; and that without any attempt whatever being made to discover the real author, it was immediately ascribed to the author of this Appeal. He was accordingly ordered to the West Indies; but on obtaining a certificate from Mr. Phipps, the oculist, respecting his sight, he was ordered back to the Isle of Wight. On his return he was informed, as he states, by Messrs Stewart, Harris, and Powell, medical officers of the hospital, "that certain quantities of meat were charged to the public, and inserted in the diet table, for weekly expenditure, approved and signed by the principal medical officer, which had never been issued to the sick to make up deficiencies in that article;"—"that assistant-surgeon Morton had reported to Mr. Stewart, that hospital blankets had been seen in a shop or shops in Newport which Mr. Stewart reported to the head of the department and of which no notice was taken."

Dr. Buffa says that being again urgently importuned by Major Gray, to report these diversified mal-practices, he at last agreed, with the approbation of Messrs. Stewart, Harris, and Powell, to unfold the whole scene of iniquity in a private letter to Mr. Keate, the surgeon-general. Mr. Knight was privately sent soon after this to enquire into the abuses above-mentioned. Dr. Buffa says that he produced to Mr. Knight a copy of the letter which he had written to Mr. Keate, all the particulars of which were confirmed by Mr. Powell. Gen. Whitelock was the next person sent to inquire into the state of the hospital; but Dr. Buffa undertakes to prove that the said general asserted that he came down with the express purpose of supporting the principal medical officer through thick and thin, and to oppress Dr. Buffa and Major Gray."—After this Dr. Buffa adds that without any public inquiry being made, or without any trial by a court martial, he was superseded in his employment as physician to the army depot; that he was consequently suspended in his professional functions and reduced to half-pay. This appears the condensed substance of his Appeal. We thought that it was our duty to him and to the public to state the particulars of the case, as they appear on the present record, with perfect impartiality; but the reader will remember that we have yet heard only one side of the question; and that the assertions of Dr. Buffa may be refuted by evidence on the other side. It cannot be expected that any individual, in representing his own grievances, should not often extenuate, alter, or omit what makes against himself, and exaggerate, embellish or invent what makes against his opponents. In all questions either of public or of private scandal "*audi alteram partem*," is a maxim which should never be relinquished; and before we have heard the other side, it is wrong to condemn or to censure any individual.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Ann. 22.—*A History of France from the Commencement of the Reign of Clovis, in 481, to the Peace of Campo Formio, in October 1797; after the Manner of the History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.* Darton and Harvey, 1809.

A WORK of this kind which favours the indolent studiousness of the masters and misses of the present day, will probably experience an extensive circulation. The execution is not however equal to that of the history of England on a similar plan, which the author professes to have made his model. The narrative is less free and animated, and the remarks less penetrating and judicious. The style is in general clear and unaffected; the facts are well selected, and the dates are carefully given in every page. This certainly adds to the value of the performance. The author tells us that he has uniformly consulted the best authorities within his reach. We have observed that some of the sentences are too much crowded with a

multiplicity of details which distract the attention and perplex the narrative. Some defects of language also occur, but these are minor considerations; it would however be right to attend to them in a second edition.

ART. 23.—*The Cambrian Traveller's Guide, and Pocket Companion; containing the collected Information of the most popular and authentic Writers, relating to the Principality of Wales, and Parts of the adjoining Counties; augmented by considerable Additions, the Result of various Excursions; comprehending Histories and Descriptions of the Cities, Towns, Villages, Castles, Mansions, Palaces, Abbeys, Churches, Inns, Mountains, Rocks, Waterfalls, Ferries, Bridges, Passes, &c. &c. arranged in alphabetic Order; also Descriptions of what is remarkable in the intermediate Spaces, as solitary Houses, Forts, Encampments, Walls, ancient Roads, Caverns, Rivers, Aqueducts, Lakes, Forests, Woods, Fields of Battle, Islets, Cromlechs, Sarneths, Tumuli, Pillars, Druidic Circles, Works of Iron, Tin, Copper, &c. The Roads are described, the Distance given, and the distinct Routes of Aikin, Barber, Bingley, Case, Donovan, Evans, Hutton, Malkin, Pennant, Skrine, Warner and Wyndham, are preserved. The whole interspersed with historic and biographic Notices, with Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy; and with Remarks on the Commerce, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Symonds. 1808.*

THE descriptive fullness of the title seems to preclude the necessity of criticism; but we can safely recommend the work as a cheap, useful, and entertaining guide to those who make the Cambrian Tour.

ART. 24.—*Mentorian Lectures on sacred and moral Subjects; adapted to the Comprehension of Juvenile Readers; to which are added some original Miscellaneous Poems. By Ann Murry. Longman. 1808.*

THESE lectures are on the following subjects; on mental Cultivation; on moral Excellence; on what is usually called Taste; On Sublimity; on the Sublimity and Beauty of the Scripture; on the Sublimity of the Prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel; on the minor Prophets, and the holy Land; on the New Testament, with observations on the Gospel.

There is not in these lectures much new instruction nor any amusement for the juvenile mind, and to others a little more advanced in years they present nothing but common-place details and insipid observations, which have been made over and over again, and which any person of ordinary capacity, with a few books before him, might compose with the greatest facility. On the poetical portion of this performance we can bestow no praise. We have, to be sure, a variety; such as, odes to resignation, to the sea at Brighton, to solitude, and contentment. Then we have epitaphs and extempore lines on various subjects, stanzas during a storm in winter, lines on the view of the down at Brighton; reflections on the Steyns, and lines on Divine Providence. Whatever merit Mrs. Murry may have acquired as a writer of prose, poetry is certainly not her fort.

ART. 25.—*Thoughts upon the present Condition of the Stage, and upon the Construction of a new Theatre.* 8vo. Clarke, Bond Street. 1808.

THESE Thoughts are the production of a reflective and sensible man, and deserve the serious attention of those who study the means of rendering dramatic exhibitions of the most extensive public benefit. Our author very properly remarks, that our two theatres are both too large, not for the receipt at the door but for the gratification of the eye and ear, two members of the human body that formerly were a little more consulted by the constructors of playhouses. 'There are few places in which any change of countenance of the actor can be observed, or where the human voice can force its way; and from this arises that decline so notorious both in tragic writers and in the tragic actors. What man of genius can be induced to produce a tragic poem, when more than half of the verse is to be intombed in the performer's stomach, in order to allow him breath and strength to roar out a concluding hemistich? What actor can arrive at perfection, when he perceives a sleepy kind of indifference pervade the whole audience, who contentedly pay their money for seeing little, and hearing nothing? This accounts for what appears to be a most vitiated taste of the public in the endurance of those childish pantomimes, Blue Beard, &c. on the very boards where Shakespear and Otway once stormed the human heart. But this in fact is not such a sign of perverted taste as it is of a prudent toleration of Blue Beards, kettle drums, or the distant view of the big-bellied virgins of the sun; for if the manager did not provide these he could give the audience nothing.

A graver evil also is caused by the outrageous size of the playhouse. With nothing to fix the attention or touch the feelings of the generality of those who frequent the theatre, the constant and indecent interruptions from ladies of easy virtue, and their paragonisms, are not resented as they ought to be, or as they would be; could we suppose Garrick and Mrs. Cibber rising from the dead; again to charm us, and treading a stage of reasonable dimensions, and on which their powers could be understood and appreciated. Should the internal part of the theatre have attractions to keep those who pay at the door, in their places, the lobbies would not be filled with profligates of distinction, familiarizing the yet uncorrupted and modest to scenes of such meretricious impudence, hardly exaggerated by Hogarth in the supper in his *Rake's Progress*. What parent can conduct his wife and daughters through this sty without trembling with the fear, that, though those sights are to them shocking and horrible to-day, they may not be so to-morrow? An audience that went to the play to hear and see, would quickly interfere with these orgies.'

The author afterwards expatiates with great cogency and truth on the evils and inconveniences of having the theatre spread over so large an area that the voice of the actors can only faintly be heard and the features of the face only indistinctly seen. In the vast area of modern Drury, the wonderful variation of countenance which showed that

Garrick was really agitated by the emotions of the character presented, would be totally unperceived by the larger part of the audience. He would in vain exhibit the mad look of Lear or the fears and rage of Macbeth. The sublimest effort of dramatic representation is to exhibit the progress and agency of the passions on the countenance. In this Garrick excelled all the actors of his time; and in this excellence the exorbitant dimensions of our modern theatres will prevent him from ever having a rival. The author adds some useful observations on the best mode of constructing a new theatre, with respect to the pleasure and security of the audience.

ART. 26.—*An analytical Abridgment of Locke's Essays concerning Human Understanding.* 12mo. pp. 307. Lunn 1808.

WE hold all abridgments to be profitable for the scholar—to make, as a means of arranging, generalising and retaining what he reads; but merely to read abridgments, without having previously perused the larger works, from which they are made, is, we think, a very unprofitable occupation. Abridgments promise to render the way to knowledge easy and expeditious; but, in fact, their principal effect is to render the mind indolent and inactive, and to starve while they profess to enlarge the stock of ideas and the supply of erudition. The path to *real knowledge* will, notwithstanding all the puny attempts of sciolists to render it otherwise, be both in the beginning and in the progress, rugged, steep, and difficult, requiring much attention and much toil, much intellectual vigilance and persevering exertion to overcome. If abridgments be read by any, we should not by any means recommend them to be read by juvenile students, for they ought to make them for themselves; but it seems to be chiefly for the young, that abridgments are designed. A person, who is more advanced in life, may often advantageously consult an abridgment in order to refresh his memory or to obtain a summary and general view of facts and principles into which some larger work, which he has formerly perused, may be resolved. Till the mind is well stored with ideas, and the thinking principle has taken a wide and extensive range through the material and moral world, (and this can be effected only by much reading, profound reflection and comprehensive observation) all epitomes of science can serve only to contract the powers of the mind and to render it a poor, shrivelled, and sterile thing. He, who attentively peruses Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and digests and analyses it in his own mind as he proceeds, will derive more intellectual improvement from the task than from the reiterated perusal of this or of any other abridgment of the work till he could repeat the whole by rote. There are two modes of intellectual exertion which should be constantly conjoined, synthesis and analysis, or analysis, and synthesis. But the reading abridgments is favourable neither to the one nor to the other of these methods of mental cul-



ture, and exertion. For how to any useful purpose, can we epitomize an epitome? No activity of mind is requisite to make an analysis of that which has been already analysed. And it must be a very superfluous effort to attempt to recompose that which we have not previously decomposed. He who should have no other knowledge of the human frame than what he could obtain by inspecting the bones of a skeleton, would never know any thing of the real nature, the physical or moral economy of man; and, with respect to the healthy or diseased state of the body he would understand as little as if he had been born without sight or touch. With respect to knowledge, he is not in a much more favourable predicament who has learned all the little which he knows from the *bare bones* of an epitome. We have no fault to find with the execution of the present work, which seems to be carefully performed; but, for the reasons which we have assigned, we think it not only superfluous, but, highly pernicious to the juvenile student; and we never wish to see this nor any other abridgment introduced to foster the idleness or to relax the industry of the undergraduates in either of our universities.

ART. 27.—*An Address to the Public upon the dangerous Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary; with Hints relative to the best Means of lessening the Sum of Prostitution. By William Hale. 8vo. 1s. Corder, 1809*

THIS writer argues that the institution of the London Female Penitentiary tends rather to increase than to diminish the sum of prostitution. He says that it is an institution which “*opens wide its doors for the reception of the most abandoned prostitutes, whenever they choose to go in; and that, not only without the least prospect of punishment, but with the actual promise of rewards, (if they behave well) such as virtuous female servants too seldom have reason to expect.*” Whatever we may think of the theological tenets of those who conduct the institution, we cannot agree with the present writer, that it will encourage prostitution, any more than an hospital encourages people to catch fevers or to break their limbs.—When a female first deviates from the path of virtue she little thinks of being obliged to seek an asylum in the London Penitentiary. Present pleasure is her object; and she thinks not of the future pain.—Her hopes are excited and she dreads not disappointment. But when the palled appetite sickens in disgust, when she, who was an object of passionate fondness, is loathed with cold disdain, when admiration and flattery cease, and contempt and scorn are substituted in their place; when she is assailed at once by neglect, by poverty, and disease, who would not wish that the doors of this or of some benevolent asylum might be open to receive this forlorn and anguished destitute? Mr. Hale will perhaps say that the wretched female ought not to be admitted without punishment. But has not her deflection from virtue inflicted its own punishment? Can Mr. Hale consider her wretchedness and talk of impunity? Can he look into her heart, and say

that the pangs which she has experienced are no punishment?—It will be said that this penitentiary admits the frail victims of unlawful desire, without first ascertaining the exact state of their demerit or their penitence, or having reasonable ground to expect their reformation. But true charity does not enter into the niceties of calculation. The sight of misery is sufficient to prompt to the relief. Its object is to mitigate pain and to alleviate want, and though it neglects not moral considerations, yet even these are not suffered to paralyse the arm that is raised to succour the wretched and the indigent.—The miseries of life even when they are the associates of vice, ought to be the objects of indifference, and they certainly need not the aggravations of hard-heartedness. We all allow that prostitution is a vice, but it is a vice of which beneficence will most joyfully mitigate the suffering. Nor are the victims of any vice greater objects of compassion; we are therefore inclined to think that the present author is a little too inconsiderate in his attack on the London Penitentiary.—Even granting that many will gain admission, who are not objects of the charity, whose penitence is affected, or whose reformation is hopeless, still the intent of the charity is the same; and those who contribute to its support, ought certainly not to be censured for its involuntary abuse.—They do not increase the sum of prostitution. That vice would hardly be less than it is, if there were neither Penitentiaries nor Magdalens; but such institutions do always afford at least temporary relief, and they often produce permanent reformation.—If they relieve want or mitigate suffering in every instance, and if they reform in only one case out of ten, or even a hundred, still the institution is laudable; and we should be sorry to see the encouragement withheld which it has hitherto received.

*Ans. 26.—The Angler's Manual; or concise Lessons of Experience which the Proficient in the delightful Recreation of Angling will not despise, and the Learner will find the Advantage of practising; containing useful Instructions on every approved Method of Angling, and particularly on the Management of the Hand and Rod in each Method. Embellished with twelve Plates of Fish, Fishing, Baits, and Tackle, designed and etched by S. Howitt. Bagster, Strand. 1809.*

THIS little work appears to contain very plain and concise instructions; the remarks on baits and the proper method of throwing the line are very clear, particularly on the dead bait, which requires much nicety of management in order to make it appear to the finny victims as if it were alive. The author much recommends the multiplying wheel, as you may wind up your line in proper time to prevent the fish from running in upon you: 'an artifice,' he tells us is very 'common and which they frequently practise.' He also recommends the hook which is fixed exactly even like the Carlisle or Irish, instead of the one with the shank bent a little to one side, the straight hook holding the fish with greater certainty. The first plate represents a number of baits, and explains the use and the management of each. His recommendation of the landing net with the briar-crescent is equally

good, as it is lighter to carry and quite as strong as the iron. The second plate describes the fish-pannier; the minnow baited, iron crescent, for landing-net, cad-bait baited, &c. &c. are very clearly and distinctly described. Trout-fishing is divided into four different modes, viz. the worm, the minnow, the cad-bait and fly-fishing. Speaking of salmon fishing, which does not vary from the large trout-fishing, the author says that—

The angler must be admonished, that whenever he has hooked a heavy fish, never to suffer his rod to incline forwards, but to keep the top as perpendicular to the butt as possible; by which means his wheel line will run out more freely, and with less danger of interruption, and the weight and strength of the fish will be exerted against the elasticity of the rod; thereby easing the line, the hook, and the hold you have of his mouth. And indeed should you be fishing without a wheel and not keep your rod upright when you have hooked a good fish, you may depend on his running instantly to the end of your line, and as certainly on his regaining his liberty by one violent effort.

His remarks on pike-fishing are equally correct.

In trolling or snapping your dead bait must not be suffered to lie still in the water. Let it be dropped in as lightly as you can, and permitted to sink a little; then gently raised, then allowed to sink lower, now drawn a little this way, now that, and, by short and gentle jerks, kept in continual motion, to imitate that of a living fish.

Some of the other remarks are taken from Walton's and Cotton's Complete Angler, with notes by Hawkins, which the author much recommends. The lovers of angling will be pleased with, and receive many useful hints from this little work. The plates are extremely well executed and the subjects are well chosen.

*List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.*

Paley's Sermons.

Memoirs of Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.

Cælebs in Search of a Wife.

Comber on National Subsistence.

The Fisher Boy, a Poem.

Sir Richard Phillips's Letter to the Livery of London.

Wyvill on Intolerance.

Philosophical Transactions, Part II. concluded.

Sir John Carr's Caledonian Sketches.

Miss Owenson's Ida of Athens.

## ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

*Of Books published in February, 1809.*

**AIKIN**—The Annual Review for the Year 1808. Edited by Arthur Aikin. Royal 8vo. 21s.

**Bath**—Rebellion in Bath, or, the Battle of the Upper Rooms: a Poem in two Cantos. 4to. 5s.

**Blacket**—The Times: an Ode at the Commencement of the Year 1809. By Joseph Blacket. 1s.

**Brazil**—The Brazil Pilot; or, a Description of the Coast of Brazil. Translated from the Portuguese of Manuel Pimentel. 4to. 21s.

**Catholic Bishops**—Six Letters on the Subject of Dr. Milner's Explanation relating to the Proposal made in the last Session of Parliament for admitting the King's Veto in the Election of Roman Catholic Bishops. 3s.

**Chambers**—An Introduction to Arithmetic, in which the four principal Rules are illustrated by a variety of Questions. By R. Chambers. 1s. 6d.

**Corinna in England**, and a Heroine in the Shade. A modern Romance. 2 vols. 8s.

**Cumberland**—The London Review, conducted by Richard Cumberland, Esq. No. I. 5s.

**Day**—Critical Examination of the Act of 6th of George I. relating to unlawful and unwarrantable Projects, demonstrating that the present Joint Stock Companies are neither within the Letter nor Spirit of that Act. By H. Day. 1s.

**Elton**—The Remains of Hesiod, the Ascræan. Translated from the Greek into English Verse. With a preliminary Dissertation and Notes. By C. A. Elton. Small 8vo. 12s.

**Flower**—Abolition of Tithes recommended, in which the Increasing and unjust Claims of the Clergy are fully examined and disputed. By B. Flower. 1s. 6d.

**France**—A History of France from the Reign of Clovis to the Peace of Campo Formio, 1797. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

**Gilpin**—Observations on several Parts of the Counties of Cambridge,

Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; also, on several Parts of North Wales; relative chiefly to picturesque Beauty; in two Tours, the former made in the Year 1769, and the latter in 1773. By the late Wm. Gilpin, A.M. 18s.

**Godwin**—An Essay on Sepulchres, or a Proposal for erecting some Memorial of the illustrious Dead in all Ages, on the Spot where their Remains have been interred. By Wm. Godwin. 8vo. 4s.

**Gardiner**—A Sermon on the Duties of public Worship, preached at Bath. By J. Gardiner, D.D. 1s. 6d.

**Gartside**—Ornamental Groups, descriptive of Flowers, Birds, Shells, and Insects. By M. Gartside. No. I. Imperial folio. 3s. 6d.

**Gassiot**—Grammar and Analysis of the Spanish Language simplified and reduced to tabular form. By M. Gassiot. 5s.

**Gilpin**—A Monument of Parental Affection to a dear and only Son. By J. Gilpin. 3s. 6d.

**Hague**—A Letter to the Right Hon. S. Perceval, being a Statement of the Conduct of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex towards Mr. Hague, and of the Causes that led to the Prosecution of Mr. Woodfall. By T. Hague. 2s.

**Hill**—The Forest of Comalva; a Novel, containing Sketches of Portugal, Spain, and Part of France. By Miss Hill. 2 vols. 15s.

**Hints to the Public and the Legislature**, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. Part III. By a Barrister. 4s. 6d.

**Hort**—The New Pantheism; or, an Introduction to the Mythology of the Ancients, in Question and Answer. By W. J. Hort. 18mo. 4s.

**Impartial Considerations** on the various Prosecutions commenced by the Attorney-General, for Libels on his Majesty, and the Dukes of York and Sussex, &c. 3s.

**Isaacs**—Ella St. Lawrence, or the

Village of Selwood. By Mrs. Isaacs. 4 vols. 22s.

Kentish—The Simplicity of Christian Doctrine; a Sermon preached at Dudley. By John Kentish.

Kidd—Outlines of Mineralogy. By J. Kidd, M.D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Kotzebue—Leontina. By Augustus Von Kotzebue. 3 vols. 15s.

Lathom—London; or, Truth without Treason. By F. Lathom, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo. 22s.

Letters from a Member of Parliament to his Friend in the Country. 2s. 6d.

Molina—The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. By the Abbe Molina. 2 vols. 8vo.

Newenham—A View of the Natural, Political, and Commercial Circumstances of Ireland. By Thomas Newenham, Esq. 4to, with a Map. 27s.

Palmer—Debates in both Houses of Parliament, in May and June, 1808, concerning Mr. Palmer's Agreement relative to the Post Office. 8vo. 5s.

Peithmann—A Refutation of P. F. M'Alum's Remarks on the Royal Military College. By Lewis Theophilus Peithmann. 2s.

Perry—Philosophy for Youth; or, Scientific Tutor. By Wm. Perry. 12mo. 3s.

Poems for Youth; adapted for Juvenile Readers, on sacred and moral Subjects. 1s. 6d.

Porter—Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, made during a Residence in those Countries, in the Years 1806, 1807, and 1808. By Robert Porter, R.S.J. Royal 4to, with 41 Plates. 5l. 5s.

Portugal—The Whole of the Proceedings of the Board of Enquiry relative to the Campaign in Portugal. By Authority. 12s.

Public Characters of 1809-10. 8vo. 10s.

Reflections on the State and Conduct

of Public Affairs at the Commencement of 1809. 2s.

Rowe—*Scintilla Juris*; or, an Argument in Support of the Doctrine generally discussed under that Title, against the Reasoning of the late Mr. Fearne, Mr. Sugden, &c. By W. H. Rowe, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

Shaw—A Sermon preached before the Grateful Society, in All Saints' Church, Bristol. By the Rev. W. Shaw, D.D. 1s.

Simmons—Cases and Observations on Lithotomy, including Hints for the more ready and safe Performance of the Operation. By W. Simmons, Surgeon. 1s. 6d.

Society of Arts—Transactions of the Society of Arts, &c. for the year 1808, vol. XXVI. with an Analytical Index to the first 25 Volumes. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Spain—Three Letters written in Spain to Don Francisco Riguelme, on the Means of supplying an adequate Force of Cavalry, &c. 2s. 6d.

Stocks—An Attempt to ascertain a Theory for determining the Value of Funded Property. 2s. 6d.

Tales of the Manor. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Tarantula, (The) or, Dance of Devils. 2 vols. 12s.

Thoughts on Libels, and an impartial Inquiry into the present State of the British Army. 2s. 6d.

Vaughan—Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza. By Charles R. Vaughan, M.B. 2s. 6d.

Wennington—Lectures of a Preceptor to his Pupils, in a Series of Tales, for the Instruction of Youth. By W. Wennington. 3s. 6d.

West—The Mother, a Poem, in five Books. By Mrs. West. 12mo. 7s.

Whitaker—De Motu per Britanniam Civico Annis MDCCXVI et MDCCXLV. Liber unicus. Auctore T. D. Whitaker, LL.D. SS. A. 12mo. 6s.

Woodthorpe—The Hour of Two. By Augusta Woodthorpe. 2 vols. 12s. 6d.

## TO THE READER.

After the first sheet in the last Number had been revised by the Editor, the form was turned by the negligence of the pressmen, and of course the whole order of pages was thrown into confusion. In order to repair this mortifying mistake, the whole sheet has been reprinted, and is stitched up with the present number.

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD,

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Vol. XVI.

MARCH, 1809.

No. III.

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ART. I.—*Sermons on several Subjects, by the late Rev. William Paley, D.D. Subdean of Lincoln, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Bishop-Wearmouth. Second Edition. 8vo. Longman.*

DR. Paley says in the codicil to his will, that 'if his life had been spared, he had intended to have printed at Sunderland a volume of sermons,—about 500 copies; and had proceeded so far in the design as to have transcribed several sermons for that purpose.' The other sermons in this collection were transcribed from a parcel mentioned in the same codicil, but which, according to the author's own confession, were left in an unfinished state. The codicil then directs that a selection of these discourses should be printed by the Rev. Mr. Stephenson at the expence of the executors to the will, and should be distributed in the neighbourhood of Bishop-Wearmouth:

'First to those who frequented church, then to farmers families in the country, then to such as had a person in the family who could read, and were likely to read them; and finally,' Dr. Paley, consulting probably his literary fame, and his theological consistency, added 'I WOULD NOT HAVE THE SAME SERMONS PUBLISHED FOR SALE.'

But the executors have since thought it right to deviate from this clause in the will, and to publish the sermons contrary to the express injunctions of the testator, in order as is 'professed, to prevent a surreptitious sale. But were there no other means of preventing a surreptitious sale than by violating the will of Dr. Paley? Did not the Doctor himself, when he directed that his sermons should be distributed only among his parishioners at Bishop-Wearmouth, foresee that some of those copies might, by loan, by sale or stealth, by accident, or design, find their way into a more extensive circulation?

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But a vigorous conduct on the part of the executors might as easily have prevented the surreptitious sale of this work as an author can prevent the surreptitious publication of any of his works. If Dr. Paley had lived to have copied and revised these sermons himself, it appears from the codicil to his will that he did not, *in that case*, intend to print more than 500 copies for private distribution. But the Doctor had transcribed only a few of these sermons before his death, and many of those which are found in this collection, were left in a very unfinished state. This rendered him unwilling that they should have any thing more than a circumscribed circulation among those before whom they were preached. It appears therefore to have been the duty of the executors most rigidly to have complied with the intentions of the testator; and not to have distributed a copy more than he had ordered by his will; and, at any rate, not to have sanctioned the public sale. The executors should have considered that Dr. Paley himself thought these sermons unfit for the public eye, that they are more likely to diminish than to augment his literary fame, and that some of the doctrines which he espoused in the hour of sickness and decay, when his intellect was more clouded, and his judgment less clear, were totally irreconcilable with those to which he was known to adhere in his *better days*. Or did the extraordinary phenomena which have terrified even many strong and reflective minds within the last twenty years, induce Dr. Paley to think that, in some points of faith, there should be an exoteric doctrine for the illiterate, and an esoteric for the wise; that a certain portion of darkness is better than too much light; that it is better to maintain even erroneous opinions, which have been long established, than to run the risque of innovation? There are some few points of doctrine in these sermons which, Dr. Paley, however well he might, in his declining years, think that they were adapted for the meridian of Bishop-Wearmouth, would not, in the vigorous maturity of his intellect, have ventured to defend before an enlightened audience. The theological tenets, indeed, which are espoused in these sermons, though they make some rather awkward efforts to approach the standard of what is called orthodoxy, or the religion of the loaves and fishes, are, nevertheless in numerous instances, as dissonant from the thirty-nine articles, as those articles themselves are both from reason and the scriptures.

We do not deny, but that, in many passages in these sermons, we discover marks of what Paley was in his brightest days. We see proofs of the same lucid clearness, of concep-

tion, the same discriminating perspicacity, the same coherence and solidity of reasoning, and the same energy of diction. The sermons themselves are on the following topics.

\* Seriousness in religion indispensable above all other dispositions.—The Love of God.—Meditating upon Religion.—Of the State after Death.—On Purity of the Heart and Affections.—On Taste for Devotion.—Of the Doctrine of Conversion.—Prayer in Imitation of Christ.—On Filial Piety.—To think less of our Virtues and more of our Sins.—Salvation for Penitent Sinners.—Sins of the Fathers upon the Children.—How Virtue produces Belief, and Vice unbelief.—John's Message to Jesus.—On Inseparability to Offences.—Seriousness of Disposition necessary.—The Efficacy of the Death of Christ.—All stand in need of a Redeemer.—The Efficacy of the Death of Christ consistent with the Necessity of a good Life; the one being the Cause, the other the Condition of Salvation.—Pure Religion.—The Agency of Jesus since his Ascension.—Of spiritual Influence in general.—Sin encountered by spiritual Aid.—Evil Propensities encountered by the Aid of the Spirit.—The Aid of the Spirit to be sought and preserved by Prayer.—The Destruction of the Canaanites.—Neglect of Warnings.—The Terrors of the Lord.—Preservation and Recovery from Sin.—This Life a State of Probation.—The Knowledge of one another in a future State.

Most of these sermons are brief; and are, for the most part, composed of a series of observations on the subjects of which they treat, such as the great and well-furnished mind of Paley would readily produce without any unusual stretch of the intellectual faculty. We do not say that all the reflections are altogether trite and common-place; for Paley could not, even in the most careless mood, write many pages without either producing something that was new, or giving new force to what was old. The first sermon, which is on seriousness in religion, is one of the longest. The author shows, in a simple but impressive manner, the causes and constituents of that levity of mind which is the opposite of seriousness, and which, while it lasts, forms a sort of impassable barrier against the access of religious reflections to the understanding. In answer to the common objection that religion generates sadness and dejection, Dr. Paley remarks with his usual discrimination and good sense that,

'No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty, on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion, or company can do for them. And a succession and



course of such actions and self denials, springing from a religious principle, and manfully maintained, is the best possible course that can be followed as a remedy for sinkings and oppressions of this kind. Can it then be true that religion leads to melancholy? Occasions rise to every man living; to many very severe as well as repeated occasions, in which the hopes of religion are the only stay that is left him. Godly men have that within them which cheers and comforts them in their saddest hours; ungodly men have that which strikes their heart like a dagger in their gayest moments. Godly men discover, what is very true, but what, by most men, is found out too late, namely, that a good conscience, and the hope of our Creator's final favour and acceptance are the only solid happiness to be attained in this world. Experience corresponds with the reason of the thing. I take it upon me to say, that religious men are generally cheerful. If this be not observed, as might be expected, supposing it to be true, it is because the cheerfulness which religion inspires, does not show itself in noise, or in fits and starts of merriment, but is calm and constant. Of this, the only true and valuable kind of cheerfulness, for all other kinds are hollow and unsatisfying, religious men possess not less but a greater share than others.

In the sermon on the love of God, we do not find much said that has not been better said before. The love of God must be considered either as a devotional feeling of gratitude, excited by the intellectual perception of his goodness in the external world, or by the actual sensation of it in every pleasure which we experience. The love of God, as it is thus explained, must, under some modifications, and in a greater or less degree, find its way to the bosoms of men under every system and in every clime. But when Christian theologues talk of the love of God, they generally include in the idea not merely a devout sense of thankfulness in its passive state, but as possessing all the energy of an active principle of benevolence. To love God according to the injunctions of the Christian scriptures, is to keep his commandments. The love of God in this point of view, is considered both as an effect and as a cause. It is the effect of knowledge, and it is the cause of holiness. We cannot love God without some previous cognizance of the proof that he is; and before we can obey his will, it is necessary to know what it is. It is not blind obedience which is required of man. It is not merely that obedience which an impetuous sensation might engender; but which might be vacillating or fugitive as the cause. It is rather that obedience, which is the fruit of knowledge, which is the most fit and acceptable homage for rational and accountable man to offer to his maker. Of knowledge, as it regards the works of God, or

the experience of his goodness, in the great theatre of creation, or in the dealings of his providence, love will always be the fair associate. But love without knowledge, or devotional regard without intellectual discrimination, the fervors of piety without the presence of an enlightened mind, are apt to give a wrong direction to the feelings, to set some of the passions in a blaze, or to generate a tendency to superstition and intolerance. The dark pages of ecclesiastical history, will teach us what enormities have originated in the love of God, where it has been associated with ignorance.

Dr. Paley says that 'the love of God is a guard against error in conduct;' that 'it in some measure supplies the place of every rule.' But is that love likely to produce these effects which is not illumined with knowledge? Must we not know what duty is, before we can deliberately guard against the deviations? And with respect to rules of conduct, can their fitness or unfitness be known without the exercise of the understanding? But Dr. Paley says that 'he, who has it, (the love of God) within him, has little to learn.' Our answer to this is, that the love of God can be nothing but a confused and indeterminate sensation, where it is blended with ignorance; and that, where the heart is not previously the seat of vicious habits, God *will always be more loved in proportion as he is more known.*

That religion is most worthy of a rational nature, which is founded on a comprehensive knowledge of the attributes of God. These attributes, in proportion as they are better understood, will be found to produce every religious impression which can be wanting either on the mind or heart. Does thy soul need an awful idea of his power? seek it in the contemplation of the heavens above. Behold the sun, the moon, and the stars, which he hath ordained. Does thy heart pant for the conscious presence of his goodness? Go in request of it in the earth beneath. Proofs of it exist within thee, and are scattered around thee. Has not ample gratification been provided for every sense? Hast thou not abundant evidence of his goodness in the structure of man and in the charms of creation? in the objects of thy sight, thy hearing, thy touch, thy taste, thy smell? God is LOVE; of this thou possessest accumulated proof; and thy mind if it be at all reflective, may continually add to the stock.

In the third sermon the author very earnestly enforces the necessity of religious meditation.

'If the great author of all things,' says Dr. Paley, 'be himself invisible to our senses, and if our relation to him must necessarily

form the greater interest and concern of *our existence*, then it follows, that our great interest and concern are with those things which are now invisible. We are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." The first infirmity, therefore, which religion has to conquer within us, is that which binds down our attention to the things which we see. The natural man is immersed in sense: nothing takes hold of his mind but what applies to his sense, but this disposition will not do for religion: the religious character is founded in hope, as contradistinguished from experience, in perceiving by the mind what is not perceived by the eye; unless a man can do this, he cannot be religious: and with many it is a great difficulty.'

'All religion,' says the author, 'which is effectual, is and must be spiritual. Offices and ordinances are the handmaids and the instruments of the spiritual religion, calculated to generate, to promote, to maintain, to uphold it in the heart, but the thing itself is purely spiritual. Now the flesh weigheth down the spirit as with a load and burden.'

In this passage and in many others in these sermons, Dr. Paley has used terms, which are very familiar in the productions of divines, and which are suffered to pass current in the popular vocabularies of theology, but which, when they come to be examined, are found to be destitute of ideas, or to surpass human comprehension. The Doctor says, 'all religion which is effectual is and must be spiritual.'—Now, what is the precise meaning which the Doctor intended in this place to convey by the word *spiritual*? For in an affair of so much importance as religion, no words ought to be used which have not a precise and definite signification. Yet it is in religion more than in any thing else, in which terms are used which are in the highest degree ambiguous, indeterminate, and obscure. In fact, the vocabulary of theology is in the hands of the great mass of writers on the subject, a mere jargon of senseless sounds. Dr. Paley however can seldom be accused of having employed words without a definite meaning. He has done it more frequently in the present posthumous publication, than in all his other writings. The reason is obvious;—in this volume of sermons, he has, for the most part, taught the established opinions in such terms as he found in common currency, and which are wont to be circulated without inquiry into their signification, or any attempt to resolve them into their constituent parts.—But to return from this digression.—What is the precise meaning which the author intended to affix to the word "*spiritual*," as it is here employed?—"All religion which is effectual is and must be *spiritual*." Did he by *spiritual* mean what is not composed of flesh and blood? as it is

said in scripture, "a spirit has not flesh and blood, &c."—In this case the sentence would run, "all religion, which is effectual, must not be made up of flesh and blood."—But the converse of this would be "all religion which is effectual must not be human," for what is the human nature but flesh and blood? this therefore could not be the Doctor's meaning.—By *spiritual* did the Doctor mean *invisible*? for what is spiritual or immaterial, cannot be discerned by any material sense. In this case the sentence would run, "All religion, which is effectual, must be invisible."—But as the Doctor is talking of religion, in its relation to this life, and as the way of advancement to a better, (which is implied in the term *effectual*,) he cannot mean a religion which is impalpable to sense, or of which there is no *visible* evidence in this earthly scene. Methodists talk a great deal about "*spiritual religion*;" by which they mean that religion which has most of the zest of sensation, and which supposes a sort of extatic delirium in the devotional sensibility; but Dr. Paley was no methodist, and therefore by 'a religion to be effectual must be spiritual,' he could not mean 'a religion which is entirely confined within the province of *feeling*, without any active visible existence.—But, perhaps, by "all religion, which is effectual, must be *spiritual*," the Doctor means must be real and sincere;—sincere in opposition to what is hypocritical, and real, as contrasted with what is visionary, or what has no actual corporeal existence.—Here then, after having at length extricated ourselves from the wilderness of conjecture, we approach to the region of common sense, which we heartily wish that our modern theologues would never abandon to rush into the thickets of mystic ignorance or fanciful absurdity. If Dr. Paley meant by "that religion which is effectual, must be spiritual," that religion which is real and sincere, he must have known that no religion can be real and sincere which is not operative in the disposition, the sentiments and the conduct.—Now let us ask the reader, what is this but practical religion?—Instead, therefore, of using a term which is not very definite, and which might mislead, why could not the learned Doctor have simply said 'all religion, which is effectual, is and must be *practical*.'—This would have prevented all misapprehension; and it would be impossible for Dr. Paley or any other divine in Christendom to prove that any other religion than this is or can be effectual; that it is, or that it can be, of any service in this life or of any advantage with respect to the promotion of our happiness in the next.—We are well aware that our notions of religion have not been sufficiently diversified with the *regale of mystery*, for

the common mass of mankind. But, if truth be a less savory dish than error that is not our fault; but the fault of a vitiated taste.

In the next sentence to that which we have examined at large, Dr. Paley says "offices and ordinances are the handmaids and instruments of *spiritual* religion, calculated to generate, to promote, to maintain, to uphold it in the heart, but the *thing* itself is purely *spiritual*." Here the word *spiritual* is used twice, and in neither place is it very clear what is meant, unless we have recourse to our former supposition that it means *real* or *practical*. Of this religion, which he denominates spiritual, the Doctor says that "offices and ordinances are the handmaids and the instruments." Now what are we to understand by these offices and ordinances? Did he mean the *rites and ceremonies of the church of England*; including the offices and ordinance of baptism, of communion, of the visitation of the sick, of the burial of the dead, of the gun-powder-plot, of the capital punishment of King Charles?—We fear, very much fear that none of these offices and ordinances of our mother church, even though accompanied with the lifting up of hands and the falling down of knees, will be in the language of the Doctor the "*handmaids and instruments*," of practical religion, "*calculated to generate, to promote, to maintain, to uphold it in the heart*."—We will venture to affirm, in opposition to the authority of the Doctor, and to any authority whatever, that true practical religion is neither generated, nor promoted, nor maintained, nor upheld by the *rites and ceremonies* of any church in Christendom. No;—thank heaven; practical religion is neither begotten, nor maintained by the stones of which a church is made, nor by the bells in the steeple, nor by the organ in the aisle, nor even by the hood and surplice of the officiating priest. Religion, is independent of all, and of any of these, with all the associated forms.—Practical religion is nothing more nor less than the HABIT OF WELL-DOING. As it refers to the mind and affections it denotes the *disposition* to do good; as it refers to the conduct it implies the *actually* doing it as often as opportunity offers.—But what offices, and ordinances, what rites and ceremonies are these which can *generate, promote, maintain, and uphold* this habit?—None! the only means with which we are acquainted by which this habit of well doing can be produced, cherished, and invigorated, is by the continual repetition of the particular acts of which it is composed.—These acts we need not enumerate, they are known to all, in whom the moral sense has not been benumbed and deadened by a course of vice.

In his fourth sermon, which is "on the state after death," Dr. Paley has, as might have been expected, thrown no new light over the subject; but his conclusion is, that after death, we shall have bodies, though far different from, and superior to the present; but that, notwithstanding this, the continuance of the same consciousness will enable us to recognize ourselves.—Dr. Paley has not entered into the perplexing question of a *corporeal resurrection*; but it is pretty evident that he did not receive the doctrine according to its literal acceptation. For his resurrection refers rather to that of the *same consciousness* than of the *same body*? The language of Christ on this subject was an accommodation of ideas to the imbecility of human apprehension.

The fifth sermon, which is on the "purity of the heart and affections," from 1 John iii. 2, 3, contains some excellent remarks. The following may serve as a specimen.

"Our Saviour hath told us what the things are which defile a man, and this is the enumeration; evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; and the reason given why these are the real proper defilements of our nature, is, that they proceed from within, out of the heart: these evil things come from within, and defile the man. The seat, therefore, of moral defilement, according to our Saviour, is the heart; by which we know, that he always meant the affections and the disposition: The seat therefore, of moral purity must necessarily be the same; for purity is the reverse of defilement. Consequently, to purify ourselves, is to cleanse our hearts from the presence and pollution of sin; of those sins which reside in, and continue in the heart. This is the purgation particularly intended in our text. This is the test of purgation enjoined upon us. It is to be noticed, that it goes beyond the mere control of our actions. It adds a further duty, the purifying of our thoughts and affections. Nothing can be more certain, than that it was the design of our Saviour, in the passage here referred to, to direct the attention of his disciples to the heart, to that which is within a man in contradistinction to that which is external. Now he who only strives to control his outward action, but lets his thoughts and passions indulge themselves without check or restraint; does not attend to that which is within him, in contradistinction to that which is external. Secondly, the instances which our Saviour has given, though like all instances in Scripture, and to say the truth, in all ancient writings, they be specimens and illustrations of this meaning, as to the kind and nature of the duties or the vices which he had in view, rather than complete catalogues, including all such duties or vices by name, so that no other but what are thus named and specified were intended: though this qualified way of understanding the enumerations be right, yet even this enumeration itself shows, that our Saviour's lesson went beyond the mere external

action. Not only are adulteries and fornications mentioned, but evil thoughts and lasciviousness; not only murders, but an evil eye; not only thefts, but covetousness or covetings. Thus by laying the axe to the root, not by lopping off the branches, but by laying the axe to the root, our Saviour fixed the only rule which can ever produce good morals.'

If such be '*the only rule which can ever produce good morals,*' what becomes of the *Doctor's offices and ordinances* to which so much *spiritual efficacy* was lately ascribed?—We were pleased with the following observation in the sixth sermon.

'In public worship we thank God in general terms, that is, we join with the congregation in a general thanksgiving; but a devout man brings to church the recollection of special and particular mercies, particular bounties, particular providences, particular deliverances, particular relief recently experienced, specially and critically granted in the moment of want or danger, or eminently and supereminently vouchsafed to us individually. These he bears in his thoughts, he applies as he proceeds; that which was general, he makes close and circumstantial; his heart rises towards God, by a sense of mercies vouchsafed to himself. He does not, however, confine himself to those favors of Providence, which he enjoys above many others, or more than most others; he does not dwell upon distinctions alone; he sees God in all his goodness, in all his bounty. Bodily ease, for instance, is not less valuable, not less a mercy, because others are at ease, as well as himself. The same of his health, the use of his limbs, the faculties of his understanding. But what I mean is, that, in his mind he brings to church mercies, in which he is interested, and that the most general expressions of thankfulness attach with him upon particular recollections of goodness, particular subjects of gratitude, so that the holy servour of his devotion is supported; never wants, nor can want materials to act upon.'

The sixth is altogether an excellent discourse. In the seventh sermon on Matt. ix. 13, the doctor supports an opinion, which is not quite in unison with some of the thirty-nine articles, nor with the tenets of the methodists, that there are some persons, who, from having been piously educated, and having persevered in pious courses, *have no need of, what is called, conversion.* But the doctrine of the church evidently is that *all, without one individual exception, are corrupt to the very core,* and cannot be purified without the unction of grace. And the orthodox would have told the doctor that this unction is a gratuitous thing, which has no reference either to pious education or to pious courses.—We think, however, though the doctor has made some demonstration of his heresy, that he has proved his point, that the doctrine of conversion should not be indiscriminately enforced.

In the eighth sermon on praying in imitation of Christ, Dr. P. remarks

‘ Every man has some subject or other to which his thoughts turn when they are not particularly occupied. In a good Christian this subject is God, or what appertains to him. A good Christian walking in his fields, sitting in his chamber, lying upon his bed, is thinking of God. His meditations draw of their own accord, to that object, and then his thoughts kindle up his devotions; and devotion never burns so bright or so warm, as when it is lighted up from within.’

In the ninth sermon we find some good remarks on the interesting story of Joseph and his brethren, but the Doctor employs it principally to inculcate dutifulness of children to their parents.—In two sermons the Doctor impresses with considerable force the necessity of thinking less of our virtues and more of our sins. In sermon xiii. the Doctor endeavours to reconcile the tremendous threat in Exod. 20.5. of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation, with the benevolent character of the Deity and to other parts of scripture, to which it seems diametrically opposite. We leave it to the reader to determine his success in settling this knotty point, as well as his attempt to prove in serm. xxix. that the command of God to exterminate the Canaanites was consistent with his justice and other attributes.

In this collection we meet with three sermons on spiritual influence, and the same number on spiritual aid; which are interspersed with many discriminating remarks and pious thoughts.—In the three sermons on the death of Christ, the Doctor endeavours to make an approximation to the *orthodox* creed on this subject; but still we do not believe that the orthodox will give him many thanks for his pains. The Doctor assigns to the death of Christ a certain degree of efficacy ‘ in the procurement,’ (we use his own words) ‘ of human salvation;’ but still he inculcates the necessity of human obedience with as much earnestness as if salvation could be procured in no other way.—The Doctor, borrowing the opinion of an impartial theologian, but which that theologian on further research abandoned as untenable, considers the death of Christ as the *cause*, and a good life as the *condition of salvation*.—The last opinion is certainly true; but the first is founded on an error, originating in a misapprehension of Jewish phraseology.

The **ONLY CAUSE** of human salvation is the love of God, not operating through the medium, nor caused by the intervening agency, of another’s sufferings, but impelled by his own



essential, and infinite benevolence towards his sensitive, intellectual, and accountable, but frail and imperfect creatures. —The love of God, like his own existence and all his unsearchable attributes, is uncaused; but nevertheless it operates as not only revealed religion but the moral constitution of the world seems to prove, according to certain laws; and it is by obedience to these laws, that man as a free agent may secure the love of God, or rather those benefits, that peace and that joy which those who thus render themselves the *objects of the divine love*, invariably possess. The scriptural doctrine is that “*God is love*,” *love, self existent and uncaused*; and with respect to the love of God, as it exists in the breast of man, —“*this is the love of God that we keep his commandments*,” or obey those laws which he has ordained; and in the channel of which his beneficence constantly flows.

Very cogent and very satisfactory reasons have been assigned for the death of Christ by the theologues, to whom we have alluded above, without having recourse to the absurd and heathenish notion of a *vicarious punishment*. —But though we do not think that one man by his sufferings can accumulate a stock of merits on which another may draw by the help of faith for as much as is requisite for his own salvation, yet we are far from thinking that the future happiness which is destined for good men of all nations and systems is the effect of individual merit so much as of divine benevolence. Compared with the purity and perfections of God the best men living are nothing but infirmity and pollution; but is not the love of God greater than the infirmity of man? Is not the love of God infinite? *Is it not sufficient to supply all the deficiency of human merit, to fill up the blank that is left in the moral performances of man?* —To ascribe the final acceptance of man to the death and sufferings of an individual, of whatever dignity or rank he may be rather than to the love of God, is to derogate from the most glorious attribute of the Most High, and to lower it in the estimation of his creatures. —We shall have other opportunities of saying more on this subject.

The last sermon in this volume is on the knowledge of one another in a future state. Dr. P. founds what he says on this topic, on the latter clause in the 38th verse of Col. 1, —The scripture itself throws so little light on this subject, that it can be supported only by remote inference or probable conjecture. But the idea itself does certainly derive countenance from some passages in scripture, and the thought is so cheering to the heart, and such a source of solace in this world of calamity and disappointment, that we were glad to see it supported by the respectable authority of Dr. Paley.

We do not think that the present sermons make any accession to the theological or literary fame of the author, and the executors would have acted wisely in not exposing them to public sale. The name of Dr. Paley will perhaps procure them a considerable temporary circulation, and some of the clergy may lay them under contribution for their sabbatical necessities.

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ART. II.—*Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, Written by himself. And Fragmenta Regalia, being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites, by Sir Robert Naunton. With explanatory Annotations.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Murray. 1808.

THE former part of this volume is an anonymous republication of the memoirs of one of Elizabeth's courtiers, originally edited from a MS. by the Earl of Cork, and recently brought again into notice, by the copious use which Mr. Walter Scott has made of the work, as illustrative of the border history. The life of this noble author was divided between the pleasures of the court and the perils of war. At court he seems to have lived very much 'by God's blessing,' or in more modern phraseology, by his wits. One of his methods of raising a supply is not yet out of fashion.

‘ Having given out some money to go on foot in twelve days to Berwick, I performed it that summer, which was worth to me 2000*l*. which bettered me to live at court a good while after.’ p. 20.

He was in Flanders in 1577 and 8, when Lord Leicester had the command, but finding no hope of any good action to be performed returned for England, and found by that little experience “*that a brave war and a poor spirit in a commander never agree.*”

In 1588 we find him partaking the noblest triumph of the English navy, the defeat of the Armada—of which he gives a spirited description. He accompanied the expedition under the Earl of Essex sent into France to the aid of Henry IV. and when that nobleman fell under the displeasure of his mistress for not returning in obedience to her mandate, he shewed great dexterity in reconciling the queen to her favourite, by working upon her feelings in an address no less bold than artful.

‘ Madam, I know my lord's care is such to obey all your commands, as he will not make one hour stay after Sir Francis hath de-

livered him his fatal doom; but, Madam, give me leave to let your Majesty know before hand, what you shall truly find at his return, after he hath had the happiness to see you and kiss your hand. He doth so sensibly feel his disgrace, and however you think it reason for this you have done, yet the world abroad, who know not the cause of his so sudden leaving his army to another, will esteem it a weakness in him, and a base cowardliness in him to leave the army, now, when he should meet the king and his whole army for the besieging of Roan. You will be deceived, Madam, if you think he will ever after this have to do with court or state affairs. I know his full resolution is to retire to some cell in the country, and to live there, as a man never desirous to look a good man in the face again. And in good faith, Madam, to deal truly with your Majesty, I think you will not have him a long-lived man after his return. The late loss of his brother, whom he loved so dearly, and this heavy doom that you have laid upon him will in a short time break his heart. Then your Majesty will have sufficient satisfaction for the offence he hath committed against you.' P. 29.

He seems to have given himself no small credit for his skill in conducting so nice an affair to a successful issue.

'Thus God blessed me in this journey, that through my poor weakness I procured that from her, which all my lord's friends in court, nor all her council, could procure.' P. 32.

After he had passed his best time in court and got little, he accepted from Lord Scroop, his brother-in-law, the deputation of the wardenship of the west border; upon which he betook himself to the country, after he was past one and thirty years old, where he lived with great content, for, says he, 'we had a stirring world and few days passed over my head, but I was a horseback either to prevent mischief, or bring the border to better quiet.' His exploits in the performances of this arduous duty are detailed pretty much at large, and have all the charms of chivalrous emprise to recommend them to the perusal; and, as they deserved, so they were ultimately crowned with complete success.

About this period of his life Sir R. Cary espoused the daughter of Sir Hugh Trevannion, more for her worth than her wealth, and by that step awakened the jealousy of the queen, who considered all her courtiers as her adorers, and the marriage of any of them as an affronting act of infidelity. His account of the manner in which he compelled his mistress to forgive him is very characteristic, and will afford some useful hints to those of our readers (if any such there be) who have occasion to learn, how they may manage the great without danger of recalcitration.

My brother Sir John Gary, that was then Marshall of Berwick, was sent to by the King of Scots, to desire him that he would meet his Majesty at the bound road at a day appointed; for that he had a matter of great importance to acquaint his sister the Queen of England withal: but he would not trust the Queen's ambassador with it, nor any other, unless it were my father, or some of his children. My brother sent him word he would gladly wait on his Majesty, but durst not until he had acquainted the Queen therewith; and when he had received her answer, he would acquaint him with it. My brother sent notice to my father of the King's desire. My father shewed the letter to the Queen. She was not willing that my brother should stir out of the town;\* but knowing, though she would not know, that I was in court, she said, 'I hear your fine son, that has lately married so worthily is hereabouts; send him if you will, to know the King's pleasure.' My father answered, he knew I would be glad to obey her command. 'No,' said she, 'do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.' My father came, and told me what had passed between them. I thought it hard to be sent, and not to see her; but my father told me plainly, that she would neither speak with me, nor see me, 'Sir,' said I, 'if she be on such hard terms with me, I had need be wary what I do. If I go to the King without her licence, it were in her power to hang me at my return; and for any thing I see, it were ill-trusting her.' My father merrily went to the Queen and told her what I said. She answered, 'if the gentleman be so mistrustful, let the Secretary make a safe conduct to go and come, and I will sign it.' Upon these terms I parted from court and made all the haste for Scotland. Upon my return I made all the haste I could to court. I arrived there on St. Stephen's day in the afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The Queen was not there. My father went to the Queen to let her know that I was returned. She willed him to take my message or letters, and bring them to her. He came for them, but I desired him to excuse me; for that which I had to say, either by word or by writing, I must deliver myself: I could neither trust him, nor much less any other therewith. He acquainted her Majesty with my resolution. With much ado, I was called for in; and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her, that, she herself was the fault of my marriage, and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her, nor her court; and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand and obtained my

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\* The town of Berwick, from whence the Queen would not have him stir, because she did not deem him to be a proper messenger, knowing there was a better within call." *B. of Cork.*

'pardon.' She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends. Then I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and at last gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all my faults, I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence, and was in the court, as I was ever before.' p. 57.

The account of the death of Elizabeth is very full and interesting; and not the least wonderful of our author's exploits was his rapid journey or rather flight from London to Edinburgh, for the sake of being the first who should announce the event to James. After that king's accession to the throne of England, the Queen made choice of Sir R. Cary's wife to have the care and keeping of the Duke (afterwards Charles the first) of whom and his sapient father some curious particulars are related.

'The Duke was past four years old, when he was first delivered to my wife; he was not able to go, nor scant stand alone, he was so weak in his joints and especially his ankles, insomuch as many feared they were out of joint. Yet God so blessed him, both with health and strength, that he proved daily stronger and stronger. Many a battle my wife had with the King, but she still prevailed. The King was desirous that the string under his tongue should be cut, for he was so long beginning to speak, as he thought he would never have spoke. Then he would have him put in iron boots, to strengthen his sinews and joints; but my wife protested so much against them both, as she got the victory, and the King was fain to yield.' p. 140.

When the age of the prince rendered it necessary to dismiss his female attendants, Sir R. Cary succeeded to the government of him, but not without some opposition on the part of Prince Henry, who would have given the place to a Scots gentleman of great learning and very good worth: but Sir Robert triumphed by his firmness and address with the aid of a strong recommendation to the King, given in his favour by the Lord Chamberlain the Earl of Suffolk. In 1621 the King made him Baron of Leppington. He followed Prince Charles to Spain in 1623: and by him after his accession to the throne was created Earl of Monmouth, with which event these Memoirs conclude. The accompanying work, *Fragmenta Regalia*, was written by Sir Robert Naunton, master of the court of wards, and is justly characterised by the present editor in his advertisement. The author lived in the element of a court and had experienced all its fluctuations. His characters of statesmen and warriors are drawn with such spirit, as

leaves us only to regret their brevity, and the obscurity in which he sometimes thinks it necessary to 'involve them.' The character of the queen is the most prominent and finished, his description of her parliament we are apprehensive will appear rather obsolete.

'For I find not that they were at any time given to any violent or pertinacious dispute, elections being made of grave and discreet persons, not factious and ambitious of fame; such as came not to the house with a malevolent spirit of contention, but with a preparation to consult on the public good, rather to comply than contest with her majesty. Neither do I find that the house was at any time weakened and pestered with the admission of too many young heads, as it hath been of later times,' &c. p. 187.

In p. 195 we find an amusing anecdote.

'Pawlet, Marquis of Winchester and lord treasurer, having served then four princes in as various and changeable season, that I may well say time nor any age hath yielded the like precedent: this man being noted to grow high in her favour (as his place and experience required) was questioned by an intimate friend of his, how he stood up for thirty years together, amidst the changes and reigns of so many chancellors and great personages?' 'Why,' quoth the marquis, *ortus sum ex salice non ex quercu*, 'I was made of the pliable willow, not of the stubborn oak;' and truly the old man hath taught them all.'

The splendour of their æra, the rank, abilities, and opportunities of observation, which both these writers possessed, render their pictures of the times valuable for spirit and truth of resemblance; and though somewhat different in their colouring and style, yet they form an excellent pair, worthy of a distinguished place in the cabinets of those who are lovers of English history and of 'the golden days of good queen Bess.'

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ART. III.—*An Enquiry into the State of National Subsistence, as connected with the Progress of Wealth and Population.* By W. T. Comber. pp. 382. Cadell. 1808.

IN the first chapter the author delineates the extension of agricultural habits in this country by the conquest of the Romans, and the diminution and discouragement which they experienced under the more pastoral propensities and more turbulent system of the Saxons. But the introduction of the Christian religion tended to give a new turn to the sen-

timents and habits of the people. A greater degree of industry and subordination was produced and the wealth of the country was increased. But the increased produce of the soil, 'was consumed by the nobility or expended in building monasteries, churches, and cathedrals; and it is calculated that at the close of the reign of Edward the Confessor, at least one third of the lands of the kingdom were granted to the endowment of these religious foundations. These lands were exempted from taxation, and for the most part freed from military service.'

C. II. exhibits the effects of the feudal system on agriculture from the conquest to the reign of Henry VII. Perhaps no conquest was ever attended with such a total change of landed proprietors as that of this country by the Normans under the first William. Within ten years after that event there was not a single earl, baron, or abbot, who was an Englishman born. The smaller proprietors were contented to retain their lands as fiefs of some great Norman lord and under the condition of military service. As the lands of the nobility were held by personal service, they were not originally hereditary, but were declared to be so by the charter of Henry I. in 1100; and the same privilege was extended to the tenants of the nobles. In process of time the personal services which were exacted under the feudal system, were transferred to substitutes, and finally exchanged for a pecuniary compensation.

The system of feudal vassalage, though it was favourable to the subjection of the people, was very injurious to the independence of the sovereign. The nobles, habituated to the exercise of arbitrary power in their own domain, could not readily yield obedience to the mandates of the crown. The aid, which they afforded to the king in the most critical exigencies, was alternately prompted or withdrawn by caprice; and it was seldom obtained without some deduction from the independent authority of the sovereign. In this state of turbulence and discord the people were, at the same time, impoverished by the exactions of the clergy, and the kingdom was drained to supply the prodigality of the court of Rome. In the reign of Hen. III. the holy see demanded 'a full tenth of all profits whatsoever.' The revenues of the crown in the interval between the death of the conqueror and the accession of Henry VII. had experienced a considerable diminution. The revenue of William I. amounted to the immense sum of £400,000, at a time when the pound troy of silver was coined only into twenty-one shillings and four pence, which now makes sixty-two shillings. In the reigns of Edward IV. Edward V. and Richard III. the revenue did

not amount to more than 100,000, and in that of Henry VI. it had fallen as low as £64,976.

If the revenue of the crown be considered, in any degree, as a criterion of the wealth, and the resources of the country, it will appear that in the long period which elapsed between the reign of the conqueror and that of Henry VII. the industry and consequent prosperity of the people were rather retrograde than progressive. But, during all this time the country, destitute of commerce and manufactures, and possessing only a few raw materials for exchange, was almost wholly agricultural. And it appears to us that it was this agricultural state of the country, which rendered its progress so slow, or rather which prevented it from being progressive in knowledge, in industry, and population. The advocates for the agricultural system, and the friends to an anti-commercial system, will be ready to dispute this influence, but we will ask them, did the country accumulate wealth till it became commercial? Did it produce a superfluity of food till it became commercial? Did it possess a varied exuberance of furniture or movables till it became commercial? Did it become populous till it became commercial? Did agriculture itself flourish till the country became commercial? Was cultivation prosecuted with ardour or by improved machinery and skill, till it became commercial? Till it became commercial did it so well sustain the pressure of war, or at all patronize the arts of peace?

These questions may be answered by the affirmation of facts which the advocates for the agricultural system will find it difficult to gainsay or refute.

'The state of Poland,' as Mr. Comber well remarks, 'and a great part of Russia, which are strictly agricultural countries, and where feudal manners still exist, exhibit an exact picture of what England is represented to have been for several ages after the conquest. The nobles living in splendour and luxury, and the peasants in the profoundest ignorance, and most abject poverty. The state of vassalage is in such countries so absolute, as utterly to preclude the lower orders from acquiring capital; and the impossibility of emerging from their condition, stifles every exertion. They abandon themselves to a stupid and brutal apathy, which sinks them in the scale of existence almost below the rank of reasonable beings. The annual produce of the country had been very inconsiderably increased since the conquest, and in whatever degree this might have taken place, it could not have tended to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders. Whatever the produce of the soil may be, the subsistence of the peasantry, in a country purely agricultural, is always coarse and scanty. The peasants in Poland live in a great measure on grey pease, with a small quantity of bacon. The Rus-



sian peasant devours green raw vegetables, and every species of trash. The peasants in Scotland lived chiefly on oatmeal, till within a very late period. In Ireland they consume only such articles, as if saleable, command a comparatively small price; such as potatoes and butter-milk; and in fact this forms the chief sustenance of the peasantry in a great part of Germany at present.

As all the great landed nations of Europe were at this time nearly in the same state, the articles of mere subsistence did not yet form an object of commerce. They were therefore consumed in the country, and as the towns were still inconsiderable, a great portion of the produce of the land was consumed by the lord and his retainers, servants, and dependants. The hospitality of the old English barons is proverbial. In fact, those who did not possess lands themselves, and being above the rank of peasants, were not engaged in agriculture, became dependent on some great lord. The younger sons of the smaller gentry preferred this state to descending from their rank, in pursuit of some industrious means of acquiring a livelihood. The tables of the barons were therefore generally crowded with a number of such retainers, always ready to attend them in their wars, which they were eager to promote. This is still the case in Poland, where some of the nobles have seldom less than forty or fifty, and sometimes a hundred and fifty or two hundred persons at their tables.

Without examining, with Mr. Hobbes, whether war is the natural state of man, we may discover many principles arising from such a state of society as we have described, which would have a tendency to promote it. The pride and ambition of leaders, the hopes of acquiring distinction, or extending their power: all these causes, aggravated by the devotion and servile flattery of their dependants, were sufficient to instigate to war when the governing power was weak or unpopular. We accordingly find that all the great nations of Europe were the scenes of war and commotion during this period. This natural effect of the state of society, by its tendency to perpetuate that state, exhibits another of the reactions of the political machine.

The only improvements which were made in the country in this period, were in the building churches, cathedrals, and monasteries, and castles, and mansions of the nobility. It may, however, be observed of such improvements, that, as they did not produce a revenue, the annual produce of the country was not by this means augmented.

In that state of society, indeed, where agriculture is the only species of industry, every improvement which is made in the country is necessarily confined to the land. But however great these may be, and in whatever degree the annual produce of the country may be augmented, the advantages resulting from them are never communicated to the great body of people, so long as great proprietaries and the system of vassalage exist. Even where such a nation is surrounded by others which have made great advances in arts and riches, and where the produce of the soil forms an ob-

ject of commerce, we do not find it to have the effect of ameliorating the condition of the lower orders. Notwithstanding the fertility of Poland, and the great wealth that must have been drawn into the country from the exportation of her produce, the situation of her peasantry is even more deplorable than that of the American Indians. Not only is their subsistence coarse and scanty, but their food and clothing are equally miserable. They have neither hats, shirts, stockings, or shoes. A cap with a long coarse woollen garment, loose trowsers, and sandals, form the whole of their wardrobe. This garment serves them for a blanket and a bed, and as they appear to sleep very contentedly in an empty cask, in the want of other accommodation, it is to be presumed their general lodging is not much better. In fact, it is known that among the numerous domestics of the nobility both in Poland and Russia, the greater part of them sleep in the halls, stair-cases, or other parts of the house, or out-houses, without any bed.

‘They are at the same time so abject and servile, that a Pole will creep to kiss your feet for the most trifling donation in money, which he immediately expends in brandy. This I have witnessed at a time when the wheat which they had brought to Dantzic was selling for four or five pounds a quarter.

‘Agriculture, therefore, appears to have little tendency to increase the riches or ameliorate the condition of a people. The state of warfare which it encourages; the overgrown power of one class, and the abject subjection of the other, are equally unfavourable to population. That paramount and almost exclusive importance which has been assigned to this species of industry, arising probably from a sense of the indispensable nature of subsistence, and the miseries which have been produced by a want of it, has been extended too far in considering it as the source of wealth and the cause of the amelioration of a country.’

These remarks of the author are a full refutation of the statements of Messrs. Spence and Cobbett, who maintain that agriculture is the only source of national wealth; when it appears from facts, which cannot be controverted, that even the supply of food is most defective and irregular, and famine most common in countries which are purely agricultural. In a country which is purely agricultural, the industry of the people is too much confined to one direction; and sufficient excitement is not afforded to the active powers of man.

In c. iii. the author describes the gradual destruction of the feudal system, which was greatly favoured by the facilities which were afforded by Henry VII. to the cutting off of entails, and by the encouragement which was given to the commercial habits of the people. The prices of wheat during the last ten years of the reign of Henry VII. and the first ten of his successor, were remarkably regular and low

Yet during this period great distress was experienced by the lower orders. Hence we see that the low price of subsistence is not always a proof of its abundance. The misery which was experienced by the people was owing principally to the want of commercial and manufacturing industry in the country. For however cheap or plentiful the principal articles of subsistence may be, a great want of them will necessarily be felt by those who have no equivalent to offer for the possession. It was the general dearth not of food but of articles which might be given in exchange for it, which principally occasioned the distress mentioned above. But it is commerce and manufactures which can alone multiply the articles of exchange,

The advocates of the agricultural system found their hypothesis on a state of society which never did exist, and the possibility of which will be found to decrease in proportion to the farther advances of civilization. But when they set themselves in array against the volaries of commercial policy, they reason as if the country, which is to be the theatre of their speculations, were divided into equal portions of land, and as if each family could raise a produce enough for its own subsistence. But under every form of political society, the land must always be divided among a greater or smaller number of proprietors, and, even where the proprietors are more numerous, there will always be a great number of persons who are not proprietors, or who have no land. Now, will the proprietors endeavour to grow more corn or to produce more food than is sufficient for their own subsistence, and that of their labourers, in order to dispense it gratuitously among a mass of idle persons who have no articles of commerce or manufacture, of luxury, of convenience, or utility to give in return? Hence do we not see that the agricultural system cannot alone prevent distress, and that such distress must be felt however much agricultural habits may prevail, where commerce and manufactures have not furnished those, who are neither proprietors nor cultivators of the soil, with products which they may exchange for food.

Mr. Comber has shown that 'manufacturing industry can only be supported and put in activity by an accumulation of floating wealth existing independent of land.' Before this country possessed any such accumulation, the competition of other countries, in which it had taken place, greatly retarded the growth of our national industry. The raw produce of the country, which, if there had been any accumulation of what is called capital, would have been converted into articles of manufacture, was exported, and the price of

subsistence was raised, while the means of obtaining it were diminished. It is

' that wealth, which has been called capital, which, in the infancy of commercial industry, realizes itself in the precious metals, and afterwards becomes vested in the materials of manufacturing industry, in the subsistence of the labourers, in machines, and other conveniences for facilitating and improving that industry.'

When, however, Mr. Comber depreciates the value of a commerce in raw, compared with that of manufactured produce, he should have remembered that, in the infancy of civilization, nations can have little else but raw produce to export; and that it is by the export of this produce that that capital is accumulated which is requisite for the support of other species of industry, and for the establishment of manufactures. Though, therefore, we do not agree with Mr. Malthus that the sale of rude produce is the most profitable branch of trade, we are convinced that it is the sale of this produce which constitutes one of the primary sources of that accumulation of capital, by which manufactures, which are the most lucrative branch of trade, are ultimately established. The trade of America at present principally consists in the exchange of her rude produce for manufactured goods, but by this exchange a capital is to be accumulated which will be finally employed in the establishment of manufactures.

C. iv. is entitled, *the Exportation of Grain matured into a System under the Stewarts*. In this chapter the author exhibits a concise historical view of the prices which corn bore, and at which the import or export was allowed. The fifth chapter treats of 'the forced exportation of grain by means of a bounty from the revolution to the beginning of the reign of his present majesty.' In this part of his work the author has very clearly shown the mischievous influence which a bounty on the exportation of corn had on the commercial prosperity of the country. This bounty was enacted soon after the revolution; and it amounted to 5s. upon the exportation of every quarter of wheat, when the prices did not exceed 48s. per quarter. This bounty appears to have been originally designed as a bribe to the landed interest to support the new settlement of the government after the abdication of James. But, in whatever private motives or political views, it might originate, it tended materially to injure the commercial and manufacturing interest. The more plentiful and cheap corn is in the home market, the lower must be the wages of manufacturing labour, which must bear a proportion to the price of subsist-

ence; and the better able will our native manufacturers consequently be to stand the competition of the foreign market. But this bounty tended to enable the foreign manufacturer to buy corn of English growth at a cheaper rate than it could be procured by the manufacturer of this country. The industry of this country was, therefore, placed on a disadvantageous footing compared with that of the continent.

\* The French formed stores in their principal manufacturing towns, not only of grain, but of wine, and sold them out to the workmen at low prices. With this view they made contracts in England for the delivery of large quantities of grain at a fixed price. The merchants entering into these contracts on the faith of government, that the exportation should remain free, contracted again with the farmer, and he became bound to deliver the quantity contracted for at the stipulated price, whatever the fate of the harvest might be. This system was carried so far, that, notwithstanding the war, in which the two countries became involved in 1743, the exportation direct to France was allowed; and, in the year 1747, the French contracted for 400,000 quarters of wheat. The quantity of wheat alone exported in the three following years was 2,100,000 quarters, on which alone the bounty considerably exceeded half a million.

#### Under the bounty system,

\* The sum granted by government being paid only on the event of the grain being actually exported, the foreigner became a necessary party to the realization of the profit. If wheat, therefore, was at 25s. in this country, the 5s. received by the exporter reduced the price to him, to 20s. A profit of 1s. per quarter, therefore, would be 5 per cent. and at a time when interest was not more than 4 or 4½ per cent. per annum, this profit on a transaction which would probably be completed in a few months, and with very little risk, would be the utmost, which, consistent with the spirit of competition, we can reasonably suppose would be obtained. The foreigner, therefore, purchased wheat at 21s. when the English consumers were paying 25s.\*

To grant a bounty on the exportation of any article is only to encourage one species of industry at the expense of all the rest. Industry, like other things, should be suffered to find its own level, which it will always do when left to itself. A bounty on the export of grain is a tax taken from the pockets of the people; this is in itself an injury to the community and a benefit to foreigners. Grain will always be raised in proportion to the demand; and the demand will always be found to regulate the supply better than the artificial incitement of bounties, by which the public good is sacrificed to that of individuals or to extraneous considerations.

\* C. vi. gives an account of the decline of the exportation of grain

and the increase of agricultural produce, from the beginning of the reign of his present majesty to the consolidation of the corn-laws in 1791.

During the present reign, the agricultural produce of the country has experienced a considerable increase. But this increase has been owing more to the extension of commerce and the increase of manufacturing industry than to any other cause.

'The average annual produce of wheat at the beginning of the reign of his present Majesty, was about 3,800,000 quarters, of which about 300,000 had been sent out of the kingdom, leaving about three and half millions for home consumption. In 1773, the produce of wheat was stated to the House of Commons, to be four millions, of which the whole, and above 100,000 imported, were consumed in the kingdom. In 1796 the consumption was stated in the House of Commons, by Lord Hawkesbury, from documents, to be 500,000 quarters per month, or six millions annually, of which about 180,000 were imported, shewing an increased produce in about twenty years of 1,820,000. It is evident, therefore, not only that no defalcation of produce has taken place, in consequence of the cessation of exportation, as has been too lightly assumed, from the occasional necessity of importation; but that it has increased with the augmentation of our commerce and manufactures. And indeed the manner in which the produce of manufacturing industry operates in stimulating to an increase of the produce of the soil, notwithstanding the process is disguised by the intervention of money, is very easy to conceive, and demonstrates its operation, not only by the augmentation of agricultural produce, but in the increased comforts of the farmer, and the wealth of the land-holder. But the circumstance which is the most remarkable, and the most important in this process, is that a great part of the same capital, which is employed in supporting manufacturing industry, passing by a very rapid circulation into the hands of the farmer, serves as a capital for the support and encouragement of agricultural industry. But that capital, which is employed in promoting the growth of grain for foreign consumption, and for carrying on that commerce which is occupied in its transportation, returns circuitously into the country; and passes by a very slow circulation, down to the manufacturing orders; operating as a comparatively feeble encouragement to the industry.'

The seven remaining chapters of this sensible and useful work are devoted to the following subjects.

'Occasional bounties on the importation of grain and the further enhancement of price, during the still more rapid improvement of the country; from the consolidation of the corn laws in 1791 to the end of the year 1803. The imposition of further restrictions on importation by the act of 1804, and an examination of the grounds assigned for that measure. The inefficiency of the act of 1804, in excluding the competition of the foreign grower; and the

mode of effecting that object pointed out. The actual state of the consumption and production of subsistence in the country. The critical and dangerous situation of the country in respect to stocks and supplies of grain. The probable consequences of the continuance of the present situation of the country; and her prospects on the re-establishment of peace. The conclusion, with some remarks on distilleries, as a remedy against scarcity.'

The anti-commercial writers insist that foreign trade makes no addition to the wealth of a country, and that, in computing the value of any articles which form the subject of foreign export, we must deduct the value of the subsistence consumed by the manufacturer, before we calculate the gain. But Mr. Comber well remarks that,

'The whole of the equivalent received by the manufacturer for his labour, forms the amount of his income, and the riches of a nation consist in the collective incomes of all the members who compose it. The income of a nation is no more to be estimated by what remains after the maintenance of the individuals composing it, than we should estimate the riches of an individual by what he laid by after maintaining himself and his family, rather than by the sum which he annually expended.'

'The means which each individual possesses in himself of affording an equivalent to the farmer, for the subsistence which is raised for him, may be said to be the cause of calling it into existence; the produce being limited by the means which exist of furnishing this equivalent; and the subsistence thus consumed, may be said to be realized in the commodities produced.'

Mr. Comber very properly objects to the regulations which have at different periods, been established in this country respecting the commerce in grain. These regulations have been utterly repugnant to the object of procuring stores of foreign wheat to be kept in the kingdom, 'and have naturally tended to limit the intercourse of this country with the corn-growing countries to times of absolute scarcity.'

Thus the evil is often long and severely felt before the remedy can be applied. The evil of scarcity, arising from deficient crops or bad seasons, can be prevented only by making large deposits of grain against the time of need. But, under the present corn laws, such deposits will not be made by individuals, and governments are seldom anxious to provide for any thing but the present exigency. They leave futurity to shift for itself. In this country when the crops are plentiful and the prices low, the bounty 'operates as an encouragement to send the surplus out of the kingdom.' When, therefore, the crops are abundant no stock is accumulated against the time of deficiency; and, even when

they fail, importation is retarded by the high duties till the prices reach the maximum of endurance.

By the act of 1791 a bounty of 5s. per quarter was to be paid on the exportation of wheat when ever " middling British wheat was under 44s. : and when wheat was under 50s. the enormous duty of 24s. 3d. was to be paid on importation. By the act of 1804 a bounty of 5s. was granted on the exportation of wheat when it is at or above 48s. per quarter, and had not risen to 54s. and the exorbitant duty of 24s. 3d. is imposed on importation when the price is under 53s. The bounties on the exportation and the duties on the importation of grain, when under a certain average, may tend to keep up the prices, and to promote the interest of a particular class of the community at the expense of all the rest ; but the general good, though an unsafe rule for the conduct of individuals, ought to be the polar maxim of all public institutions. Holland, though not an agricultural country, yet owing to the freedom which prevailed in the commerce of grain, became for a considerable time, almost the granary of Europe. Thus the prices were moderate in Holland in 1764, when the distress was universal in this country. The English government have always done more harm than good by their officious interference in the commerce of grain.

• The complaints of the farmers,' says the author, ' of the inadequacy of the prices in 1803 and 1804, were such as to occasion a committee of the house of commons to be appointed to take that subject into consideration, and to examine into the existing laws respecting the commerce of grain ; the committee reported that the high prices had occasioned large tracts of waste land to be brought into cultivation, which, combined with the two last productive seasons, had depressed the value of grain so much as it was feared would greatly tend to the discouragement of agriculture ; unless maintained by the support of parliament. The interpretation of this enigmatical report appears to be, that the prices which had already become depressed by an extension of growth at home, might become so much farther depressed by the competition of the foreign grower, if it were not prevented, as to discourage the production of grain.' — ' After the nation had so recently experienced the inconveniences of scarcity, which, in the estimation of every impartial man, can only be attributed to the unfavourableness of the seasons, combined with the want of encouragements to forming stores either of English or foreign wheat ; we cannot but be surprized at the impatience of the nation under the first effects of the reaction of these causes. The cry of the agriculture of the country being endangered is one of those stale tricks by which the interested impose upon the ignorant, or by which the powerful choose to colour their aggressions. An increase of tillage in consequence of high prices, was a natural effect of the return of the pendulum, and would have gradually corrected itself ; to suppose that it should necessarily verge again to an opposite ex-



treme, implies that there exists no principle by which the production of grain will regulate itself to the demand.'

It is not a little extraordinary that in so recent a period as 1804, when the principles of political œconomy were so much better and more generally understood, an enlightened legislature should have again had recourse to the old fallacious, and mischievous system of bounties, in order to force the exportation of grain, *to lower the price to the foreigner, and to raise it to the native consumer.*

**ART. IV.**—*Cælebs in search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals.* 2 vols. 12mo. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

IN the first chapter of this work Mr. Cælebs describes what, in his opinion, a wife ought to be; and he draws his ideal of nuptial excellence from the character of Eve as it is delineated by Milton. Of those qualifications, which render a woman an help meet for man in this mortal coil, Cælebs reckons the *study of household good* among the chief,

'Let,' says he, 'a woman know what she may, yet if she knows not this, she is ignorant of the most indispensable, the most appropriate branch of female knowledge. Without it, however she may inspire admiration abroad, she will never excite esteem, nor of course durable affection, at home; and will bring neither credit, nor comfort to her ill-starred partner.'

Cælebs represents himself as a young man of four and twenty, of an ancient family and a considerable estate. His father died soon after he had completed his studies in the university of Edinburgh. After the death of his father the predominant wish of his mother was to see him happily married. Part of her advice to him on the proper object of his choice is so excellent that we shall quote it as a *memento* which may be consulted with advantage by those who are about to speculate in the lottery of matrimony.

'Do not indulge romantic ideas of super-human excellence. Yet let not your standard be low. If it be absurd to expect perfection, it is not unreasonable to expect *consistency*. Do not suffer yourself to be caught by a shining quality, till you know it is not counteracted by the opposite defect. Be not taken in by strictness in one point, till you are assured there is no laxity in others. In characters, as in architecture, proportion is beauty. The education of the present race of females is not very favourable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education, not that, which smothered a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to con-

consolidate a firm and regular system of character ; that, which tends to form a friend, a companion and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, that habituates to reflection, trains to self denial, and more especially which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions, to the love and fear of God.'

In the above passage we object to the expression ' to consolidate a firm and regular system of character.' For if a character be consolidated, it must be firm, and if it be firm, firmness, as applied to character, supposes it to be regular and consistent. Instead, therefore, of saying that which tends to consolidate *a firm and regular system* of character, the author should have written ' that which tends to give solidity to the character.' We do not exactly know what the author means by that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions, to the love and fear of God.

The actions, feeling, sentiments, tastes, and passions, may be bad as well as good, contaminated as well as pure, vitiated as well as sound, turbulent as well as composed ; but are we to refer both, promiscuously and without regard to moral differences, to the love and fear of God? The sense would have been more definite and perspicuous if the author had written ; which permits no actions, which cherishes no feelings nor sentiments, no tastes, and no passions, which are incompatible with the love and fear of God.

The following is part of the description of the mansion and grounds of Mr. Cœlebs.

'The Priory, a handsome gothic mansion, stands in the middle of a park, not extensive, but beautifully varied. Behind are lofty mountains, the feet of which are covered with wood that descends almost to the house. On one side a narrow cultivated valley winds among the mountains ; the bright variegated tints of its meadows and corn fields, with here and there a little white cottage, embosomed in trees, are finely contrasted with the awful and impassable fells which contain it. An *inconsiderable* but *impetuous* river rushes from the mountains above through this unadorned but enchanting little valley, and passes through the park at the distance of about a hundred yards from the house.'

This passage affords but a poor specimen of the descriptive powers of the author of Cœlebs. It is not quite clear to what *it* at the close of the third sentence refers. We suppose to the *valley*, mentioned above ; but this is not so certain as to leave no room for doubt. We must add that

an *inconsiderable* is incompatible with the idea of an *impetuous* and *rushing* stream. The author states that the valley was unadorned, but he had previously given us to understand that it displayed the riches of cultivation, and was sprinkled with *white cottages embosomed in trees*. Thus we find that this valley instead of being left in its natural state was improved by human industry. It was the effect of this culture, which was seen in the varied tints of the meadows, the corn fields and the little white cottages which rendered the valley so enchanting. What then does the author mean by saying that it was *unadorned*? We make this remark to show that writers where they are delineating some real or some imaginary scene should take care to leave no incongruities in the verbal picture, which, when they are seen, dissipate the impression, by destroying the resemblance. If we were to quote more of this description of Cœlebs's rural domain, it would be found that images are heaped together till the whole representation becomes confused and indistinct.

While Mr. Cœlebs was dividing his time 'between the enjoyment of this *exquisite scenery*, his books,' &c. he was suddenly deprived of his inestimable mother. After this domestic loss Mr. Cœlebs resolves to quit the Priory for a few months to pass some time in London and to visit a Mr. Stanley, who was an intimate friend of his father, at Stanley-Grove in Hampshire.

The following remarks on the benefit which may be derived from the social circles of the metropolis are very sensible and judicious.

'For giving a terseness and a polish for conversation; for rubbing out prejudices, for correcting egotism; for keeping self importance out, if not for curing it; for bringing a man to condense what he has to say, if he intends to be listened to; for teaching him to endure opposition, and not to think every man who differs from him in matters of taste a fool, and in politics a knave; for cutting down harangues, for guarding him from producing as novelties and inventions, what has been said a thousand times; for quickness of allusion, which brings the idea before you without detail or quotation; nothing is equal to the miscellaneous society of London.'

Cœlebs was induced to undertake this journey with the more alacrity as he hoped that in the more numerous circle in which he is about to mingle, he should be able to select some amiable object to whom he might give his hand and his heart. His connubial propensities had been some time excited; and before he left home he had already formed an

ideal of female excellence in his own mind, which he was determined, if possible, to realize in the person of his wife.

As soon as Cœlebs arrived in London he visited some of his father's friends, and was concerned to find that two or three gentlemen who were 'very regular in their attendance on public worship in the country, *seldom went to church in London.*' Cœlebs pays his first visit in the metropolis to a gentleman whom he had occasionally seen in the north, and who was a widower with two daughters. The dinner displayed so little elegance of arrangement or skill in the culinary art, that Cœlebs, after puzzling his brain for an explanation of the phenomenon, determined that the ladies must be proficient in the learned languages. He accordingly anticipated a rich classical repast; but on asking the eldest sister if she did not think Virgil the finest poet in the world, she said that she had never heard of the person mentioned by Cœlebs, but had read 'Tears of Sensibility, and Rosa Matilda, and Sympathy of Souls,' &c. Mr. Cœlebs was soon convinced that this family would not furnish any thing in the shape of woman to correspond with his ideal of nuptial excellence.

At the house of Sir John Belfield in Cavendish-square, Cœlebs expected a full regale on the mental luxury which the erudite converse of the metropolis can supply; but at dinner he found most of the conversation interrupted or ingrossed by a loquacious epicure, who was deeply read in the *Almanac des Gourmands*; and after the cloth was removed, when our wife and wisdom-seeking hero had just begun to listen to an interesting account of Egypt, his attention was diverted by half a dozen children, 'lovely, fresh, gay and noisy,' who rushed into the room. Cœlebs in vain endeavoured to resume the conversation, but was prevented by the disturbance and confusion which ensued. We suppose that the author mentions this incident in order to discourage the practice of introducing the children of the family into the parlour after dinner to see the company and partake of the desert. The author seems to object to the custom because it tends to interrupt the gravity or seriousness of the conversation; but, allowing this, we will ask, does it not exercise the benevolent affections? If this be its effect we think that it is a stronger reason for the practice than Cœlebs has assigned against it: and that those individuals who are fond of learned argumentation, may readily find other opportunities of gratifying their desire.

At the family of a Mr. Ranby, who had a villa at Hampstead, Cœlebs met with a rigid and petulant antinomian in the person of the lady of the house, who was fond of dis-

playing her polemical skill in a perpetual conflict with her spouse. Mrs. Ranby had three daughters, who, were attired in that scant drapery, which serves as a mirror for the contour of every limb. Their mother, who had little idea of the necessity of intellectual or moral cultivation, but who imagined that divine grace would do all that was requisite, had paid little attention to their education. She had kept them very *religiously* from balls and plays, and constantly did them the great service of *praying for their conversion*. But all this maternal care did not, strange as it may seem, produce any repletion of knowledge or of virtue. All which they knew was a few frivolous accomplishments with which they whiled away the time. Cœlebs in vain endeavoured to engage them in a serious conversation. In the parlour while Cœlebs was debating some theological and moral questions with Mrs. R. they 'sat whispering and laughing, and netting white silk gloves.'

'When Cœlebs proposed a walk in the garden he found them as willing to talk as destitute of any thing to say. Their conversation was vapid and frivolous. They laid great stress on small things, they seemed to have no shades in their understanding, but used the strongest term for the commonest occasions, and admiration was excited by things hardly worthy to command attention. They were extremely glad and extremely sorry on subjects not calculated to excite affections of any kind.'

This is not a bad description of those little and vacant minds, which are equally destitute of sensibility and discrimination. But *gifts* and *graces*, in the mind of Mrs. Ranby, had superseded the necessity of learning. We shall not quote any of the pious reflections which the œconomy of Mrs. Ranby's house, which the frivolity of her daughters, or the dogmatical ignorance of herself, excites in the mind of Cœlebs. Certain it is, that he did not find in the three Miss Ranbys any of the ingredients which his reason had taught him to seek in the composition of a wife. The constituents of a good wife in the ideas of Cœlebs were those qualifications which would render her a directress for his family, a preceptress for his children, and a companion for himself.

In one of the families which Cœlebs visited in London, he tells us that the daughters were remarkably attractive and endowed with beauty, sense, and elegance, but that he observed a practice which is, we believe, not very uncommon, which deterred him from cultivating the acquaintance. We shall quote his own words.

In one family, where the young ladies had large fortunes they insinuated themselves into the admiration and invited the familiarity of young men by attentions the most flattering, and civilities the most alluring; when they had made sure of their aim, and the admirers were encouraged to make proposals, the ladies burst out into a loud laugh, wondered what the man could mean; they never dreamt of any thing more than common politeness; then petrified them with distant looks, and turned about to practise the same arts on others.

The following character of Mrs. Fentham, who would have had no objections to unite Cælebs to one of her daughters, is drawn with considerable discrimination and force.

‘Opinion was the idol to which she sacrificed. Decorum was the inspirer of her duties, and praise the reward of them. The standard of the world was the standard by which she weighed actions. She had no higher principle of conduct. She adopted the forms of religion, because she saw that, carried to a certain degree, they rather produced credit than censure. While her husband adjusted his accounts on the Sunday morning, she regularly carried her daughters to church, except a head-ache had been caught at the Saturday’s opera; and as regularly exhibited herself and them afterwards in Hyde Park. As she said it was Mr. Fentham’s leisure day, she complimented him with always having a great dinner on Sundays, but alleged her piety as a reason for not having cards in the evening at home, though she had no scruple to make one at a private party at a friend’s house; soberly conditioning, however, that there should not be more than *three tables*; the right or wrong, the decorum or impropriety, the gaiety or gravity, always being made specifically to depend on the number of tables.

‘She was, in general, extremely severe against women who had lost their reputation; though she had no hesitation in visiting a few of the most dishonourable, if they were of high rank, or belonged to a certain set. In that case, she excused herself by saying, ‘that as fashionable people continued to countenance them, it was not for her to be scrupulous. One must sail with the stream., I can’t set my face against the world.’ But if an unhappy girl had been drawn aside, or one who had not rank to bear her out had erred, that altered the case, and she then expressed the most virtuous indignation. When modesty happened to be in repute, not the necks of Queen Elizabeth and her courtly virgins were more intrinched in ruffs and shrouded in tuckers, than those of Mrs. Fentham and her daughters; but when *display* became the order of the day, the Grecian Venus was scarcely more unconscious of a veil.

‘With a very good understanding, she never allowed herself one original thought, or one spontaneous action. Her ideas, her language, and her conduct were entirely regulated by the ideas, language, and conduct of those who stood well with the world. Vanity in her was a steady, inward, but powerfully pervading principle. It did not evaporate in levity or indiscretion, but was the hidden, though forcible spring of her whole course of action. She had all the

gratification which vanity affords in secret, and all the credit which its prudent operation procures in public. She was apparently guilty of no excess of any kind. She had a sober scale of creditable vices, and never allowed herself to exceed a few stated degrees in any of them. She reprobated gaming, but could not exist without cards. Masquerades she censured as highly extravagant and dangerous, but when given by ladies of high quality, at their own houses, she thought them an elegant and proper amusement. Though she sometimes went to the play, she did not care for what passed on the stage, for she confessed the chief pleasure the theatre afforded, was to reckon up, when she came home how many countesses had bowed to her across the house.

‘A complete despot at home, her arbitrariness is so veiled by correctness of manner, and studied good breeding, that she obtains the credit of great mildness and moderation. She is said not to love her daughters, who come too near her in age, and go too much beyond her in beauty to be forgiven; yet like a consummate politician, she is ever labouring for their advancement. She has generally several schemes in hand, and always one scheme under another, the under-plot ready to be brought forward if the principal one fails. Though she encourages pretenders, yet she is afraid to accept of a tolerable proposal, lest a better should present itself: but if the loftier hope fails, she then contrives to lure back the inferior offer. She can balance to a nicety, in the calculation of chances, the advantages or disadvantages of a higher possibility against a lower probability.

‘Though she neither wants reading nor taste, her mind is never sufficiently disengaged to make her an agreeable companion. Her head is always at work, conjecturing the event of every fresh ball and every new acquaintance. She cannot even

‘Take her tea without a stratagem, &c.’

The character of Mrs Fentham is well contrasted with that of Lady Bab Lawless, who ‘affected no delicacy,’ laughed at reserve, and had shaken hands with decorum.

‘She held the noisy tenor of her way with no assumed refinement, and so far from shielding her designs behind the mask of decency, she disdained the obsolete expedient. Her plans succeeded the more infallibly, because her frankness defeated all suspicion. A man could never divine that such gay and open assaults could have their foundation in design, and he gave her full credit for artless simplicity at the moment she was catching him in her toils.’

The greatest object of this lady was to get her daughters married to some man superior to her husband in fortune and in birth. The characters of Lady Denham, Mrs. Stanhope and Lady Melbury next pass in review, and they are all finished with a good deal of vivacity and force.

We shall now attend Cælebs to the seat of Mr. Stanley, in Hampshire. Mr. S. had been on a footing of intimate friendship with his father from early life.

'I was cordially welcomed' says Cælebs 'by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and by that powerful and instantaneous impression which fine sense and good breeding, joined to high previous veneration of character, produce on the feelings of the guest, I at once felt myself at home. All the preliminaries of gradual acquaintance were in a manner superseded and I soon experienced that warm and affectionate esteem, which seemed scarcely to require intercourse to strengthen, or time to confirm it. Mr. Stanley had only a few minutes to present me to his lady and two lovely daughters before we were summoned to dinner, to which a considerable party had been invited, for the neighbourhood was populous and rather polished.'

In this family Cælebs found that the practice of introducing the children into the parlour after dinner was discontinued, that they might not interrupt the intellectual gravity of the company.

The following is the account of Miss Stanley which Cælebs receives from Mrs. Comfit, the housekeeper, who had formerly lived with his grandfather.

'In summer, sir, Miss Stanley rises at six, and spends two hours in her closet, which is stored with the best books. At eight she consults me on the state of provisions, and other family matters, and gives me a bill of fare, subject to the inspection of her mamma. The cook has great pleasure in acting under her direction, because she allows that miss understands when things are well done, and never finds fault in the wrong place; which, she says, is a great mortification in serving ignorant ladies, who praise or find fault by chance; not according to the cook's performance, but their own humour. She looks over my accounts every week, which being kept so short, gives her but little trouble, and once a month she settles every thing with her mother.

'Tis a pleasure, sir, to see how skilful she is in accounts; One can't impose upon her, a farthing if one would; and yet she is so mild and so reasonable; and so quick at distinguishing what are mistakes, and what are wilful faults; then she is so compassionate! It will be a heart-breaking day at the Grove, sir, whenever miss marries. When my master is sick, she writes his letters, reads to him, and assists her mamma in nursing him.

'After her morning's walk, sir, does she come into company, tired and cross, as ladies do who have done nothing, or are but just up? No, she comes in to make breakfast for her parents, as fresh as a rose; and as gay as a lark. An hour after breakfast, she and my master read some learned books together. She then assists in teaching her little sisters, and never were children better instructed. One day in a week she sets aside both for them and herself to work



for the poor, whom she also regularly visits at their own cottages, two evenings in the week; for she says it would be troublesome and look ostentatious to have her father's doors crouded with poor people, neither could she get at their wants and their characters half so well as by going herself to their own houses.

This is followed by a description, which Cælebs himself gives of Miss S. which was we suppose designed to realise the ideal which he had formed of female excellence, as suited to the wants of domestic life.

‘Lucilla Stanley is rather perfectly elegant than perfectly beautiful. I have seen women as striking; but I never saw one so interesting. Her beauty is countenance: it is the stamp of mind intelligibly printed on the face. It is not the symmetry of features, but the joint triumph of intellect and sweet temper. A fine old poet has well described her:

Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one could almost say her body thought.

Her conversation, like her countenance, is compounded of liveliness, sensibility, and delicacy. She does not say things to be quoted, but the effect of her conversation is, that it leaves an impression of pleasure on the mind, and a love of goodness on the heart. She enlivens without dazzling, and entertains without overpowering. Contented to please, she has no ambition to shine. There is nothing like effort in her expression, or vanity in her manner. She has rather a playful gaiety than a pointed wit. Of repartee she has little, and dislikes it in others; yet I have seldom met with a truer taste for inoffensive wit. Taste is indeed the predominating quality of her mind; and she may rather be said to be a nice judge of the genius of others, than to be a genius herself. She has a quick perception of whatever is beautiful or defective, in composition or in character. The same true taste pervades her writing, her conversation, her dress, her domestic arrangements, and her gardening, for which she has both a passion and a talent. Though she has a correct ear, she neither sings nor plays; and her taste is so exact in drawing, that she really seems to have *le compas dans l'œil*; yet I never saw a pencil in her fingers, except to sketch a seat or a bower for the pleasure ground. Her notions are too just to allow her to be satisfied with mediocrity in any thing, and for perfection in many things, she thinks that life is too short, and its duties too various and important. Having five younger sisters to assist, has induced her to neglect some acquisitions which she would have liked. Had she been an only daughter, she owns that she would have indulged a little more in the garnish and decoration of life.

‘At her early age, the soundness of her judgment on persons and things cannot be derived from experience; she owes it to a *tact* so fine as enables her to seize on the strong feature, the prominent

circumstance, the leading point, instead of confusing her mind and dissipating her attention, on the inferior parts of a character, a book, or a business. This justness of thinking teaches her to rate things according to their worth, and to arrange them according to their place. Her manner of speaking adds to the effect of her words, and the tone of her voice expresses with singular felicity, gaiety or kindness, as her feelings direct, and the occasion demands. This manner is so natural, and her sentiments spring so spontaneously from the occasion, that it is obvious that display is never in her head, nor an eagerness for praise in her heart. I never heard her utter a word which I could have wished unsaid, or a sentiment I would have wished unthought.

‘As to her dress, it reminds me of what Dr. Johnson once said to an acquaintance of mine, of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well. ‘The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on.’ The dress of Lucilla is not neglected, and it is not studied. She is as neat as the strictest delicacy *demands*, and as fashionable as the strictest delicacy *permits*; and her nymph-like form does not appear to less advantage for being veiled with scrupulous modesty.

This is certainly the portrait of a very amiable character. The disposition and the qualifications which are ascribed to Miss Stanley are such as constitute not only the momentary charm but the permanent bliss of domestic life. We think that Cælebs could hardly have made a better choice.

‘I now seemed,’ says he, ‘to have found the being of whom I had been in search. My mind felt her excellencies, my heart acknowledged its conqueror. I struggled however, not to abandon myself to its impulses. I endeavoured to keep my own feelings in order, till I had time to appreciate a character, which appeared as artless as it was correct. And I did not allow myself to make this slight sketch of Lucilla, and of the effect she produced on my heart, till more intimate acquaintance had justified my prepossession.’

The character of the elder, or Miss Lucilla Stanley, is contrasted with that of her sister Phebe, who has more vivacity and playfulness.—The whole description which the writer has drawn of the Stanley family is such as will interest every reader of sense and piety. Miss Lucilla is engaged to be married to Mr. Cælebs, but the work very properly concludes without the description of the ceremony.

This work is not so much a regular story as a series of conversations, in which the object of the author is to recommend his own theological opinions. These opinions as far as they relate to the speculative tenets or the polemical matter of religion are what is commonly termed orthodox;—but to the praise of the author it must be added that he endeavours to modify and explain them so as not to render them subver-

sive of practical goodness. The author is certainly not an antinomian; and the death of Mr. Tyrrel, which with some abatements is solemnly and forcibly described, was evidently designed to make an impression on the reader very adverse to that pernicious representation of the Christian scheme.—Mr. Tyrrel is represented as having been a dissolute sensualist in the early part of his life, when he endeavoured to run the career of ambition, in which he was foiled by more fortunate competitors, and lastly as having become a devotee at the shrine of avarice.—A famous preacher of the antinomian school whom he had accidentally heard, had made him an easy convert to opinions, which not only imposed no restraint on his predominant propensity, but which seemed to remove every impediment in the way to heaven. But an interval of rational reflection at the close of life and almost in the agonies of death convinces him of the errors of his conduct, and the vanity of his creed: The author depicts a death-bed scene between this penitent antinomian miser and Dr. Barlow, a clergyman who makes another conspicuous figure in this novel.

One of the episodes in this work, which is the most highly finished, and, on the whole, the most interesting, is that of Fanny the artificial flower-maker and her mother. The woman of fashion, beautiful, airy, sensitive, but unprincipled, is well described in Lady Melbury. In Mrs. Carlton, who had married a man whom she did not love and who did not love her, in order to oblige her parents and keep an estate in the family, we behold that meek and quiet spirit, which seems the acme of feminine excellence, gradually subduing her own aversion, and that of her husband; reforming the profligate, and causing domestic tranquillity and bliss to arise out of the elements of misery and strife. The narrative of Lady Aston whose mind from the experience of a great domestic calamity had become clouded with a superstitious gloom, is another of those *addenda* to the main subject of the work to which some praise is due.

In the numerous conversations which are detailed by Cælebs, we meet with a variety of judicious observations; but there are some occasions in which religious topics seem rather awkwardly thrust in, than naturally and inartificially introduced. We have no objection to see religious topics gravely and seriously discussed; but as the true repository of all religion is the heart, we are apt to think that when religion makes the sole or principal subject of discussion, it is apt to degenerate into a mere jargon of words. That man has seldom much religion who is always watching an opportunity to make it a topic of debate. Religion; true and un-

defiled, consisting in the love of God and of mankind, is like a fine essence which controversy soon dissipates in air. One of the best visible criterions of a mind alive to the influence of religion, is charity; but charity is certainly vitiated by being made the common topic of conversation. The injunctions of the founder of Christianity to pray in secret, and to give alms in secret, are equally the result of wisdom and of piety. We do not believe that any of the interests of religion will ever be much advanced by being made, as they appear to be too often in this novel of *Cœlebs*, the topic of colloquial debate. The subject itself is lowered and debased by being discussed after dinner over the bottle, when the stomach is full, and the mind less alert. Such abstruse and intricate doctrines as those of the trinity and the atonement, are not then likely to be displayed with new force of argument or power of illustration. Questions of literature, or the common topics of social life, are then most fit to occupy the mind and to engage the colloquial faculties of the company. Surely this is more congenial to the occasion and the time than to have our dinner and supper parties converted into synods of testy and captious divines. Let every man cherish the growth of religion in his heart and show its fruits in his life, but let him not lightly exercise the talent of a disputant. For true religion is rather pensive than loquacious, rather quiet than contentious, rather silently devout than boisterously pious: it consists rather in conduct than in debate, rather in habit than in opinion, rather in spiritual forbearance than in wordy war.

Among other sensible remarks in the dialogue part of this performance we noted the following with considerable satisfaction. They appeared to us to be acute and just.

‘The too great profusion of them, (of children’s books,) protracts the imbecility of childhood. They arrest the understanding instead of advancing it. They give forwardness without strength. They hinder the mind from making vigorous shoots, teach it to stoop when it should soar, and to contract when it should expand.’

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‘To counteract selfishness should be the great art of education. This counteraction is not like an art, or a science, which is to be taken up at set times and laid aside till the allotted period of instruction returns; but as the evil shews itself at all times, and in all shapes, the *whole* force of instruction is to be bent against it. Mrs. Stanley and I endeavour that not one reward we bestow, not one gratification we afford, shall be calculated to promote it. Gratifications children ought to have. The appetites and inclinations

should be reasonably indulged. We only are cautious not to employ them as *the instruments of recompence*, which would look as if we valued them highly, and thought them a fit remuneration for merit. I would rather shew a little indulgence to sensuality, than make it the reward of goodness, which seems to be the common way. While I indulged the appetite of a child, I would never hold out that indulgence, which I granted the lowest the animal part of his nature, as a payment for the exertion of his mental or moral faculties.

The language in this work is often inelegant and sometimes inaccurate.

‘The longest life with all its concerns shrinks to a point in the sight of a dying man, *whose eye is filled by eternity*. Eternity! Oh, my friend! Eternity is a depth which no geometry can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no imagination can conceive, no rhetoric describe.’

Eternity is the most abstract of abstractions, but the eye can be filled only with sensible and material images. And in the description which the writer pretends to give of eternity, by saying that it is “*a depth which no geometry can measure*,” he adds what is puerile and misplaced. Besides such is not the real language of a dying man as this writer represents it to be. It is a mere trifling with words, and very incompatible with the seriousness of the dying hour.

‘A bounteous *prelibation* of that blessedness which is without measure, and shall be without ending.’ Why could not the author say in plain English thus; ‘a foretaste of that blessedness.’ The word ‘antepast’ which frequently occurs in our old divines would have been better than ‘prelibation.’ The following is a gross instance, not we trust of ignorance but of carelessness. “He found Sir John and I sitting in the library with Mr. Stanley,” vol. ii. p. 391. But these are trivial defects compared with the general merits of the performance. Some of the theological tenets are such as appear to us incapable of being defended by a critical knowledge of the scriptures; but the meaning of the author is so good, and the design is so evident to promote the interests of piety and virtue, that we should think ourselves highly culpable if we made any speculative errors or incongruities a subject of severe animadversion.

ART. V.—*The Fisher-Boy, a Poem, &c.* Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe.

AFTER the perusal of this piscatory poem, we felt as if we had been personally acquainted with the author for a

long series of years. We can safely pronounce him a youth of considerable drollery, and invincible good-humour. That fishing is a very melancholy and morose employment, none who have laboured at it, will be disposed to deny, but he dwells with joyous prolixity on all its details of wretchedness, and lives as it were on descriptions of cold and hunger. He sometimes whistles for want of thought through hundreds of dreary and pauseless lines with a countenance of unmatch'd vacuity, and when, on recovering his senses he finds himself bewildered in a desert of a paragraph, he retraces his weary steps with the utmost composure till we see him occupying the very spot from which he started at the commencement of his journey. During all this wading and wandering, and starting and stumbling, he never utters a single querulous expression, but remains in perfect good-humour with himself and all the rest of the irrational creation. He unites the patience of Job, with the meekness of Moses—the gaiety of youth, with the garrulity of age, and in zeal he is the very Peter of fishermen.

Before we had read a few pages of this manual of net-drawing, we felt a great curiosity to know the author's situation in life. From the dedication, which expresses an abhorrence of all flattery, we conjectured that he was an honest bluff English yeoman, who occasionally relieved the uniformity of roast beef by a judicious dish of turbot, and the seat of whose inspiration was chiefly in his palate. This suspicion was afterwards strengthened by the following note.

‘ It would be useless to expatiate on the subject of the dory, to feast upon which Mr. Quin would travel an hundred miles, and was even known to affirm that his only desire was to have a throat one mile in length, and stuffed with dories. This fish when no longer than the hand, eats most delicious fried.’

We soon found however that he was too learned a person for a mere yeoman, and heard him to our great astonishment speak Latin. He goes so far as to correct false readings of the great writers of antiquity, and proposes the following emendation on a well known passage of Horace.

‘ Ne forte pudori

‘ Sit tibi lyræ solers et cantor Apollo.’

He then sets the deluded world right with regard to the interpretation of the expressions ‘ cui mens divinior atque os, magna sonaturum.’ Literally translated, he affirms that they mean ‘ who writes with fancy high, and bold and daring flights.’ He concludes his remarks on Horace with a translation of

‘ Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carminibus venit.’

‘ So ancient is the pedigree of verse  
And so divine a poet’s function.’

In like manner he corrects the texts of Claudian, Lucan and Virgil. ‘ *Animæque capaces mortis,*’ signifies, ‘we are told, souls ‘undismayed by death.’ The two following lines will we trust be printed in the next edition of Virgil:

‘ *Natos ad flumina primum  
Deferimus sceroque gelu duramus et nudis.*’

Nor ought the following to be omitted :

‘ *Ingeminat abstri et densissimus imber  
Nunc nemora ingenti vente, nunc littera plangit.*’

From these and many other specimens of profound learning and critical acumen we were led to think that our author was either the parson of the parish or the schoolmaster. The first of these hypotheses we were soon forced reluctantly to abandon by reading in a note a violent philippic against a clergyman, ‘who was so far actuated by worldly motives as to claim half-a-guinea for preaching a funeral sermon.’ From several sly hits at smuggling, it appeared to us that our author was probably an exciseman. While our opinion was vibrating between the exciseman and the school-master, both theories were destroyed by a piece of most important information on the title-page which had previously escaped notice. The author, honoured readers, is no less a personage than H. C. Esq. For a country gentleman his acquirements are extraordinary. His skill in the Latin tongue has been already noticed with due commendation. Let us now shortly consider him in the light of an English poet, taking all care not to be influenced in our judgment by the imposing and magnificent title of esquire.

The hero of the poem, is a fisher-boy. To render him as interesting as possible, his mother is represented as a maniac, himself as of spurious birth, and his name is Ned, or as it is afterwards given “little Neddy.” The seduction of his mother is thus pathetically described.

‘ ‘Twas man, deceitful man, with baseness fraught  
And varnish’d tale, the yielding Jenny sought!  
And lured her from the paths of spotless fame  
To tread the beaten road of public shame!  
By passion urg’d her soul confess’d the love  
Which was at once her joy and bane to prove!  
The first as short-lived as the bliss procured,  
The last with frenzied pain to be endured!’

We had almost forgot to mention that Ned's father was hanged.

'Spurning the laws, his guilty thoughts applied  
To wrench by force that gold his God denied!  
By theft debased he met the felon's doom,  
Consign'd from execution to the tomb.'

H. C. Esquire having read Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," adopts the general plan of that poem, and accordingly exhibits "little Neddy" in connection with the four seasons. This fancy leads the poet into sad difficulties, Ned is not permitted to do any thing in spring, which chance might lead him to do in summer, and the consequence is that he acts throughout with the most ludicrous trepidation lest he should violate that propriety of conduct which depends upon the solar system. All the transitions, too, in the poem are equally mystical and wondrous, and performed with a dexterous rapidity superior to that of a Boaz or a Jonas. Thus our bard having occasion to pass from Ned's mother to a vernal sky, he effects the journey in the following active manner.

'Yet hold! from suffering Jane my muse now flies  
And wings her way to spring's ethereal skies;  
Come boisterous March and let the Pisces bring  
With equinoctial winds the dawn of Spring.'

March and the Pisces obey this imperious mandate, and henceforth the reader is to understand that the time of the poem is spring. The appearances peculiar to that season are averred to be the following.

'The o'er-fraught clouds now poised 'twixt heaven and sea  
Besiege the moon with black artillery;  
In torrents *not in drops* pour down the rain  
Still adding horrors to the boisterous main!'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Then angry billows with incessant roar  
Dash o'er the shingle and assail the shore.'

After this exquisite picture of spring, our attention is directed to the various picturesque employments of Ned during its continuance.

'Tis then, from sleep arous'd, poor little Ned  
Will rush, half-clad from out his truckle bed!'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Now scarce is Aries usher'd in with wet  
When little Ned repairs some owner's net,  
To earn a sixpence from his master, he  
From morn to night toils on incessantly,



With twine and needle works, the flaws to mend,  
And with the mesh makes good each gaping rend.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'The net on shore no fear Ned's joy controuls  
Who leaps to view a glorious haul of soles  
With plenteous heaps of whittings, silvery skins  
And their companions the cream-coated blins.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'His stool he places at the cottage door  
From whence are seen the breakers and the shore;  
His knife he whets upon the nearest stone,  
Each whiting's back rips down and draws the bone,  
And being cleansed of entrails and of blood  
He leaves the carcase in fresh *water's flood*,  
Some salt supplies, then placed in sun or shade  
Leaves it to dry and thus the buckhorn's made!

We have now quoted the sum and substance of the first canto, which terminates with these two most unintelligible lines.

'Logic must yield its powers to common sense,  
As reason governs ruling Providence.'

The way in which Ned passes the summer is equally entertaining and instructive.

'In more abundance he the whiting shares  
Which if unsold for drying he prepares;  
And for his parent's eating dab supplies  
Which cleans'd, in dripping-pan he dextrous fries,  
Then adds potatoes sliced, thin, crisp and brown, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

'The playful rabbit equally appears  
To charm our Ned with downy dusky ears,  
Now flat and now erect, should aught surprise,  
Sure proof its safety in its hearing lies!  
Yet *soft my Muse!* this idle theme forbear  
Which of my hero's labours forms no share,  
'To work once more, for it is now the lot  
Of little Ned, to tend the lobster-pot!'

\* \* \* \* \*

Ned though adorned with many shining qualities is not without the errors incident to humanity. His barbarity in boiling lobsters before he eats them calls forth the following moral reflection.

'Oh! did we contemplate before we eat  
What pangs have been experienced for our treat;  
Oft would the appetite with thought grow dull  
And pity make the empty stomach full:—

Let me refrain ! To those enough I've said  
Who by congenial sentiments are led !  
So to my fisher-boy, I'll turn once more  
Casting of bait in every pot a store.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
' Propitious now the summer solstice glows.  
' To shrimp with little net, our Ned oft goes ;  
While sultry Leo plenteously supplies,  
With savoury prawns that yield a precious price !  
His net to hoop attach'd and fixt to pole,  
He nimbly glides, into each rocky hole.  
Arrests the darting progress with his drag,  
Draws forth the spoils, *then pops them in his bag?*

The second canto concludes with an enumeration of the varieties of fish caught by Ned during the summer, and the notes contain many judicious instructions how to dress them for table, which really brought water into the mouths of us hungry critics.

The description of autumn opens with this fashionable image.

' Veil'd in the purple streakings of the dawn  
Old time steals softly to the sleeping morn,  
Who from the dappled pillow rears her head  
And rises, blushing to be caught in bed.

Ned unmoved by this picture pursues the duties of his calling, tho' he sometimes forgets that he is a fisher-boy, and trespasses upon the labours of land-lubbers.

' Now hies our Ned with bags and long hook'd stick  
To hedges, woods, and coppice, nuts to pick ;  
Shewing their shells quite bronzed and hard with beat,  
Which yield when crack'd a firm and savoury meat ;  
These sold in pecks, an eighteen-pence produce,  
For little Neddy's and his mother's use.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
' In myriads now are caught of heavenly blue,  
The boney pilchard robed in silver too ;  
One haul producing oft upon the shore  
Full sixteen thousand fish and sometimes more,  
For frying famed, while some in pickle stow'd  
Preserve till winter in their hoop'd abode.'

Near the end of this canto we meet with a description of samphire-pickers, which eclipses that of Shakespear himself. The moral drawn from it is mournfully sublime.

' How strange that some will sole reliance place  
On that which seals another's foul disgrace,  
Since by a cord each culprit meets his end  
Which proves the samphire-picker's only friend,

Gives him new life who freely ventured death  
And stops his course who only covets breath.

The whole of the last canto is descriptive of smuggling, with which our author seems to have a most dangerous acquaintance. We trust however that he is rather an amateur than professor of the art. As friends we strongly recommend him to be silent on the subject, and that no suspicion may fall upon him to burn every thing he has here written concerning it.

It would be withholding a pleasure from our readers were we to conclude our account of the 'Fisher-Boy,' without laying before them a specimen of the arguments prefixed to the several cantos, as it may possibly afford a new light into the laws of association.

Summer described—Salmon Peel—Grandeur of Omnipotence—Rabbits—Crabs and Lobsters—The mercy of the Redeemer of the world—Shrimping and Prawning described.

We have thought it our duty to give this detailed account of the 'Fisher-Boy,' because we understand it is a considerable favourite with the public. The author holds all critics, he tells us, in merited contempt, and asserts that truth irradiates every page of his work. We perfectly agree with him. He evidently is a gentleman of the strictest veracity, and would not tell a lie for the whole kingdom of Parnassus. He is afraid even to indulge in the most innocent fiction. A more weak and well-meaning man than H. C. Esquire, lives not in his majesty's dominions, and we look upon it as a good sign of the times that squires are poets, and poets men of worth and probity.

ART. VI.—*A Letter to the Livery of London, relative to the Views of the Writer in executing the Office of Sheriff. By Sir Richard Phillips, Knt. one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. 8vo. Phillips. 1809.*

THE office of sheriff is of the highest constituted importance; and in the faithful discharge of its numerous duties will be found one of the surest guards which the wisdom of our laws has established for the security of our property and persons. The sheriffs were originally chosen by popular election; but, under the pretence of putting a stop to the violence and tumult that frequently prevailed on those occasions, the appointment of these great magistrates was taken

from the people, and, by the 9th of Ed. 2d, which has been modified by subsequent statutes, was vested in the king. The city of London, however, has had the right of election confirmed to it by charter; and though the interference of the crown, in the other counties, from the discreet manner in which it has been exercised, has not materially interfered with the liberty of the subject, the citizens of London have abundant reason to be proud and jealous of this important privilege. The sheriff has the custody of the county, he is a judge of a most useful, though neglected, court, he is the conservator of the king's peace, he is the minister of the superior courts of justice, and though the servant of the crown, may be said to stand between the king and his people. The weight and dignity of this high office seem, however, to have been frequently overlooked: and those who have held the shrievalty of London appear to have thought that they have usefully discharged their duty, if, while the routine of business proceeds under the direction of inferior agents, they maintain during the sessions a table of profuse hospitality, and on the ordinary days of shew delight the idle gazers of the town with the unwieldy display of civic pageantry. Sir Richard Phillips has thought more wisely; and, after zealously employing (as we believe) the opportunities which were afforded him, has presented to his constituents, in the sensible and well-written volume before us, a narrative of the exertions he has made, and has given much useful instruction to those who are to succeed him.

The first thing to which he has called their attention, is the freeholder's book. From this book, as is well known, all the juries are struck: and, as, from the negligence and ignorance of the constables, whose duty it is to procure, annually for the sheriffs, a list of the freeholders of the county, this book was very imperfect, Sir Richard Phillips and his colleague, in the commencement of their career, successfully exerted themselves to reform it. Sir Richard Phillips proposes that the charge of making these annual lists, should be transferred, from the constables to the churchwardens and overseers of the different parishes; but this, as it appears to us, is unnecessary. The duties of the constables are clearly laid down in the statutes which have been made on this subject, and are of easy execution. They must swear to the truth of their lists before a justice of the peace; they must deliver them to the high constable, who presents them at the quarter sessions, attesting upon oath that he has not altered them, since they have come into his hands. The constables are persons sufficiently well calculated to know the freeholders of their respective hundreds, they have, by

statute, a free access to the parish rates of the poor and land tax; and as they are enjoined to fix their lists upon the door of the church, it is improbable that the name of any person can be improperly admitted or withdrawn. It is of the highest importance to keep this book complete, that we may prevent the possibility of juries being packed for the destruction of the guiltless. But these regulations seem to be sufficient for their purpose, with the superintendence and attention of the magistrates, and without this any alteration would be equally unavailing.

The next point to which Sir Richard Phillips proceeds, is the practice of committing prisoners for trial to the Cold-bath fields, and other houses of correction. On this subject he has despatched at considerable length; and though we agree with him on the impropriety of the practice, we think he has totally mistaken the law. In p. 26, he says

‘By the ancient charters of this city it is provided, that the sheriffs elected by the livery shall enjoy all the usual privileges and powers that appertain or belong to the office. By ancient custom, and by the statute of the 19th of Henry the seventh, it was established, that, *every sheriff shall have the custody of the king's common gaols in the county where he is sheriff.*’ And by the 5th of Henry the fourth, it is provided, that ‘*none shall be imprisoned by any justices of peace but only in the common gaol;*’ and by the 11th and 12th of William the third, ‘*that all murderers and felons shall be imprisoned in the common gaol, and not elsewhere; and that the sheriff shall have the keeping of the said gaols.*’ These several provisions were intended, as they in fact are, as so many bulwarks of public liberty; for, as it is the duty of the sheriff or his deputy to prepare the calendar at the sessions of oyer and terminer, or of general gaol delivery, it is obvious that no man can be secretly imprisoned, or be imprisoned contrary to the provisions of the constitution, while he is in the custody of the sheriff. But if these bulwarks are destroyed, and if it be permitted that persons accused of crimes may be committed to any secret prison, *not under the controul, or within the jurisdiction of the sheriff or officer who prepares the calendar for the judges of assize*, then we may indeed possess the forms of liberty, but the substance will be lost! Persons obnoxious to a minister or magistrate, may be committed to such a prison, and never be heard of more. Like the prisoners of the late Bastille of France, they may disappear from among their friends, and be forgotten by those who were the instruments of their commitment!’

Under this conviction he had frequent communications with the magistrates of the county, and entered a long and vigorous protest against the practice. But the legality of these commitments is beyond dispute. In the year 1799 the matter was fully discussed in the Court of King's Bench, and

those who have any doubts on the subject may be satisfied by referring to the case of Evans in the 8th volume of the Term Reports, p. 172. It will be sufficient to mention the concluding clause of the 27 Geo. 3. c. 11, which enacts that it shall be lawful for any justice or justices of the peace, to commit either to the common gaol, or to any house of correction, within his or their respective jurisdictions, as to such justice or justices shall seem most proper, such vagrants, and other criminals, offenders and persons charged with, or convicted of small offences, as by any law now in force or hereafter to be made, he or they is or are or shall be authorized to commit to the common gaol. Though the law as it at present stands, unquestionably authorizes these commitments, we are fully aware of the danger that may result from this system, and we think that this is one of the subjects that most demands parliamentary revision. Of the nature of this house of correction, and of the character of the person to whose custody it is committed, the public have received from different quarters the most opposite and contradictory reports. Sir Richard mentions that on examining the pound weight which was used for weighing meat and other provisions in this prison "it was found to be seven-eighths of an ounce too light;" and in answer to a communication which he made on this subject to the magistrates at the quarter sessions, he received a report of the prison committee, which stated that there had been an overweight of bread, the day the grand jury visited the prison, of 2lb. on 276 loaves. Aroused by this assertion, Mr. Stephens, one of the jury, at whose instigation the pound weight had been tried by the standard at Guildhall, presented a petition to Parliament, in which after repeating the fact of the deficiency of the loaves, 'and that moreover the scales of the said prison were false and fraudulent,' he thus proceeds to state the other abuses which he had detected on his survey.

\* Your petitioner, together with other gentlemen, late members of the grand jury, also discovered;

\* That several of the liege subjects of this realm were committed to close custody, in cells destitute of fire, eight feet three inches long, by six feet three inches wide, two of them in irons, although sick; some, if not all, of these were innocent in point of fact, as all were then innocent in point of law, being detained under the pretext of re-examination, and consequently uncondemned by the legal judgment of their peers, or even the accusatory verdict of a grand jury. Of this number were a mother, a daughter, and a son, of creditable appearance; the two former in one cell, so situated as to be exposed to a continual current of external air, without the possibility of obtaining, even during the severest frost, an artificial warmth by

means of fuel, while the convicts below enjoyed all the comforts of an open roomy ward, with occasional access to fire.

That in one of these lonely cells, was closely confined a foreigner of some rank, the Chevalier de Blin, who as we are told by one of the gaolers, while so immured, had been deprived of his reason, and who presented to your petitioner a memorial on his knees; who after conversing with him in French some time through the key-hole, demanded to enter.

That in this place, originally destined for the improvement of the morals of petty offenders, a female prisoner, as we have learned, has been lately debauched by the son of the chief gaoler, or governor, who then held an office of trust in the prison, and has since had a child, now, or at least lately, burdensome to the parish of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex.

That four debtors were shut up in this house of correction, the only communication between whom and the world, appears to take place occasionally, between two iron grates, at upwards of six feet distance from each other, with a gaoler walking in the interval, so as to preclude complaint; and that from the examination of a debtor, and also, by a letter from him, both in the possession of your petitioner, it appears that he was shut up with persons guilty of robbery and unnatural crimes.

And lastly, that six innocent persons, the bills against whom had been thrown out by the grand jury, were dragged from Cold Bath Fields to Hicks's hall, in open day, at the close of Session, first manacled, and then fastened together by a rope, to be discharged by proclamation.

In consequence of this petition the king's ministers have appointed a royal commission to report generally on the complaints relative to this prison. Sir Richard tells us that he has already been twice examined before the commissioners; and he trusts that the result of their labours will be laid before the public early in the present sessions. Till this report, which we hope will be impartially drawn up, be published, it would be unjust to give any decided opinion upon the truth of either of these statements; in the mean time we will own that we have received the greatest pleasure in witnessing the tardy justice which has thus been done to the feelings of the public. Confinement is a grievous evil even to the guilty; and with all its necessary accompaniments of privation, of loss of employment, of seclusion from friends, of ruin and disgrace, it must be dreadful indeed to those who are conscious of being innocent of the crimes with which they are charged, those who are suffering from poverty and commercial disasters, or those whom the perhaps causeless suspicion of government has wantonly immured. To watch over the situation of these unhappy persons, to alleviate their sufferings, and to afford them all the comforts which

are not inconsistent with the safe custody of their persons is a duty which every feeling of humanity, and every principle of our natural love of liberty most imperiously call upon us to perform. The number of criminals of every description with whom the gaols of our country overflow, and the necessity that obviously exists of preventing the contagion of vice, by separating those who are charged with the greater and smaller offences, occasioned the introduction of these houses of correction; and in this view they might have been productive of great good. But in withdrawing them from the constitutional custody and inspection of the sheriffs, the legislature has set a precedent of most dangerous tendency. The calendars, which the sheriffs are bound to present at the general gaol delivery, are admirably calculated to prevent the possibility of secret and unlimited confinement; and though it appears from the speech of the then attorney general in the case of *Evans*, which we have mentioned before, that the keepers of houses of correction have uniformly delivered such calendars, the law does not extend to them, and there is no way to punish them if they were to fail to do so. The situation therefore of those who are left to the voluntary justice of the keeper of a house like this, is surely such as to justify apprehensions similar to those which our author has expressed; and it is with the view of calling the attention of the public (as far as in us lies), to the promised report of the commission, that we have made so long an extract from the petition of Mr. Stephens. That report will, we hope, set this part of the question at rest; and in the mean time we will only add that it always appeared to us to be one of the most lamentable proofs of the unbending spirit of the late Mr. Pitt, that at a time when the public mind was in a state of irritation on this subject he seems to have thought that it was the duty of government to oppose the wishes of the people whenever they were expressed, and that he hazarded the tranquillity of the metropolis, rather than remove to another situation a gaoler, to say the least, of very doubtful character.

Our author next adverts to the practice of detaining prisoners after the grand jury have thrown out the bills, which have been presented against them; and though the law on this point appears to be doubtful, we think his reasoning on its injustice is irresistible.

‘The Old Bailey Sessions generally commence on a Wednesday, the Grand Jury are commonly discharged on the Saturday following, and the persons relative to whom the bills are thrown out are, in this case, discharged on the Monday morning. It happened at a



late session that **SIXTY** persons, male and female, were discharged in this manner, bills against many of whom had been thrown out in the course of the preceding week, and on the average, it may be assumed that these persons had been detained four days and nights in the prison of Newgate, after it had been formally declared by one of the highest tribunals known to the constitution, that there existed no ground of charge against them. Surely it is a sufficient reason that the practice should be altered, if it be found to be a violation of the liberty of the subject, and contrary to the statutes of the realm, even if no other plea existed. But when you consider that it may be the lot of any man among you to be *accused*, what will your feelings be, when you reflect, that among the sixty persons I have alluded to there may have been many husbands whose labours were necessary to the existence of their families; wives whose children were suffering under every privation of want and misery; young females and young men, who, during their stay in Newgate, were initiating themselves in the practices of vice; and probably some persons whose trade, or business might require their superintendence, and who might be ruined by the additional detention. I say nothing of the mental sufferings of those who are thus immured on a light, or perhaps a malicious charge, which has not justified the Grand Jury in finding the bill: but I am convinced that there are few of you whom I am addressing, who would bear with the horrors of such a situation for 500*l.* per night.

A memorial on this subject was presented to the recorder of London, which unfortunately occasioned a difference between the sheriffs. After a long and angry correspondence between these worthy magistrates, in which it appears that Sir Richard has not yet discovered the art of tempering zeal with moderation, the recorder declared that he would never consent to the alteration in the practice of the court which had been proposed, and as long as he lived it should continue as it is. The practice has long been to discharge these persons by proclamation in open court, after the grand jury have been dismissed; and the only ground upon which it is defended is, "that there might be other charges against them, and that it sometimes happens that there are two bills against the same person, only one of which is decided upon in the first instance." But this reasoning is weak and insufficient. If the court were to release those only against whom no other charge had been preferred, immediately on the grand jury throwing out the bill, or if, as Sir Richard proposes, this duty were delegated to the sheriffs, it would fairly answer all the purposes of justice, and would save the unhappy person, whose innocence had been vindicated by the grand inquest of the country, from the cruel and unnecessary severity of additional confinement. Those who are acquitted by the petty jury are immediately set at liberty.

unless some other bill be presented against them; and surely there can exist no reason why those, whom there is no pretence for putting upon their trial, should be placed in a worse situation. After the long detention to which they are exposed, it is a superfluous caution to continue their imprisonment after their innocence has been declared, because by possibility new charges may be preferred against them in the interval between the throwing out of the bill, and the discharge of the grand jury. But it is useless to remark farther on a subject of such apparent injustice; and we trust that the recorder, on cooler consideration, will see the propriety of alteration.

Sir Richard next conducts his readers through the prisons of the metropolis; and though we had reason to believe that the statutes which were enacted for the regulation of prisons by the exertions of Mr. Howard had been much neglected, we will own that we were not less surprised than shocked at the scenes of misery which our author has displayed. These prisons are Newgate, the Poultry Compter, the Giltspur-street Compter, and Ludgate.

In Newgate there are generally from four to five hundred prisoners; and in one instance there have been as many as seven hundred and fifty. When the number exceeds six hundred fevers have generally begun to shew themselves; and in 1789, when the number was nearly eight hundred, a contagious fever broke out which carried off five or six of the prisoners per day. When our author entered upon his office he found in the women felons' yard from one hundred to one hundred and thirty women, and there have been instances of one hundred and seventy being confined at the same time. These occupy two wards, 37 feet by 13, there is also a sick ward and three little rooms called the master's side.

'The wards being thirteen feet wide, admit, by night, of two rows to lie down at once in a length of thirty-seven feet; that is to say, twenty-five or thirty women as it may be in a row, having each a breadth of eighteen inches by her length! They have told me, that at times when the place is much crowded all the interstices of the floor are covered, and two or three lie in breadth in the space afforded by the difference between the thirteen feet, the breadth of the room, and the length of two women.'

Is it possible that, in the richest city in the universe, females unconvicted as well as convicted, should for weeks and months be huddled together in a state which our author not unaptly compares to that of wretches who are confined on board a slave ship. The situation of debtors is nearly the

same ; they are crowded together in narrow rooms, and it is estimated that they have a space allotted to each of twenty-six inches.

The wisdom of our laws with respect to debtor and creditor has often been questioned ; and little can be said in defence of regulations which give up the unfortunate tradesmen, whom confidence in others, or sickness, or inevitable misfortunes have overwhelmed in ruin, or those even whom thoughtless profusion and profligacy have destroyed, to the resentment or disappointed avarice of an exasperated creditor. While the law, however, continues to place men in the power of each other, and surrenders to hopeless confinement those who, under a wiser system, might have been useful members of society, it is found to interfere between the victims and their oppressors, and though it permits detention, should at least prevent men from starving and degrading one another. That this is now too frequently the case, the details of Sir Richard's book unhappily prove ; but we cannot help inserting here an extract, from a communication of Mr. Neild, to our author, which is given at length in the appendix ; and we believe that few of our readers could have conceived that in the centre of this great city, so monstrous a receptacle of misery could have existed.

' *Borough compter*—The keeper, John Bullevant, has no salary.

' There is only one court yard. Men and women associate together.

' Nothing but the dirty boards to sleep upon.

' No bedding, or even straw allowed. No fire in winter.

' No medical assistance in sickness. No religious attentions.

' The men debtors' room below is *now* useless ; the floor is earth.

' No mops, brooms, or pails of soap, to keep the prison clean.

' A prisoner may remain here forty days for a debt of one guinea, without once taking off his clothes or washing his face.

' The allowance is not sufficient to support the cravings of nature, being only a twopenny loaf *per* day, weight, 10th March, 1801, *six ounces* ; and the 7th December, 1804, *eight ounces*. It ought to be one and a half pound of bread *per* day, sent in every other day in loaves of three pounds weight, from the bakers.

' I am, dear Sir,

' Your's sincerely,

*Chelsea, Oct. 10, 1807.*

' JAMES NEILD.'

To relieve as much as possible the distressful situation of those under his care, Sir Richard with the most laudable humanity, visited the prisons twice every week, kept some of the prisoners constantly employed in lime-washing the walls, promoted cleanliness by all the means in his power, and procured, though it seems with some difficulty, an order for glazing

one of the women felons wards, in which they had been exposed without bedding, and with no other covering than a single rug to the draft of four or five open windows. The other ward still remains as it was.

The situation of women, who are sentenced to transportation attracted the attention of the sheriffs, and a little exceeding the limits of their official duty, they presented a memorial on the subject to the secretary of state. They represented the inequality with which the punishment falls upon male and female convicts. The expence of conveying them to New Holland is calculated by Sir Richard at 120l. per head; and no provision is made for their return. When the period of banishment has expired, the men are sometimes able to work their way home as sailors; but the women are left without any such resource, and the sentence of the court by which they are convicted, whether it extends to seven or fourteen years, in effect banishes them from their country for life. It is in vain then that the legislature has measured out to different criminals their proportions of punishment, if, by the faulty system on which we proceed, the greater and lesser offences are visited with equal severity. Lord Hawkesbury does not however appear to have received with much satisfaction this lecture on a point of general policy from the worthy magistrates of the city, and returned them no answer; though we collect that he procured a mitigation of punishment for 10 or 12 convicts, whom the sheriffs had reported to be fit objects for his majesty's mercy.

Our author next mentions a circumstance that, as he says deeply concerns the honour of the city of London. 'It is this, that the salaries of the keepers of the prisons of this great and opulent city, instead of being liberally paid by the public, are drawn from the wretched prisoners themselves in the shape of fees.' The impropriety of this is too obvious to need any remark.

It would exceed our limits if we were to follow the sheriffs through every part of their useful career, and we shall close our account of the volume before us, by briefly mentioning a subscription which they promoted for what they called the sheriffs' fund. By the benevolent assistance of various persons a sum of money was collected, which was placed in the hands of these gentlemen, to be distributed among the prisoners of the different gaols. With the sum of 296l. they sent back many persons who had been discharged from confinement, to their native places, they provided for the families of the indigent criminals, they clothed the naked, increased the very insufficient allowance of food, provided fire and candles, and gave rewards for cleanliness. There is

one article however in the list of their disbursements, that speaks so strongly to the feelings, that with it we will finish our extracts.

‘For legal assistance, by means of which twenty-nine poor debtors have been liberated from Newgate after long imprisonments, (the number of whose wives and children exceeded 120 souls), and many of them were sailors arrested by crimps on sham actions, or persons imprisoned on false pretences, £31. 10s.’

Such is the book which our author has given to the public. It is clearly and ably written throughout: the spirit with which it is composed, entitles him to our high respect, and there is nothing to which we have found reason to object, unless it be the slighting manner in which he passes over the exertions of his colleague. We collect, indeed, from the work, that in many of the important points which we have mentioned, Mr. Sheriff Smith gave his ready and effectual concurrence; yet we were sorry to observe that their cordiality had been impaired, and that Sir Richard does not seem inclined to allow his fair share of praise to his fellow-labourer. In calling, however, the attention of the world to this very defective part of our penal laws, Sir Richard is entitled to the thanks of those who are aware of the existence of abuses, and are eager to promote enquiry and reform. We particularly recommend this book to those who expect to fill the office of sheriff in this city, or in the different counties of England, as a most useful manual. Those too, who have been accustomed to listen with delighted credulity to the praise which we hear daily bestowed upon our own institutions, and who believe that in this fortunate country the happiness of the subject is ensured by the wisest regulations, will find an instructive lesson in the scenes of misery which are thus opened to their view. They will discover that the wisest institutions, if not subjected to occasional revision, fall rapidly into decay, and that abuses grow up in time which pervert them from their intended ends: and make them the instruments of evil; and that it is possible even in this land of liberty, and amidst a humane and generous people, for a person who is innocent of every crime, to suffer for months the complicated affliction, of imprisonment, disease, and famine. There was a time when the attention of the public was strongly turned to this subject by the labours of Mr. Howard; the enthusiasm spread rapidly through the kingdom; the situation of criminals became generally known; every heart was melted at the recital of their sufferings, and to pity and alleviate them became the fashionable virtue of the day. A few years have elapsed, and the labours of Mr. Howard are forgotten, and his regulations are disregarded.

The prisons are still the receptacles of filth and woe; and the system still continues to exist with all the horrors which he exposed, and which the public feeling had condemned. The passion of humanity, like all other passions, is of short duration, and is temporary in proportion as it is violent; and there was little reason to expect that those who were occupied with cares and concerns of their own, would have long continued to fix their attention upon those with whom they had no apparent connexion or interest, and especially when fortune had appeared to place them beyond the reach of their misfortunes. Let any one, however, turn to the long catalogue of crimes and punishments with which our statutes overflow, and who shall say, however high his rank, however firm his resolution, however well founded his confidence in his own virtue, that amid the multitude of actions which our laws have made criminal, some temptation which he cannot withstand, or some accident which he cannot foresee, may not place him on a footing with those, from whom he now seems to be inseparably removed? Let him remember too, that though he may guard himself from the commission of vice, he is not secure; for the false and unfounded accusation of a villain, may at any time make him an inmate of the places we have described. It should, however, be acknowledged that some have benevolently persevered through every disappointment: and we can still dwell with pleasure on the philanthropic exertions of Mr. Nield, Sir George Paul, and various others; and in some of our counties the prisons are admirably managed. Sir Samuel Romilly too, in the task which he appears to have undertaken, of revising our criminal code, is entitled to our highest approbation, and we earnestly exhort him to proceed. There are many things that absolutely demand alteration. The prisons should be enlarged, cleanliness be promoted, religious instruction be provided, decency of manners be enforced; the different classes of prisoners be kept distinct from each other, so that the boy of thirteen may not learn lessons of iniquity from the old and hardened offender, and our gaols continue the schools of every vice; perhaps too penitentiary houses should be erected for the reformation of smaller criminal offenders, the gaolers should have ample salaries, and not be compelled to live by preying upon those whom distress has already brought too low; employment should be found for those who are inclined to work, and every class of prisoners should be provided with clothes and with sufficient sustenance even if it were of the coarsest kind. But we cannot help thinking that alterations should not stop here. We have continued increasing the catalogue of crimes, and

adding punishment to punishment, till we have proceeded so far that, besides a multitude of inferior offenders, we annually hang and transport nearly one thousand of our fellow-subjects. Yet our gaols continue to overflow, and offences to multiply in our country. Can this be right? and does not a state like this, among a moral people as we unquestionably are, convince us that there are some radical defects in our system which the utmost severity of punishment can never cure? We attribute this in a great degree to the ignorance of the criminal poor, on which subject a very interesting fact is mentioned in page 277 of Sir Richard's work. But we will not here enter into this ample subject; and we will only add, that if Sir Samuel Romilly, or any other intelligent member of parliament, will seriously undertake the herculean task of revising our criminal code, he will do the most inestimable service to his country, and will gain more honour for himself than the most splendid triumphs of party can ever bestow.

ART. VII.—*Woman; or Ida of Athens*. By Miss Owenson. 4 Vols, 12mo. Longman. 1809.

WHILE most of our fair novelists are contented with describing the important distresses and entanglements of some young lady of fashion at her first coming out, and her many disagreeable predicaments with the Duke of ———, the Marquis of ———, Sir Harry ———, and the honourable Captain ———, Miss Owenson deserves great praise for stepping out of the high way of modern romance and seeking a little novelty for the subject of her novel. Thus, one of her heroines dances at the balls given by Catherine of Medicis; another at a fête champêtre in the wilds of Connaught as the daughter of an Irish monarch; and a third is now before us, performing a pas seul upon 'the sacred hill of Æropolis,' before 'the portico of Euminius,' or between 'the columns of the Parthenon.'

There is, certainly, something extremely attractive in the accounts of modern Græce and its inhabitants, given by some enthusiastic Frenchmen of late years, De Guy, Olivier, Savary, Spon, Garnery, and others; accounts which we should easily suppose well calculated to make a strong impression on Miss Owenson's romantic and poetical mind, and which, yet, we should hardly have expected to become the subject of a novel.

It seems, however, that to these sentimental tourists, *Ida*

of Athens is chiefly indebted for her existence; and it must be acknowledged that the most lying of our cold English travellers could hardly have been made to contribute to the production of so romantic an offspring.

Our fair readers must not recoil from the *antiquated* title of this work, under the false impression of being carried back to the age of Alexander or Pericles, about which they must well know that it is an unpardonable crime in a young lady of fashion to read, or even to have heard a single syllable. Still less are they to expect that their tender ears will be shocked by the barbarous admixture of gothic fiction, which we recollect to have been lately imposed upon them under the title of a 'Grecian Princess.' No—we can assure them that *Ida of Athens*, spinster, was married not many years ago at St. George's Hanover-square, to one — Osmyn, Esq. a general officer in the service of Catherine empress of all the Russias, that she is still alive, (for any thing we know to the contrary) and, unless banished to Siberia on the death of the emperor Paul (which we have no reason for supposing to be the case) is probably at this present moment, the 18th of February 1809, dancing her favourite pas seul before a brilliant assembly of bears at St. Petersburg.

One circumstance, however, our love of truth will not permit us to conceal, though we are apprehensive the revealing it may be attended with considerable detriment to the sale of the book among the *better educated* part of the fair sex; but then we may hope that the damage will in some measure be repaired by the additional circulation which it will promote in the no less literary class of milliner's apprentices and lady's waiting-maids. This circumstance to which we allude with some degree of pain, is the uncommon profusion of hard names; Mount Hymettus, Piræus, Themistocles, Menander, Jupiter Olympius, Anadyomene, Phydias, Gymnasium, Epicurus, Latona, Apelles, Ariadne, Erectheus, &c. &c. &c. which must inevitably be too powerful for the nerves of well bred women, but will on the other hand be instantly comprehended by the aforesaid second class of readers to mean every thing that is soft, tender, and empassioned. But here again we have a remark to make which may tend to reconcile the higher rank of beauties, without offending the lower, and by the operation of which we may reasonably flatter ourselves that this criticism of ours will have a *positive* good effect upon the sale of *Ida*. Miss Owenson is quite as full of blunders in this part of her performance as any young lady would wish to be on so unfashionable a subject; and surely no fair reader of novels, however high in the ranks of the *haut ton*, will scruple to add *Ida of Athens* to her select li-



brary, when she is informed that, however great the display of learning, she presents at least a reasonable proportion of elegant ignorance.

That Piræus, where the spirit of *Scylla* had breathed its destructive influence, ought not to prove repulsive to the most gentle ear; nor need it be startled at the information that 'to Phryne, Apelles and Praxiteles owe the immortality with which their *Gnidos* and their *Anadyomene* have crowned them;' that 'a person rushing from the arch of the *Propylea* seized another in his arms;' that 'he permitted them to lead him to the *façade of Augustus*, to harangue him in the *Tour di Vento*, and point the whole force of their *virtù* against his ignorance in the lantern of Demosthenes;' that 'a deep flush passed like the tint of an *iris* across her cheek' (which, if it means any thing, means that *Ida* used to blush blue, red, yellow, orange, green, violet, and purple, all at once), and that 'she sometimes assumed the *spirited dignity of the young Diana*, as on the banks of the *Erotus* she led the mazy dance.'

There is yet another class of readers, besides those of fashionable young ladies and their *femmes de chambre*, to the opinion of which, (although much more confined than either of the former) Miss Owenson is not, we believe, by any means insensible; we mean that of reasonable, and well-informed persons, who now and then take up a novel for the sake of relaxation from the more important concerns, in the lively and interesting description of natural feeling, incident, or character. To these persons we must do Miss Owenson the justice of declaring that we have selected the foregoing instances of *incorrectness*, not out of contempt, but from a charitable wish to amend her style and regulate her fancy. She is, very much indeed, too fond of making a display of her reading on all possible subjects; and the air of pedantry which is thus thrown over her writings, becomes doubly and trebly ridiculous when it betrays her into the errors of ignorance. There is not the least reason why Miss Owenson, or any other lady should know how to spell every word in the Greek language correctly, or be acquainted with the life, actions, and character of every god and hero in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. But then there is a very good reason why people should be cautious of talking about that they do not fully understand.

If Miss Owenson would take this admonition as kindly as it is meant, we should proceed a little farther in our remarks, and lecture her upon vices of style, which are still more worthy of her attention and amendment than the

affectation of learning. She possesses a very warm and lively imagination, the irregular sallies of which, might well have been overlooked in a first, and pardoned in a second, production of her genius; but now that she has stepped forward so often as a candidate for public applause, and must so often have been admonished of her errors, we think it rather inexcusable that the latest should be even the most sinning, in those respects, of all her performances. Surely Miss Owenson is, by this time, too experienced a writer to think such expressions pardonable as, 'like Aurora, the *extremities of her delicate limbs*,' (meaning her fingers and toes) 'were *rosed with flowing hues*;' 'Her recumbent form was indeed that of Mahomet's *houfi*, but her *dream* seemed the *soulborn vision of a Lesbian Sappho*;' 'The enthusiasm, the *energetic feelings* of her character, seemed to find a *respondent* in the *impassionate ardour* of his;'—'Choral hymns *which rise like spherul strains, and sigh away into silence*;—'the *undulating form*' (of a lady dancing the dance of Ariadne) 'resembling the pure flame which the air wafts from its spiral direction,' (this is the first time we ever heard a female figure commended for *tapering* from the waist *upwards*!) 'the hues of her complexion, now deepening from exercise, now *paling* from languor;'—'She poured nectar from a golden urn *with the air of an hamadryad*; so ideal was her form;'—her character, 'which lay unguardedly exposed to enterprize, yet seemed always endowed with an *unvanquishable* power of resistance;'—'the *tempting fragility* of flowers;'—'the playful *inebriety* of innocent gaiety;'—'the *character* of innocence and pleasure;'—'the *comminglement* of roses with cypress;'—'slow and gentle *languishment*;'—'*Sylphid* form;'—'*inconsequent* pursuit.'—With a multitude of et cæteras that crowd upon the reader in every page.

Besides, the unrestrained luxuriance of Miss Owenson's fancy (we are sorry that she obliges us to speak our minds on so *delicate* a subject)—too often seduces her into a train of imagery which we are afraid, would alarm the apprehensions of Diana, even while 'on the banks of *Erotus* she leads the mazy dance.' Really, when we read of 'an age and character, which realizes the most perfect idea of the *most delicate pudicity*—every feeling *trembling* at its own expansion—every emotion *shrinking* back upon itself—instinctive modesty mingling its effusions with a new-born conscious bashfulness—and the sensitive delicacy of maturing youth—of 'the glowing fold, that leaves nothing to the dream of fancy;' of 'hearts capable of every higher, finer, dearer feeling, throbbing with responsive wildness against each

other's palpitation;' of 'sighs profoundly breathed, as sweetly mingled;' of 'that timid, gentle, *trembling* pressure, which virtue consecrated, and love so sweetly understood.'—We cannot avoid *trembling* a little for the fair writer, and wishing most sincerely that she would curb the unconscious fluency of her pen before she thinks again of setting it to paper.

Miss Owenson has, we believe, been very faithful on the whole, in her acknowledgments of assistance from the works of others; but we have detected two or three instances of petty larceny, from a book which (being anonymous) she perhaps thought to be public property—we mean, 'Translations from the Greek Anthology,' which were noticed in a former volume of this Review. However, as plagiarism is not a frequent offence of this lady, we think it needless to dwell longer on the subject, by pointing out the particulars in which she has offended.

Miss Owenson will, we trust the more readily forgive the freedom of our censure, when we assure her that we should not have taken the pains to bestow it on a worthless object. We should gladly enter at some length into the fable, conduct and management of her present romance, but that we think it would be doing a real injury to deprive any of its readers of the pleasure of opening it fresh and unprepared by a foreknowledge of its circumstances. The character of the heroine is drawn in many respects, with a very just, as well as a very glowing, pencil; and the union, which it is meant to exhibit, of inborn genius, sense, and modesty, with all the innocent freedom and genuine emotions of untutored nature, is heightened throughout the first volume by the contrasted features of the polite, the elegant, the sensual Englishman. Accustomed to judge of all mankind from his knowledge of *the world*, the mistake of this ill-fated voluptuary is pardonable in forming by the same rules his opinion of *Ida* who has lived all her days *out of the world*. The progress of his passion, and the alternation of his hopes and fears during the pursuit, are admirably well imagined and conducted; the interest which he gradually obtains in the heart, or rather in the imagination of *Ida*, is highly natural and consistent; and the final disappointment of his schemes of licentious happiness is an incident as skilfully wrought up in the execution, as it is poetically just in the conception.

One of the conversations which he holds with *Ida*, previous to this termination of his prospects, while he is still artfully urging his suit, and she (wholly unconscious of his object) alternately fanning the flame by her unsuspecting levity of manner, and throwing water upon it by her natu-

ral sense and purity of her mind, will be no unfavourable specimen of Miss Owenson's style; and we owe it her in reparation for the liberties we have taken.

'From the kiosk,' said Ida with animation, throwing down her pencil and leading the way, 'from the kiosk, when the day is bright and clear, as this is, we can at least behold the spot where those gardens were supposed to bloom.' The next moment they were both in the kiosk. Ida with all her awakened enthusiasm glowing warmly round her exclaimed, as she pointed towards the road that led to Eleusis. 'A little further on, towards the base of mount Parnes, lie a cluster of ruins; they are supposed to mark the site of the Ceramicus and the academy; and you recollect, that it was on the road to the academy that the gardens of Epicurus spread their luxuriant shade.' She paused for a moment; the Englishman's eyes were fastened on her face; hers were strained towards the subject of her research. He beheld the kindling lumination of her vivid fancy diffusing its light over her countenance and animating her ardent expressions, as she continued; 'I think I see those beautiful gardens spreading on my sight; I behold the striking, interesting form of the elegant sage who sought the secret of true enjoyment in their shades.' And think you that he found it, Ida? 'If nature was his guide, how could he miss it?' she replied with animation, 'nature!' repeated the Englishman, in pleasurable surprise, 'are then the doctrines of Epicurus the dictates of nature! and do you acknowledge, Ida,' 'I always acknowledge,' she returned with simplicity, 'what I believe to be the truth, when Epicurus throws the stole of the graces over the form of philosophy; when he shows that true enjoyments are only to be possessed on the bosom of temperance, when he restores the senses to their dignity by placing them as the instruments of our gratification only as they are the pupils of our reason; when he paints happiness to be the object of man, and pleasurable propensities, in a natural sense, guided, corrected by social duties, in a relative one, the medium, in a word, when he inspires virtue by the utmost severity of example; when he teaches it by the severest persuasions of eloquence; when he dictates frugality, public love, firmness of soul, enjoyment of life and contempt of death; virtue and happiness are then surely the principles of his doctrine, and nature is its sole inspiration.'

'The Englishman, listened, wondered, admired, but was mortified, was disappointed. The young, the lovely woman whose heart he sought to interest, whose feeling he sought to awaken, undertaking the defence of his own principles in commencing the eulogium of a philosopher whose disciple he boasted himself, was but too flattering to his wishes, but too accessory to his designs; but when he beheld his ignorance of the doctrine he professed in her exposition of its laws; when he heard her preaching the pleasure she was calculated to bestow, yet inseparably connecting it with the virtue she was calculated to inspire, he was overwhelmed, he was silent, and she, whose sophistry had confounded, whose wit had dazzled so many women of greater

acquisition, stood vanquished by a creature, who, simple and inexperienced, referred to nature for every opinion she had formed as for every feeling she indulged. It was not till after a pause of some minutes that the Englishman recovered the power of addressing her.

The national pride, and patriotism, and love of liberty, and hatred to tyrants, which the French travellers have taken so much pleasure in painting as the hereditary and unalienable characteristic of the modern, as well as of the ancient, Greeks, have been seized by Miss Owenson with all the enthusiasm which seems to have first impressed them on the imagination of the travellers themselves; they are incorporated with the work, and form the basis of the fable. How far the romance of 'Ida of Athens' may in this respect be considered as *historically true*, it is of no importance here to enquire; since, as a romance, it would neither be made better nor worse by the decision. It is quite sufficient to support its poetical veracity, that, towards the close of the last century, the flame of liberty so long suppressed, did for a moment blaze out again in various parts of Greece; but excited by casual circumstances, other circumstances occurred to stop its progress almost as soon as it kindled, and it must still remain at least questionable to a sober understanding whether the descendants of Themistocles and Epaminondas are worthy of the independence which they have lost.

With the transmigration of Ida and her family to England, our interest in the story almost wholly vanished; and we think that most part of the last volume might have been spared greatly to the advantage of the rest.

ART. VIII.—*Historical Account of the Charter-house, continued from p. 201.*

THREATS and entreaties having prevailed upon *William Trafford*, the new prior of *Charter-house*, to comply with the statutes, on the 10th of *May* 1537, he, and the major part of the convent took the oaths of renunciation and supremacy; but ten, nine of whom had subscribed to the succession in 1535, now absolutely refused, and in consequence were committed close prisoners to *Newgate*. These measures were preliminary steps to the destruction of the convent; for, in the following month, Prior *Trafford*, and his brethren who had subscribed, were wheedled into a *surrender of the monastery*, which accordingly took place by a formal deed for that purpose, signed by them, and dated the 10th day of *June* in the year 1537.

The poor monks who had been sent to *Newgate*, shared a fate infinitely more dreadful than that of their brethren who fell by the public executioner, perishing gradually through want of food, air, and exercise.

Our readers may judge for themselves whether enthusiasm or artifice dictated the following very curious declaration published by a monk called Darley, about the time of the subscription. We strip it of the quaint orthography, and awkward abbreviations with which it is disguised in the text because the matter of it seems to us more curious than the manner.

‘ I John Darley, monk of the Charter-house, had in my time license to pray with a father of our religion, named Father Raby, a very old man, in so much when he fell sick and lay upon his death-bed, and after the time he was *anelede* (*annealed*), and had received all the sacraments of the church in the presence of all the convent, and when all they were departed, I said unto him, ‘ Good Father Raby, if the dead may come to the quick, I beseech you to come to me’—and he said ‘ yea, and immediately he died the same night, which was in the *clensyng days* (Purification) last past Año 1534, and, since that, I never did think upon him, to St. John the Baptist last past.

‘ Item, the same day, at five of the clock at afternoon, I being in contemplation in our entry in our cell, suddenly he appeared to me in a monk’s habit and said to me, ‘ Why do ye not follow our father?’ And I said wherefore? He said, ‘ For he is *infer* in Heaven next unto angels.’ And I said, where be all our other fathers which died as well? He answered and said they be well, but not so well as he.’ And then I said to him ‘ Father, how do you?’ And he answered and said ‘ Well enough’—and I said ‘ Father, shall I pray for you?’ And he said ‘ I am well enough, but prayer both for you and other doeth good’—and so suddenly vanished away.

‘ Item, upon Saturday next after, at five of the clock in the morning, in the same place, in our entry, he appeared to me again, with a large white beard and a white staff in his hands, lifting it up: whereupon I was afraid, and then leaning on his staff said to me, ‘ I am sorry that I lived not to (till) I had been a martyr’—and I said, I think that he as well ye was a martyr’—and he said, ‘ nay—For, my lord of Rochester, (Bishop Fisher) and our father, was next unto angels in Heaven’—and then I said, Father, what else?—and then he answered and said, the angels of peace did lament and mourne without measure—and so vanished away.

Written by me John Darley, monk of the *Carthowe*, the 27 day of June, ye year of our Lord God afore-said.

After the suppression, the small remnant of the order retired to Bruges in Flanders, where they remained till the reign of Queen Mary, when they returned by royal invitation

and were fixed for a time at the old Carthusian priory of Sheen in Surry. But in 2d Eliz. they were finally ejected. They then settled at Nieupoort in Flanders and continued here till the suppression of monastic orders by the emperor Joseph in 1783, at which time they were found to consist only of three monks and two lay brothers.

The next chapter contains some biographical notices of Sir Edward North, and Thomas Duke of Norfolk (beheaded A. 1571), the successive owners of the house. On the 9th of May, 1611, it was conveyed by Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, to Mr. Thomas Sutton, for the sum of 18,000l. and on the 22d of June following, the purchaser obtained letters patent 'authorizing him to erect and endow a hospital and free-school within the same.' This foundation had been the favourite object of Mr. Sutton for many years preceding; but a thousand cross accidents, and powerful opposition from many quarters, had hitherto conspired to prevent its execution. As it was, he had the satisfaction of completing the business, and no more. For, perceiving his dissolution at hand, he hastened to secure its accomplishment by the nomination of a master, and by conveyance of all the estates specified in the letters-patent, to the governors in trust. On the 28th of November in the same year, he executed his will, and died on the 12th of December following.

Of the life, actions, and correspondence of this most opulent and munificent merchant, a detail is annexed, copious enough to satisfy the mind of the most determined antiquarian. His last will and testament alone occupies twenty pages, and the account of his costly funeral four or five more. But our limits will not admit of our making any selections from this part of the work.

Scarce were the gates of the sepulchre closed upon Mr. Sutton's remains, ere the ungracious nephew who had just attended as chief mourner at their interment, set up a claim to the possession of Charter-house, and of the estates settled for its support. A suit was instituted against the executors, and, after very heavy costs and delays, terminated in their favour by the decree of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere; but not till the king had generously exerted his influence for the success of the charity, in return for a donation of 10,000l. paid him out of the fund appropriated to its establishment. It adds much to the opinion we must conceive of the *royal delicacy* from the above transaction, to find that Baxter, the claimant, was in the first place instigated to commence his suit by the courtiers, who afterwards suggested the propriety of that *little donation*. Among the time

serving sycophants who distinguished themselves on this occasion our readers will be more grieved than surprised at seeing the name of Sir Francis Bacon, whose letter to the King on the subject is a *damning* specimen of *perverted* wisdom.

The institution, as is well known, consists of two parts, the hospital and the school, which are thus designated in the letters-patent.

'One hospital house or place of abiding, for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poore, aged, maimed, needy, or impotent people;' and 'one free-school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars;' the number of each being limited only to the free will and direction of the governors for the time being.

How far the revolutions of time may have diverted the stream from the original purposes of the founder's benevolence, it hardly lies within our province to inquire. The present state of the foundation is well known to a large number of our readers, and within the reach of enquiry to all; any extracts from this part of Mr. Smythe's work would, therefore, be superfluous; but those who are particularly interested in knowing the circumstances attached to it may, we believe, find as good information respecting them in the book before us as any where else. The description of the building, as it now stands, cannot, we conceive, be productive of much more *general* amusement, but we can recommend it as very full and particular to those who wish for that species of instruction. From the time of the final arrangement made by the founder's executors, the *history* of the Charter-house cannot be expected to be very eventful. We shall therefore dismiss the subject with one word by way of caution. If Mr. Smythe ever writes another book of antiquities, we hope he will first get rid of his fondness for sentimental nonsense, which is totally unfitted to the pursuit in which he is engaged, or indeed to any other species of study but that which leads to the composition of a Leadenhall-street novel.

ART. IX.—*Intolerance, the Disgrace of Christians, not the Fault of their Religion.* By the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. pp. 112. Johnson. 1808.

MR. Wyvill first gives a rapid sketch of the truth of Christianity. He next explains the causes which have impeded its more general diffusion among mankind. Amongst



these he reckons the secularity and hypocrisy of the clergy. But Mr. Wyvill thinks that the vice of intolerance has been more pernicious in its influence than either of these.

'Till intolerance be suppressed,' says the venerable divine and honest man, 'the blessings of the Gospel will continue to be very imperfectly enjoyed in Christian countries, and their communication to countries not yet illuminated with the light of our religion, if not absolutely precluded, will be slowly and reluctantly admitted.' But in our zeal to destroy intolerance, it will behove us to shun that excess of it, which would prompt us to endeavour to destroy the established churches of Christendom. For ages after ages, let them be preserved; and, as the temper of the times may permit, let them be wisely simplified and brought nearer to the Gospel. The time will come, we trust, when by the universal spread of Christianity, and the accompanying increase of knowledge, learning, and benevolent zeal, the services of an endowed ministry may gradually become less necessary; and at last they may be wholly dispensed with, when the voluntary zeal of wise and good Christians, accepting no legal station, or emolument in the church, may supply their office with advantage. But in the present state of the world, it is evident that the religion of a great portion of men of education is little better than a nominal Christianity; and in the absence of the clergy, few would be found at once able and willing to instruct their ignorant neighbours, and capable to lead the public worship with dignity. The genuine interests of religion, therefore, will be best promoted, not, by endeavours to procure the destruction of ecclesiastical establishments; but by exertions for effecting their improvement, and for extinguishing that spirit of intolerance, which, in a greater or less degree, has disgraced them all.'

The intolerance which has been so generally exercised, and on so many occasions, even by those who, in other respects, have been almost unparalleled in virtue and in knowledge, shows how prone men are to usurp the tyranny of opinion. The instances of Sir Thomas More and of John Milton, are striking proofs of this; the first of whom was as intolerant towards the protestants as the second was towards the papists. More, who was a papist, applied the torture to the protestants in order to make them return to the track of their ancient opinions; and Milton, who was a protestant, argued that the worship of the papists ought to be tolerated neither in public nor in private, because it was idolatrous. Neither of them considered that they were thus making their own judgment the criterion of error or of truth, and that while they were labouring to extirpate all diversities of belief, they were, in fact, violating the most sacred precepts of the religion which they loved. That More, who lived in a darker age, and who had been nurtured in all the grossness

of popish superstition, should be anxious to repress the innovations of those whom he deemed enemies to the most holy truths is less to be wondered ; but that Milton, who was a man of the most vigorous and comprehensive genius, and who had himself nobly vindicated the cause of civil and religious liberty, should strain his intellectual powers to justify intolerance towards a particular sect, is one of those inconsistencies of a great mind which we find it more easy to censure than to explain.

‘ In the British empire, the struggle between the friends of religious freedom and the powers of intolerance, has been long ; and in different reigns attended with various success. Under the government of Cromwell, who probably was influenced chiefly by political considerations, a toleration was maintained for a few years, against a decided majority of almost every sect. In the reign of the first of the restored Stuarts, protestant intolerance seems to have prevailed against the will of the monarch ; and in that of his bigot brother, popish tolerance was insidiously displayed in proclamations against the laws, and against the wish of the established church. Under the tolerant William, the famous but imperfect act of toleration passed ; but in about ten years the same prince was obliged, also, to consent to laws enacting fresh severities against anti-trinitarian and Roman catholic christians. In the reign of Anne, the new toleration was scarcely maintained ; and under the two succeeding sovereigns, religious rancour was abated, but no legal diminution of those or of similar severities, was effected in England ; and fresh severities were enacted by the parliament of Ireland. But in the present reign, a melioration of the temper and principles of the nation, in that respect, has been proved, by successive relaxations in the code of persecution in England and in Ireland. These concessions in favour of the rights of conscience were considerable ; and they were obtained, in the parliament of England, chiefly by the efforts of a most distinguished patriot\*, and of a great philosophical statesman †, now no more ; and in that of Ireland by an illustrious and still surviving benefactor ‡ of his country—men to whom the friends of humanity and liberty are deeply indebted, and cannot sufficiently express their feelings of gratitude and respect. By the influence, or with the approbation, of those generous and enlightened men, applications were addressed to each parliament, at different periods, for relief from some of the pains and penalties of our intolerant code ; and those applications were grounded, not on the principle of duty, but on considerations of policy, or on the feelings of humanity. At that time, when government was disposed to repeal some of the most injurious statutes of that code, it was wisely done, not to press a principle too extensive for the subsisting pre-

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\* Sir George Savile. † The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

‡ Right Hon. Henry Grattan.

judices of the public, or of the legislature ; but rather to propose, on narrower grounds, some partial concession, which they might hope to gain, by the assistance of government, from the imperfect candour of the times. By attempting more at those periods, by insisting on a complete restoration of the rights of conscience, immediately and at once, our excellent patriots would have lost those opportunities to raze to the ground some of the bulwarks of persecution. By availing themselves, with their accustomed wisdom, of those favourable moments, they lost nothing in principle ; they gained every thing in practice, which it was possible then to gain ; and upon the whole, by their partial successes, an important advance was gradually made towards the extinction of intolerance.

But since those concessions were secured by their judicious advice, and their assistance in parliament, alterations in the temper of the government, and in the situation of the country, have taken place ; which apparently, render adherence to their then successful policy no longer wise and expedient ; but rather recommend, that petitions on the more extended and more powerful principle of duty, remonstrating against every species of intolerance, should be brought forward now ; which, in the former periods of this reign, would have been premature and unwise. In the last session of parliament, it appeared but too plainly, that a change unpropitious to the cause of toleration had been effected in the councils of the state. On various questions of inferior moment to that cause, the weight of ministerial influence was thrown constantly, and with marked hostility, into the adverse scale ; and, on the subsequent application for the grant of some further relief to the Roman Catholics, nothing but a patient hearing could be gained from the justice or liberality of parliament. Never was the cause of toleration pleaded with greater energy and wisdom, with more reason and eloquence, than it was on that occasion ; but it was thus powerfully pleaded in vain : never was the empire placed in a situation more imperiously commanding our rulers not to omit what justice and policy agreed in requiring : but the greatest impending danger, and the necessity to promote general union to avert it, and to secure the independence of the nation, in vain urged them to compliance. After having repealed some of their oppressive statutes, and suffered others equally harsh to sink into a state of dormancy, the enemies of toleration appear to think that nothing more can be justly required. From complaisance to the wishes of government, much more than from any principles of justice or Christian duty, they have gone thus far in the way of concession ; but they have reached that limit, beyond which they have refused to go, and have persuaded our rulers in their turn to comply with them. Dissidents they will allege in this happy country cannot be dragged to the stake and burnt ; persecution is not allowed to steep her hands in the blood of her victims. For ages these cruelties have been discontinued. And after what has been conceded in this mild and merciful reign ; of what have sectaries reason to complain ? The more sanguinary sta-

utes which, though dormant, are still in being, probably will call forth no remonstrance from dissidents. It were useless to complain of laws which are hardly known to exist; which cannot be executed, and which must soon be expunged, though they should not be the object of complaint to parliament. But the dissidents have complained, and will never cease to complain, till a species of intolerance less violent than either the dormant or the repealed statutes, but not less contrary to justice and religion, shall have been discontinued. The test-laws form that species of intolerance. By those laws, dissidents are doomed to infamy, and to infamous punishments; to disability to serve their country; to privations of their rights as freemen; and to the penalties annexed by wiser laws to crimes of a felonious guilt. To obtain the repeal of those laws is, indeed, that object for which the dissidents will struggle; and to defeat them will be the anxious and unremitting endeavour of their enemies. Here at this strongest point of their position, the powers of intolerance have determined to make their stand; and here, the progress of concession too probably may be stopt, and the final extinction of intolerance may be delayed, till motives of policy and humanity, reinforced by the considerations of christian duty, shall have been pressed, with united force, on parliament and on the public.

It is not a little to be deplored that those persons who are placed at the helm of affairs, and are invested with power for the good of their fellow creatures, have seldom the sagacity to discern the changes in public opinion, which demand the dereliction of old measures of policy and the adoption of new. Institutions, which are adapted to one state or degree of intellectual culture, are very ill suited for a different. This is the case both with political and ecclesiastical institutions; neither of which are accommodated to the genius of the people any farther than they accord with their habits and opinions. Institutions which are highly salutary under one set of habits and opinions may be profitless or even pernicious under a different. Since the invention of the art of printing, information of every species has experienced such a rapid diffusion as has been productive of great and striking changes of public sentiment. The set of religious opinions which were current in the reign of Henry VII. became new modified in that of Henry VIII. and had undergone, in the mass of individuals, such an entire subversion in the reign of Edward VI. as to necessitate a total alteration of the ecclesiastical system. The new opinions were adverse to the old system of worship. A change ensued, and a reformed liturgy was introduced. Mary made a violent but ineffectual effort to force the current of public opinion back into its ancient channel. A similar attempt, though the object was to repress the innova-

tion rather of political than of religious sentiment, cost Charles I. his life, and caused James II. to lose his throne.

Since the revolution, public opinion has been gradually taking a decisive turn in favour of a more general and extensive toleration; and, comparing the state of public opinion in the middle of the sixteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it may be doubted whether an ecclesiastical reformation were more wanted in the reign of Edward VI. than it now is in that of George III. In the reign of Edward VI. public opinion demanded the purification of the ceremonial and liturgy of the church from some of the superstitions of popery; in the present reign, does not public opinion even more imperiously require that the doctrine of the church should be separated from those absurd and mischievous tenets, which, whether they be the polluted growth of ancient popery, or of modern protestantism, are the disgrace of every rational establishment?

The church of England, as a protestant establishment, professes to venerate no other authority than that of the scriptures, and to make them the only rule of its worship and its faith. Did the church of England adhere to this profession, no one would have reason to complain; for she would then bow only to that tribunal which all sects equally revere. All men who venerate the scriptures as a rule of holiness, might then come within the pale of the establishment; and religious discord might be absorbed in the unity of peace. But the church of England in fact pays, no more *exclusive* deference to the scriptures than the church of Rome. The church of Rome raises the decrees of its popes to a level with the precepts of scripture; and does not the church of England do the same with the doctrines of its reformers? The church of Rome does not allow its members to gainsay the traditions of its councils; nor does the church of England permit its ministers to contravene the decisions of its articles, however opposite they may be to reason and to the scriptures.

The church of England therefore stands as much in need of a reformation at this day as she did three hundred years ago. Her doctrine is indeed more below the general standard of biblical knowledge now, than it was then. But ought the doctrines of that church, which is patronized by the state, to maintain tenets which are in direct opposition to those of the most learned and enlightened members of the community? Where a government supports a particular religion ought it to be that of the ignorant, or of the wise? Ought it to be debased with superstition or illumined with knowledge? Should its doctrines tend to encourage vice or

virtue? These questions may be easily answered. An enlightened government must be most anxious to rule over an enlightened people. For it is the knowledge of the people which is the greatest ornament and the best support to, such a government. A virtuous government will at the same time omit no opportunity of advancing the moral culture of its subjects.

The present ecclesiastical system was framed in a period of comparative ignorance and barbarism. The passions were, at the same time, heated by the late feuds with the Romanists; the scriptures were little understood, and many of the doctrines of the church were only a compromise between opposite interests and opinions. It seems therefore not a little extraordinary that such a system should have remained so long with only a few trivial alterations. In the time of Tillotson such a correction of the liturgy was designed as would have rendered it more acceptable to the dissenters of that time, and more comprehensive in its plan. But this salutary scheme was defeated by the intractable bigotry of the lower house of convocation, many of whose members were inflamed not only with spiritual intolerance, but with Jacobitical disaffection. Even if the proposed alterations had been effected, these popish protestants, (for such is the name which they seem to deserve,) would have made use of the plea to pretend that the church was in danger, and to make the whole kingdom a perturbed scene of religious and political strife.

At the time of which we are speaking, the cause of ecclesiastical reformation was favoured by the court. In 1689 king William, of glorious memory, issued a commission to ten bishops and to twenty of the clergy to consider of such alterations in the ceremonial and liturgy of the church as would tend to edification, to charity, and to peace. The commission which was established on this occasion was introduced in the following terms:

‘Whereas, the particular forms of divine worship, and the rites and ceremonies appointed to be used therein, being things in their own nature indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged, it is but reasonable, that upon weighty and important considerations, according to the various exigencies of times and occasions, such changes and alterations should be made therein, as to those that are in place and authority, should from time to time seem either necessary or expedient; and whereas the book of canons is fit to be reviewed, and made more suitable to the state of the church; and whereas, there are defects and abuses in the ecclesiastical courts and jurisdictions, and particularly there is not sufficient provision made for the removing of scandalous ministers, and for the reforming of man-

ners neither in ministers or people. And whereas, it is most fit, that there should be a strict method prescribed for the examination of such persons as desire to be admitted into holy orders, both as to their learning and manners: We, therefore, out of our pious and princely care for the good order and edification, and unity of the church of England, committed to our charge and care, and for the reconciling as much as is possible of all differences among our good subjects, and to take away all occasions of the like for the future, have thought fit to authorise and empower you, &c. and any nine of you, whereof three to be bishops, to meet from time to time, as often as shall be needful, and to prepare such alterations of the liturgy and canons, and such proposals for the reformation of ecclesiastical courts, and to consider such other matters as in your judgments may conduce to the end above mentioned.

The reformation which was here intended, and which was frustrated by the obstinacy of the lower house of convocation, particularly by the envenomed bitterness of the prolocutor Dr. Jane, who embraced this opportunity of resenting the refusal of the bishopric of Exeter, which he had very modestly solicited the prince of Orange to bestow,—But the refusal, as Birch says, *rendered him for ever after a secret enemy to the court and to the revolution.*—Thus was the public good sacrificed to disappointed selfishness.

The following is the account which Birch gives of the proceedings of the commissioners.

‘They applied themselves,’ says he, ‘closely to the work assigned them for several weeks. They had before them all the exceptions, which either the puritans before the war, or the nonconformists since the reformation, had made to any part of the church. They had likewise many propositions and advices, which had been offered at several times by many of our bishops and divines upon those heads, of which Bishop Stillingfleet had made a great collection. Matters were well considered, and freely and calmly debated; and all was digested into an entire correction of every thing, that seemed liable to any just objection. They began with reviewing the liturgy; and first they examined the calendar, in which in the room of *apocryphal* lessons, they ordered certain chapters of canonical scripture to be read, that were more for the people’s edification. The Athanasian creed being disliked by many persons on account of the *damnatory* clauses, it was to the minister’s choice to use or change it for the Apostles’ creed. New collects were drawn up more agreeable to the epistles and gospels for the whole course of the year, and with a force and beauty of expression capable of affecting and raising the mind in the strongest manner. The first draught of them was composed by Dr. Patrick, who was esteemed to have a peculiar talent for composing prayers. Dr. Barnet added to them yet farther force and spirit. Dr. Stillingfleet then examined every word in them with the exactest judgment; and Dr.

Tillotson gave them the last hand by the free and masterly touches of his natural and flowing eloquence. Dr. Kidder, who was well versed in the Oriental languages, made a new version of the psalms more conformable to the original. Dr. Tensisoir having collected the words and expressions throughout the liturgy, which had been excepted against, proposed others in their room which were more clear and plain, and less liable to objection. Other things were likewise proposed, which were left to be determined by the convocation; as particularly, that the cross in baptism might be either used or omitted at the choice of the parents; and that a nonconformist minister going over to the church should be ordained according to the common form, but rather conditionally, in the same manner as infants are baptised, when there is no evidence of their being baptised before, with the addition of the episcopal benediction as was customary in the antient church, when clergymen were admitted, who had been ordained by heretics; of which manner of ordination Dr. Bramhall, Archbishop of Armagh, had given a precedent when he received some Scots presbyters into the church.

Tillotson who at this time was dean of St. Paul's, wished that

'instead of all former declarations and subscriptions to be made by ministers, it should be sufficient for them, that are admitted to the exercise of their ministry in the church of *England* to subscribe one general declaration and promise to this purpose, viz. that they do submit to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the church of *England*, as it shall be established by law, and promise to teach and practise accordingly.'

But the fair promise of an ecclesiastical reformation, which was exhibited more than a century ago has never since been seriously entertained by the government, nor cherished by the great body of the clergy. A few enlightened religionists have occasionally appeared who have endeavoured to revive the plan, and in 1772, it was supported by an association of very respectable individuals.—But the *higher powers* were evidently averse from the project.—They seemed to think that the *good things* of the church, which they possessed precluded the necessity of any change. The same sentiment was cherished by the Romanists previous to the reformation. Many were indisposed to engage in the attempt from indolence; but more from selfish apprehension. The truth of any doctrine was deemed a matter of little concern compared with the *lucre* of long-established error.

Have we any reason to suppose that a better spirit is diffused in the present times?—Are men become less worldly-minded? Will other interests yield to the interest of truth? Is not any project of ecclesiastical reform likely to experience a more vigorous resistance now than it did in 1772?



The violent antipathy which has since the year 1792 been engendered among a certain class of persons against every thing that wears the appearance of innovation, will immediately indispose them towards any plan of ecclesiastical reformation however wise and temperate it may be.—There are bigots enough left in the country to raise the cry that the church is in danger. The men who patronize the scheme will be branded as irreligious and profane, as infidels or atheists.—This is the sort of *praise* which they must expect. It is the homage which malice pays to candour, selfishness to charity, and falsehood to truth.

But we agree with Mr. Wyvill that the friends of reform ought not to be discouraged, but to persevere in spite of every obstacle. Truth will always ultimately dissipate the illusions of error. And this desirable event will take place sooner in proportion as its advocates are more strenuous and more firm.—But the only present benefit which the petitioners for a repeal of the obnoxious parts of the liturgy, &c. can expect to obtain is that good which must arise from the intellectual conflict which the discussion will produce.—This conflict cannot be too frequently renewed. The force of error must experience some diminution at every successive attack ; till it finally falls never to be raised again.

In the time of king William, the cause of religious reformation, which was even less wanted then than at the present period, was supported by the most erudite and enlightened part of the bishops and the clergy.—The bench of bishops, at that time contained as much learning, piety, and worth, as have ever been seen united in the hierarchy of this country. Yet of these men the majority, who constituted the brightest patterns both of erudition and of virtue, promoted a revision of the liturgy and a salutary change in the ecclesiastical constitution.—It will be sufficient merely to mention the names of the bishops and clergy, who constituted the ecclesiastical commission in the time of king William, in order to convince the reader that a more resplendent blaze of intellectual and of moral excellence could hardly be produced in any times.—The commissioners were

Dr. Thomas Lamplugh, Archbishop of York ; Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London ; Dr. Peter Mew, of Winchester ; Dr. William Lloyd, of St. Asaph ; Dr. Thomas Spratt, of Rochester ; Dr. Thomas Smith, of Carlisle ; Dr. Jonathan Trelawny, of Exeter ; Dr. Gilbert Burnet, of Salisbury ; Dr. Humphrey Humphreys, of Bangor ; and Dr. Nicolas Stratford, of Chester. The twenty divines were Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, and soon after Bishop of Worcester ; Dr. Simon Patrick, Dean of Peterborough and soon after Bishop of Chichester ; Dr. John Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, and soon after of St. Paul's ; Dr. Richard Meggot, Dean

of Winchester; Dr. John Sharp, Dean of Norwich; Dr. Richard Kidder, soon after made Dean of Peterborough; Dr. Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; Dr. William Jauze, Regius professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge; Dr. John Montagu, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dr. John Goodman, Archdeacon of Middlesex; Dr. William Beveridge, Archdeacon of Colchester; Dr. John Batteley, Archdeacon of Canterbury; Dr. Charles Alston, Archdeacon of Essex; Dr. Thomas Tensison, Archdeacon of London; Dr. John Scott, Prebendary of St. Paul's; Dr. Edward Fowler, Prebendary of Gloucester; Dr. Robert Grove, Prebendary of St. Paul's; and Dr. John Williams, Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Such were the men who were appointed to the important work of revising the liturgy of the church, and of improving the ecclesiastical constitution. Had not the temperate scheme which they had conceived, been defeated by the bigotry of a Jacobite faction, they would have left their descendants little to reform. But they have long been consigned to the dust; and no succeeding sovereign of these realms seems to have cherished that enlightened desire for a plan of *ecclesiastical comprehension* which was cherished by King William. But can any sovereign do himself greater honour or his subjects greater good than by treading in his steps, and by endeavouring to infuse the true spirit of christian charity into the religious system of these realms? There are, even at present, several bishops on the bench who would no doubt willingly concur in any recommendation of his majesty to divest the liturgy of that polemical matter which instead of being a source of holiness, is a cause of strife.

In the prayer which Christ delivered as a pattern to his followers, we have the perfect model of a devotional address to the Almighty Father of mankind. It constitutes, indeed, not the abstract ideal but the sensible reality of liturgic perfection. It shows what that mode of adoration ought to be in which the mind and heart join; in which the thoughts are elevated to heaven; the bad passions hushed to rest; and the kind affections awakened into life. It is that universality of benevolence, that comprehensive scheme of rational piety which renounces all speculative, all sectarian distinctions in the worshippers of God, which is inculcated in this prayer, and which all public liturgies ought to imitate. A national worship, which is compounded of invidious distinctions, and which seems to afford an exclusive encouragement to one denomination of worshippers, is not only a national disgrace, but a badge of impiety and intolerance. It is a mockery to the common understanding of men; and it insults the very Deity whom it professes to adore.

Does it become an enlightened government to say that God shall receive only one species of offerings ; that only those shall worship him in the national church who assent to certain metaphysical notions of his attributes?—Is not God the father, the benefactor, and the friend of all who do well, not only in one nation but in every nation under heaven ? Away then with that devotional jargon, which disgraces a part of our otherwise admirable liturgy, and which talks of the God-head as if it were a visible or comprehensible essence, which excludes from the national sanctuary not only hundreds but thousands, who, if the church employed a more scriptural and more sound form of words, would enter it with joy, and would not leave it without a proficiency in holiness. These are times in which it behoves the lovers of virtue and of truth, of civil and religious liberty, to open their minds without disguise, and not to let either the church or the state perish for want of sober and honest admonition. We think it no small honour to be reckoned among those who have spoken our sentiments on this subject without any disingenuous ambiguity or hypocritical disguise. Though we are warm friends to the establishment, yet our partiality is not such as to render us blind to the defects of the system which we revere. With unfeigned sorrow we lament the residue of popish corruptions, which are still found in the doctrine of the church ; and he is an enemy both to the church and to christianity who will contend that they ought not to be done away. The interests of piety and of knowledge demand the sacrifice of error on the altar of truth ; and the legislature of the country will be wanting in its duty if it do not sanction the just, the beneficent, the glorious attempt. Many of the corruptions which are most to be deplored were discerned by the wisest theologues in the days of King William ; and the increase of biblical knowledge since that time, has furnished more numerous means by which to distinguish the truly golden ore from the base alloy which impostors have mingled with the christian doctrine.

‘ Wise and good men,’ says Mr. Wyvill, ‘ have repeatedly pointed out the propriety of various changes and omissions in our liturgy ; and have expressed their wish, that subscription to a multifarious system of metaphysical doctrines might be discontinued ; and the most abundant source of prevarication might be intercepted, by the substitution of a plain declaration of Christian faith, in the very words of Scripture, with an engagement to use the liturgy of our church when improved by the alterations alluded to. To such men as bishops Watson, and the not less worthy and liberal bishop Bathurst, and to their mitred brethren who, in 1772, signified to the episcopal bench their readiness, if encouraged by their ap-

probation, to concur with the reformers at that time—to those bishops who have since seen reason to concur with them in some competent degree—the important trust probably would be committed by the state, to propose such alterations in the liturgy; and such a mode, not of altering the 39 articles of religion, but the subscription to them, as in an easy and inoffensive manner would remove the objections of many excellent Christians, satisfy the scruples of many worthy ministers, and still effectually prevent the intrusion of improper persons into the official stations of our church. Doubtless, this would be ably and wisely done, if such persons, under due authority, should undertake the task to prepare the necessary correction of our public forms of religion. And where would be the possible danger to the church, if in this regular and legal way, improprieties were removed, which our first reformers saw, but were unable to remove; improprieties, some of which are contradictory to charity, as well as common sense; some are the errors, or countenance the errors of popery; and some afford, by their obscure but incautious expression, a sanction to those gloomy doctrines which too often lead their wretched votaries to the extremity of fanaticism, with all its concomitant miseries and absurdities.

‘ Guided by such men, acting with moderation and wisdom on these principles, it is highly probable, that the legislature would establish improvements in our liturgy, &c. which would be truly beneficial; and which could disgust no reasonable churchman. Our national religion would then be free from blemishes of less importance, indeed; than those which were removed by Cranmer and Ridley; but which are become more visible in this enlightened age: and possibly not less offensive to many excellent Christians than transubstantiation, and the worship of the Virgin Mary were to them. Many difficulties would then be removed, which at present bar the approach to the church, disgust free inquirers, and prevent that re-union with us, which is the earnest wish of the more rational dissenters. They who still adhere to the infallibility of Rome, who still retain the contradictions of transubstantiation, as not more incredible, not less warranted by the just construction of scripture, than those contradictions in the creed of Athanasius, which we retain, would be more apt to be converted to our purer faith, as we deem it, when it was freed from this obvious inconsistency, and brought nearer to the plain and simple religion of the Gospel. It was the wish of the wise and generous Tillotson, “that we were well rid of that creed;” and every churchman has reason to join him. With respect to the various denominations of protestants, who differ little from our church on any of the more momentous articles of religion, if they were no longer insulted by our penal laws, no longer disgusted by the obstinate retention of the faults and imperfections of our religious forms, our protestant brethren would more readily wave their minor objections to bishops and to a preconceived form of prayer.’

The reform, which Mr. Wyvill would recommend, instead of endangering, would secure the permanence of the esta-

blishment. It would cause no confusion, but it would dissipate the jealousy and put an end to the strife of sects. It would substitute charity for intolerance, and powerfully encourage christians of all denominations to worship God in the same sanctuary, in the spirit of amity and peace.

Dr. Paley has afforded a very cogent and satisfactory refutation of most of the popular and common-place objections which are urged against the policy and the usefulness of any alteration in the liturgy and the articles of the establishment, in his tract entitled, '*A Defence of the Considerations on the Propriety of requiring a Subscription to Articles of Faith, &c.*' This work of Dr. Paley was written when his intellect was in the maturity of its strength, and before any untoward circumstances had occurred to give a bias to his opinions. It may perhaps be worth while before we close this article to produce a few of his observations, which may perhaps conciliate the regard of certain persons who would treat our opinions, as well as those of Mr. Wyvill, with neglect and scorn. There are many who have not strength of mind to judge for themselves, or to draw a legitimate conclusion from the most apparent premises, who are ready to bend with obsequious servility to the real or the fancied authority of a fashionable name.

It has been a common objection that, if subscription to articles of faith were removed, confusion would ensue; that the people would be disturbed with conflicting opinions, and that the pulpits instead of enlightening the congregation would be clouded with the fume of polemical hostility.

'Now,' says Dr. Paley, 'that distressing many of the clergy, and corrupting others; that keeping out of churches good christians and faithful citizens; that making parties in the state, by giving occasion to sects and separation in religion; that these are inconveniences no man in his senses will deny. The question, therefore, is, what advantage do you find in the opposite scale to balance these inconveniences? The simple advantage pretended is, that you hereby prevent wrangling and contention in the pulpit. Now, in the first place, I observe that allowing this evil to be as grievous and as certain as you please, the most that can be necessary for the prevention of it is, to enjoin your preachers as to such points, silence and neutrality. In the next place, I am convinced that the danger is greatly magnified. We hear little of these points at present in our churches and public teaching, and it is not probable that leaving them at large would elevate them into more importance, or make it more worth men's while to quarrel about them. They would sleep in the same grave with many other questions of equal importance with themselves, or sink back into their proper place, into topics of speculation, or matters of debate from the press. None but men of some reflection would be forward to engage in

such subjects, and the least reflection would teach a man that preaching is not the proper vehicle of controversy. Even at present," says our author, "we speak and write what we please with impunity." And where is the mischief? or what worse could ensue if subscription were removed? Nor can I discover any thing in the disposition of the petitioning clergy that need alarm our apprehensions. If they are impatient under the yoke, it is not from a desire to hold forth their opinions to their congregations, but that they may be at liberty to entertain them-themselves without offence to their consciences, or ruin to their fortunes.

Some will object that great occasion of scandal would be given by separating the national worship from those tenets, which however mysterious or absurd, have acquired sanctity from long usage and gratify the prejudices of the people. Dr. Paley well remarks that there was much greater reason for this belief at the time of the reformation,

*'as the Popish ritual, which was then fallen away, had a fascination and antiquity which ours cannot pretend to. Many were probably scandalized at parting with their beads and their mass-books, that lived afterwards to thank those that taught them better things. Reflection, we hope, in some, and time we are sure, in all, will reconcile men to alterations established in reason.'*

Dr. Paley ridicules the affected apprehension of the sticklers for the old *mumpsimus* of the established doctrines, that any alteration would occasion turbulence or commotions in the state. 'Is not the whole danger,' says the Doctor, 'like the lion of the slothful, the creature of our fears and the excuse of our indolence? Was it proposed to make articles instead of removing them there would be room for the objection. But it is obvious that subscription to the thirty-nine articles might be altered or withdrawn upon general principles of justice and expediency, without reviving one religious controversy, or calling into dispute a single proposition they contained. Who should excite disturbances? Those, who are relieved, will not; and unless subscription were like a tax, which being taken from one, must be laid with additional weight upon another, is it probable that any will complain that they are oppressed because their brethren were relieved?'

'Let the church pare down her excrescences;—let her discharge from her liturgy controversies unconnected with devotion; let her try what may be done for all sides by worshipping God, in that generality of expression in which he himself has left some points; let her dismiss many of her articles; and convert those which she retains into terms of peace: let her recal the terrors she has suspended over freedom of inquiry; let the toleration she allows to dissen-

ters be made absolute ; let her invite men to search the scriptures, let her governors encourage the studious and learned of all persuasions ;—Let her do this,—and she will be secure of the thanks of her own clergy, and what is more of their sincerity. A greater consent may grow out of inquiry than many at present are aware of ; and the few, who after all, shall think it necessary to recede from our communion, will acknowledge the necessity to be inevitable ; will respect the equity and moderation of the established church, and live in peace with all its members.

**ART. X.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for the Year 1808.—Part II. (continued from p. 123.)***

*XVIII. Description of an Apparatus for the Analysis of the compound inflammable Gases by slow Combustion ; with Experiments on the Gas from Coal, explaining its Application. By William Henry, M.D. Vice Pres. of the Lit. and Phil. Society, and Physician to the Infirmary at Manchester. Communicated by H. Dary, Esq. Sec. R. S.*—Dr. Henry modestly prefaces his paper by observing that the object of his experiments is more to remove some of the obstacles which have impeded a just analysis of the aëriform compounds of hydrogen and carbon, than to acquire such facts, as may enable the chemical philosopher to decide the controverted question respecting their composition.

Vegetable compounds submitted to distillation at a temperature not below that of ignition, yield a variety of products, but principally *carbureted hydrogen gas*, or *super carbureted hydrogen*, more commonly called *olefiant gas*. The uniform fluids thus generated, are found to possess almost every degree of specific gravity, and to yield, by combustion, extremely different results according to the temperature at which they have been formed, the stage of the process at which they have been separated, and other modifying circumstances.

The analysis of these gases has hitherto been attempted by simple inflammation, performed by the electric spark with a known portion of oxygen. The first diminution is from the condensation of the hydrogen ; another is made by absorbing the carbonic acid by potash ; the quantity of oxygen unconsumed may be determined by eudiometrical tests. Such are the elements from which the calculation is formed. But Dr. Henry observes that in this estimate it is assumed that all the carbon is completely acidified ; and moreover, that no part of it existed previously in the state of carbonic oxide ; neither of which may be true. He further

observes, that he has found that the products of the combustion of the same gas varied considerably in different experiments, and that the carbon was not fully oxygenized, in consequence of the precipitation of charcoal in the act of detonation. The quantities also, which can be submitted in this way to experiment, are very minute; and there is considerable danger of bursting the glass tubes from the violence of the inflammation. To remedy these defects Dr. Henry has invented the very ingenious apparatus described in this paper. The principle of it is very simple; but a complete idea of all its parts can only be acquired by aid of the plate, which accompanies the Doctor's description.

The gas to be examined is contained in a cylindrical vessel open at bottom, and furnished at the top with a bent tube. The vessel is placed in another which has some water at its bottom, and by a stream of water being let into the second vessel, the gas is forced, pretty uniformly upwards, through the bent tube. This conveys it into another cylinder, containing oxygen gas placed in the water of a pneumatic cistern. The top of the bent tube is furnished with a metallic burner, and a wire of communication connects it to the earth. A metallic rod furnished with a copper bell passes through the vessel of oxygen gas, is contiguous at one extremity to the metallic burner, and at the other communicates with the prime conductor of an electrical machine. When the sparks are passing briskly, the stream of gas to be burnt is let in, and the process continued as long as is thought right: and afterwards the products are examined by the usual means adapted to this purpose.

One defect in this process Dr. H. acknowledges to be that part of the gas escapes inflammation. If this cannot be wholly avoided, its quantity at least may be diminished by admitting the stream of gas very slowly at first; and by stopping the process when the carbonic acid accumulates so much as to diminish sensibly the inflaming power of the oxygen. A second imperfection is, that the water absorbs some carbonic acid. But Dr. H. thinks that the quantity is so small, that it may be disregarded.

Dr. Henry relates the actual results of the inflammation of hydrogen gas, and olefiant gas; and having satisfied himself of the accuracy of the results obtained by this apparatus, he proceeded to the combustion of the gases from a variety of vegetable substances, and especially from those which it seemed probable might become economical sources of light. Of these he has observed,

The inflammability of the compound gases, and their fitness



for the purpose of affording light, are directly proportionate to the quantity of oxygen required for their saturation. The olefiant gas therefore burns with the greatest brilliancy; carbureted hydrogen gas, though inferior, affords a dense and compact flame; but the carbonic oxide and hydrogen gas are entirely unfit to be employed as the means of artificial illumination.

Numerous observations on the products of the distillation of different kinds of coal (tables of which are given in this memoir) have suggested some general remarks.

1. The olefiant gas is a very sparing product of the distillation of pit-coal; being found only in the first portions, of which it does not compose five per cent. But both the quantity of this gas, and of all the æriform products of coal, are very much influenced by the temperature employed.

2. Sulphureted hydrogen gas is also most abundantly produced at the early stages of distillation. Its proportion varies from one to five per cent; and towards the end it disappears entirely. A part of this gas unites with ammonia, which is formed at the same time; and the compound (sulphuret of ammonia) is found among the condensed products.

3. Carbonic acid gas appears only in an early stage of the process, and in small proportion, never amounting to five per cent. A part of this gas unites also with ammonia.

4. The gas from coal undergoes a general diminution of specific gravity and combustibility, from the commencement to the close of the process. The specific gravity of the coal gas appears to afford a measure of its fitness for illumination, sufficiently accurate for practical uses; but does not bear an exact correspondence to the chemical properties of the gas as ascertained by combustion.

5. The æriform product of coal does not precisely answer to the characters of any one of the combustible gases, with which we are acquainted. The first product, however, of the distillation of common pit-coal, after being washed with potash, approaches very nearly in its properties to carbonated hydrogen gas. The gases, which surpass this in gravity are mixtures of carbureted hydrogen with olefiant gas, and perhaps a small proportion of carbonic oxide. The lighter gases, in addition to carbureted hydrogen, probably contain a variable proportion of hydrogen gas, and a small quantity of carbonic oxide.

6. The most important difference among the varieties of coal connected with their application as sources of light consists in the quantity of sulphureted oxygen gas, which is mixed with their æriform products; and it unfortunately happens that the coal, otherwise best adapted to this purpose, generally yields the largest proportion of this offensive gas. The only effectual method of purifying the coal gas from sulphureted hydrogen, on the large scale of manufacture, will probably be found, to consist in agitation with quick lime and water, comprising a mixture of the consistence of

cream. Simple washing with water by no means effects the complete separation.

*XIX. An Account of some Peculiarities in the Anatomical Structure of the Wombat, with Observations on the Female Organs of Generation. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.—* This is a curious and interesting paper. The habitudes of the wombat are thus described.

‘ It burrowed in the ground whenever it had an opportunity, and covered itself in the earth with surprizing quickness. It was quiet during the day, but constantly in motion in the night : was very sensible to the cold ; ate all kinds of vegetables ; but was particularly fond of new hay, which it ate by the stalk, taking it into its mouth like a beaver, by small bits at a time. It was not wanting in intelligence, and appeared attached to those, to whom it was accustomed and who were kind to it. When it saw them, it would put up its fore paws upon the knee, and when taken up would sleep in the lap. It allowed children to pull and carry it about, and when it bit them it did not appear to do it in anger or with violence. It appeared to have arrived at its full growth, weighed about twenty pounds, and was about two feet two inches long.’

The koala is another species of the wombat, partaking of its peculiarities. Mr. Home gives us a concise description of this animal, and of its mode of life.

One remarkable peculiarity is the structure of its hind legs, in which it differs in many respects from that of all other animals except the koala. There is a strong muscle passing from the fibula to the tibia, throughout their whole length. When it contracts, it pulls the fibula forwards, and produces a degree of rotation on the tibia, which turns the toes inwards. The muscle of the leg corresponding to the biceps flexor of the human subject is the antagonist to this muscle, bringing the toes back to a straight line.

The use of this muscle appears to be to throw back the earth while the animal is burrowing. But there is nothing at all similar to it in the hind legs of the mole or other burrowing animals.

The description of the female organs was drawn up at New South Wales, by Mr. Bell, an ingenious anatomist, of whom science was deprived shortly after by death. The uterus is double, with one common neck half an inch long, two lateral canals rise from the common neck on its posterior surface ; they are about two inches long, having a semi-circular course, and terminated obliquely in the vagina. The uteri in the animals which were dissected, each contained an embryo ; those orifices were filled up with a gelatinous matter, which lined also the coats of the uterus. Cutting

through this jelly there issued a quantity of thin pellucid fluid, accompanied by the embryo wrapped up in very fine membranes. The membranes did not appear at all connected by vessels, either to the uterus or the gelatinous matter.

From this description Mr. Home conceives these animals to be the connecting link between the opossum and the kangaroo. In this instance and in that of the kangaroo, (according to some observations contained in a former paper of Mr. Home's) there was no connection between the foetus and the coats of the uterus. The foetus is therefore nourished without a placenta; and it cannot be doubted that the gelatinous matter is destined to this purpose. Mr. Home thinks that the use of the lateral canals is to form this jelly, and to deposit it in the uterus: the reasons on which this opinion is founded appear satisfactory.

The stomach of the wombat has a glandular structure on the small curvature exactly similar to that of the beaver. A plate is given of it, inverted immediately after death, and distended with air.

XX. *On the Origin and Office of the Alburnum of Trees.* In a Letter from T. A. Knight, Esq. F.R.S. to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. F.R.S.—Two hypotheses only, says Mr. Knight, appear in any degree adequate to account for the force by which the sap ascends. It is either propelled upwards by a contraction of the tubes which receive it, or the expansion and contraction of the cellular or laminated substance, which expands and contracts with change of temperature after the tree has ceased to live, might produce similar effects by occasioning nearly a similar motion, and compression of the tubes. The last of these hypotheses was formerly adopted by Mr. Knight. But some recent facts have shown him that neither is tenable.

He first ascertained by the help of coloured infusions that the tubes which descended from the annual shoots of young trees, were at their bases confined to that side of the stem from which they sprang, and to the external annual layer of the wood. All these tubes then were cut through by deep incisions: notwithstanding which, the sap passed into the annual shoots in the succeeding spring, all of which lived, and some grew with considerable vigour. Again, the leaves of trees, it is agreed, perspire most in summer; at which time therefore much sap must ascend; but at this period the tubes of the alburnum appear dry, or to contain air only. It is probable then that the sap does not rise at all through the tubes of the alburnum, and that those tubes serve for some other function.

It would seem then that the sap passes through the cellular substance; and by putting branches of trees into colour-

ed infusions, which had their cut ends perfectly closed, but some of their bark taken off, Mr. Knight found the infusion to have insinuated itself between the alburnous tubes, in many instances apparently through the cellular substance.

In the spring, incisions were made into the alburnum of the sycamore, near the root; the sap flowed abundantly both from the upper and lower side of the incision. But from similar incisions at the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, not the least moisture flowed. Mr. Knight infers therefore that the sap must have been raised by some other agent than the alburnous tubes, and have been by some means thrown into the tubes above the incision.

Mr. Knight concludes from hence that the sap ascends through the cellular substance. He supposes it to have a power of expansion and contraction; and to be so organised as to permit the sap to escape more easily upwards from one cell to another, than in any other direction. In consequence it will be readily impelled to the extremities of the branches. Much of the sap, he adds, will probably be accumulated in the alburnum in spring; when the powers of vegetable life are most active, and the leaves have not begun to transpire. The cellular substance may then discharge some of its contents into the alburnous tubes, from which it will flow if the tubes be divided, and the tree will be said to bleed. But as soon as the leaves are unfolded, and begin to execute their office, the sap will be drawn from its reservoirs, and the tree will cease to bleed, if wounded.

Upon this theory we cannot but remark, that with regard to the actual force which propels the sap, we are still, for any thing which is here observed, as much in the dark as ever.

**XXI. Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter, observed by John Goldingham, Esq. F.R.S. and under his superintendence at Madras, in the East Indies.**—Mr. Goldingham has prefixed to his tables some remarks on the sources of uncertainty, to which these observations are subject, and the consequent difficulty in determining correct differences of longitude, by comparing the times of observation with those in the tables. For a proper observation the air should be clear; the planet of a proper elevation; neither moonlight nor twilight; and the satellite not near the body of the planet. Even under all these favourable circumstances a difference in the goodness of the telescope will cause a difference in the time of observation.

'At Madras,' says Mr. G. 'we had two telescopes in use, constructed at the same time, in appearance precisely alike, and intended by Dollond to have been so in all respects; yet on repeated

trials, one was found to have a decided advantage of several seconds over the other, showing the emersions sooner, and the immersions later by that quantity.

Mr. Goldingham's tables abundantly confirm the justness of these remarks. The longitude of Madrass, by numerous observations is  $5^{\circ} 21' 14''$ , or  $80^{\circ} 18' 30''$  east of Greenwich. Every observation almost in the first table varies from this by one or two minutes of time or more.

**XXIII. *Electro-Chemical Researches, on the Decomposition of the Earths; with Observations on the Metals obtained from the alkaline Earths, and on the Amalgam procured from Ammonia.* By Humphry Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S. M.R. I.A.**—In his celebrated Bakerian lecture Mr. Davy hinted at his having obtained a metallic basis of barytes, similar to the bases of potash and soda. Many difficulties, however, have occurred in the way of obtaining complete evidence on the decomposition of the earths; and Mr. Davy acknowledges that at present he brings forward the investigation in a state of imperfection; preferring the imputation of having published unfinished labours, to that of having concealed facts, which may tend to assist the progress of chemical knowledge.

Simple electrification appears to decompose the alkaline earths, like the fixed alkalies; but the effect was so indistinct, and the complicated circumstances required for it, were such, that it caused a necessity to form other plans of operation.

Many other artifices were therefore employed; but in some cases the results were indistinct; in others the quantities produced were too minute for a satisfactory examination, or the heat generated was so great as to destroy the products immediately upon their evolution.

'Whilst I was engaged in these experiments,' adds Mr. Davy, 'in the beginning of June, I received a letter from Professor Berzelius of Stockholm, in which he informed me, that in conjunction with Dr. Pontin, he had succeeded in decomposing barytes and lime by negatively electrifying mercury in contact with them, and that in this way he had obtained amalgams of the metals of these earths.'

'I immediately repeated these operations with perfect success; a globule of mercury, electrified by the power of 500, weakly charged, was made to act upon a surface of slightly moistened barytes, fixed upon a plate of platina. The mercury gradually became less fluid, and after a few minutes was found covered with a white film of barytes; and when the amalgam was thrown into water, hydrogen was disengaged, the mercury remained free, and a solution of barytes was formed.'

'The result with lime, as these gentlemen had stated, was precisely analogous.'

From strontites a similar and speedy result was obtained

To procure an amalgam from magnesia the process must be longer continued, and the earth kept constantly moist. If sulphate of magnesia be used, instead of the pure earth, the amalgam is much sooner obtained. These amalgams either in the air or under water are decomposed; the earths are re-produced and the mercury revived.

To separate the metallic bases from the amalgam has been attended with much difficulty, and Mr. Davy is uncertain whether he has as yet perfectly succeeded. He says.

\* In the best result that I have obtained from the distillation of the amalgam of barytes, the residuum appeared as a white metal of the colour of silver. It was fixed at all common temperatures, but became fluid at a heat below redness, and did not rise in vapour when heated to redness in a tube of plate glass, but acted violently upon the glass, producing a black mass, which seemed to contain barytes, and a fixed alkaline basis in the first degree of oxygenation.

It sinks rapidly in water, and even in sulphuric acid, though surrounded by globules of hydrogen, of two or three times its volume: it probably therefore is four or five times as heavy as water. If flattened by pressure, with the aid of a considerable force. In the air it is changed into barytes, and under water with great heat, and the evolution of hydrogen.

The habits of the metal from strontites are analogous to those of the base of barytes. That from lime has not hitherto been successfully separated. That from magnesia acts upon the glass, before the mercury is driven off. It seems, however, very similar to those which have been examined.

As the bases of the fixed alkalies have been denominated potassium and sodium, Mr. Davy proposes to call the bases of the alkaline earths, barium, strontium, calcium, and magnesium. Magnesium (which would be more appropriate) has been already applied by Bergmann to metallic manganese. But why may not this be changed into manganese?

The results of the inquiries concerning the other earths, alumine, silix, zircon, and glucine, have been less satisfactory. In operating upon silix, according to his original method, (viz. filling two gold cones with distilled water, in one of which some silix was put) an acid appeared in the one cone and an alkali in the other. But the acid proved to be the nitric, produced as in other electrical experiments of a similar nature; and the alkali proved an accidental ingredient of the silix. The powers of electro-chemical analysis are continually demonstrating the imperfections of the common chemical methods of separating bodies from each other. By operating upon a mixture of silix and potash, and of alumine and potash, brilliant metallic scales appeared; and in

each case there seemed an alloy to be formed of potassium and the base of silex or alumine; but in each case it was superficial, becoming white and alkaline as soon as it was exposed to the air. From the general tenor of these and many other experiments Mr. Davy says that,

‘ There seems very great reason to conclude that alumine, zircon, glucine, and silex are, like the alkaline earths, metallic oxides, for on no other supposition is it easy to explain the phenomena that have been detailed. The evidences of composition and decomposition are not, however, of the same strict nature as those that belong to the fixed alkalis or alkaline earths; for it is possible, that in the experiments in which the silex, alumine, and zircon appeared to separate during the oxidation of potassium and sodium, their bases might not actually have been in combination with them, but the earths themselves, in union with the metals of the alkalis, or in mere mechanical mixtures.’

Mr. Davy’s opinion that ammonia is an oxide with a binary basis, has received a strong confirmation from a beautiful experiment first performed by professor Berzelius and Dr. Pontin. They electrified mercury negatively, in the voltaic circuit, in contact with solution of ammonia. Under this agency, the mercury gradually increases in volume, and when expanded to four or five times its former dimensions, becomes a soft solid.

The compound by exposure to the air reproduces ammonia and quicksilver, with the absorption of oxygen; in water ammonia and quicksilver are likewise reproduced, with the evolution of hydrogen. The Swedish chemists from these facts considered the new product to be an amalgam of mercury and the metallic basis of ammonia.

Mr. Davy has effected the decomposition of ammonia by means still more simple. A globule of mercury was put into a cavity made in a piece of muriate of ammonia, or carbonate of ammonia. It was placed on a plate of platina, which was made positive in the circuit of a large battery; and the mercury was made negative. A strong effervescence with much heat immediately took place; and in a few minutes the globule had enlarged to five times its former dimensions, and had the appearance of an amalgam of zinc. When the connection was broken off, its crystallizations rapidly disappeared, emitting ammoniacal fumes and reproducing quicksilver.

‘ An amalgam, but not so simple in its composition, may be formed without the aid of electricity. When mercury, united to a small quantity of potassium, sodium, barium or calcium, is made to act upon moistened muriate of ammonia, the amalgam rapidly increased to six or seven times its volume, and the compound seemed to contain more ammo-

ammoniacal basis than that procured by electricity. But this matter is, of course, a triple compound.

Mr. Davy has not been able to preserve this amalgam or to separate the ammoniacal basis from the mercury. The moisture adherent to it is sufficient for its decomposition. The quantity of ammoniacal basis contained in it is exceedingly minute. When the amalgam is thrown into water, the quantity of hydrogen evolved is not above half its bulk. It does not contain in sixty grains of mercury more  $\frac{1}{100}$  part of a grain of ammoniacal basis. The quantity of water necessary to revive it is hardly appreciable.

Mr. Davy concludes his important and interesting memoir with some considerations of general theory, connected with the metallization of the alkalis and earths.

'The more,' he observes, 'the properties of the amalgam obtained from ammonia are considered, the more extraordinary do they appear.'

'Mercury by combination with about  $\frac{1}{10000}$  part of its weight of new matter, is rendered a solid, yet has its specific gravity diminished from 13.5 to less than 3, and it retains all its metallic characters; its colour, lustre, opacity and conducting powers, remaining unimpaired.'

'It is scarcely possible to conceive that a substance which forms with mercury so perfect an amalgam, should not be metallic in its own nature; and on this idea, to assist the discussion concerning it, it may be conveniently termed ammonium.'

'But on what do the metallic properties of ammonium depend? Are hydrogen and nitrogen both metals in the aeriform state, at the usual temperatures of the atmosphere, bodies of the same character, as zinc and quicksilver would be in the heat of ignition?'

'Or are these gases in their common form, oxides which become metallized by de-oxidation?'

'Or are they simple bodies not metallic in their own nature, but capable of composing a metal in their deoxygenated, and an alkali in their oxygenated state?'

These problems offer most important objects of investigation; but the experiments which Mr. Davy has made in relation to them have been hitherto unsuccessful.

It cannot be doubted that the surprising facts developed by the genius and industry of Mr. Davy will ultimately greatly modify or it may be overturn the received chemical theories. That all the metals are really compounds there can be little doubt; and hydrogen (as is highly probable) entering into the composition of ammonium, a suspicion naturally arises that it may also be a principle of all the metals and perhaps of all inflammable bodies. A theory may therefore be defended which will resemble the phlogistic theory, in which hydrogen may take the place of phlogiston;



hydrogen united with an unknown basis will constitute the inflammable compound, and the same basis united to water would form the alkalis, acids, and oxides. But Mr. Davy allows that the received hypothesis is more distinct and simple, and ought not to be discarded unless rendered untenable by direct experiment.

‘Whatever new lights,’ proceeds Mr. D. ‘new discoveries may throw upon the subject, still the facts that have been advanced, shew that a step nearer at least has been attained towards the true knowledge of the nature of the alkalis and the earths.

‘Something has been separated from them which adds to their weight, and whether it be considered as oxygen, or as water, the inflammable body is less compounded, than the unflammable substance resulting from its combustion.’

A still more general hypothesis might be framed. It seems certain that when there is chemical attraction between bodies, they are in opposite states of electricity; and by changing their electrical conditions their affinities are changed or destroyed. It is possible that the same species of matter, possessed of different electrical powers may exhibit different chemical forms.

‘Whatever be the fate,’ says Mr. D. ‘of the speculative part of the inquiry, the facts however will, I hope, admit of many applications, and explain some phenomena in nature.

‘The metals of the earth cannot exist at the surface of the globe, but it is very possible that they may form a part of the interior; and such an assumption would offer a theory, for the phenomena of volcanoes, the formation of lavas, and the excitement and effect of subterraneous heat, and would probably lead to a general hypothesis in geology.

‘The luminous appearance of those meteors connected with the fall of stones, is one of the extraordinary circumstances of these wonderful phenomena. This effect may be accounted for, by supposing that the substances which fall come into our atmosphere in a metallic state, and that the earths they principally consist of are a result of combustion, but this idea has not the slightest connection with their origin or causes.’

**ART. XI.**—*Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland in 1807, to which is prefixed an explanatory Address to the Public upon a recent Trial. By Sir John Carr. 4to. 2l. 2s. Matthews and Leigh. 1809.*

WE think that every work ought to stand or fall by its own merits, without any invidious reflections either on the personal circumstances of the author or on his past productions. The compositions of the same person may and must vary in

excellence at different periods of his life. The power of intellectual exertion which is often affected by causes that escape common observation is never long the same. And even where there is no declension of mental strength, the choice of a subject which is less happy, may render the execution more imperfect. But if a man have composed a ridiculous or futile performance at one period of his life, there is no reason why the laughter or the contempt which it may have occasioned, should be transferred to another production of a different character or of superior ability. With respect to the present work of Sir John Carr we shall not suffer our judgment to be warped nor our opinion to be influenced either by his former publications or by the circumstances of a late trial, in which the knight was very ill-advised, in bringing an action against the venders of a burlesque representation of one of his former works.

In his explanatory address Sir John Carr has deprecated the imputation of having intended any attack on the liberty of the press; and he tells us that the sole ground of his legal complaint was not the text of the work entitled '*My Pocket Book*,' but only the frontispiece and the explanation, in which he was represented as describing the Irish as still practising the obsolete custom of yoking the plough to the tail of the horse. But surely this was too trivial and too absurd a thing to be made the basis of a legal prosecution. Sir John, indeed, seems to insinuate that he should not have fled for refuge to a court of law, however much he might have been chafed and galled by the satire of the pen; but the moment that a laugh was attempted to be raised at his expence by the tool of the graver, his mind bristled with indignation; and finding himself unable to endure the sharp strokes of his adversary, or to answer sarcasm by sarcasm, and repel wit by wit, he resolved very inconsiderately to call in the aid of John Doe and Richard Roe to assist him in crushing his assailant. But the design of Sir John was rendered frustrate by the judicial prudence of Lord Ellenborough and the good sense of an English jury. Sir John, indeed, says, 'if there was any press that I wished to obtain a victory over it was not the literary press but the caricature press,' but we fear that, in this instance, Sir John would not have been sorry for a victory over both! We must however confess that we rejoiced most heartily at the verdict that was given in favour of the publishers of '*My Pocket-Book*.' For if such a verdict had not been given, we are firmly convinced that the liberty of the press would have received a mortal wound. The freedom of literary discussion would have been destroyed by the feelings of disappointed authorship, calling on the courts of law to shut up the courts of criticism. We are no friends to

the licentiousness of the press; but we are convinced that, where the press is free, even its licentiousness must soon work its own cure, as long as truth is more powerful than error, and probity and good sense than knavery and imposture. If Sir John's Travels in Ireland were agreeably diversified with matter of instruction and amusement, with lively anecdote, and correct information, he might have laughed at the vain attempt to render him ridiculous and contemptible; but if they afforded a fair topic for banter and for jest, Sir John should have considered the author of 'My Pocket-Book,' as a useful monitor to him in any subsequent publication.

We shall now proceed to notice these Caledonian sketches of Sir J. Carr with as much impartiality and good humour as if he had never written anything before, or as if a late trial had never taken place.

The sumptuous bill of fare which the knight has placed at the beginning of his work, in the contents of his chapters, will probably be sufficient to induce many persons who meet with his book, to sit down and regale their appetites on a repast which is rendered so piquant by variety. Sir John left London as he tells us 'in the delightful month of June.' He made a short stay at Cambridge in his way, where he talks of the Cam 'moving' slowly and silently, as if conscious that it flowed through the seat of study and meditation.' We can readily pardon Sir John for assigning a sensitive personality to this muddy stream, when we recollect that Bacon and Milton, and Barrow and Newton have walked on its banks.

Natural curiosity induced Sir John 'to pay an early visit to the rooms which the illustrious Pitt occupied in Pembroke College,' where he says that he 'felt that glow of enthusiasm, which departed genius never fails to excite on the spot which it has rendered sacred by its presence.' If in this glow of enthusiasm, Sir John mingled that feeling of admiration which patriotic virtue excites, and that of regret which the loss of it must occasion, we cannot say that any room, in which Mr. Pitt either sat, read, or drunk would excite the same sentiments in us, who regard his administration as one of the most prodigal and disastrous which this country ever experienced. Sir John having eulogized Mr. Pitt, follows the example of Mr. Walter Scott in commemorating his great opponent Mr. Fox in a contiguous rhapsody of praise. Dr. Clarke, too, of Cambridge, receives a little of the unction of compliment of which Sir John evidently takes a large stock with him on his travels, and which he deals out with no unsparing hand by the way. Indeed many pages of his journal exhale the aroma of this delecta-

ble commodity. Sir John has been peculiarly happy in meeting with so many accomplished ladies and gentlemen, and such a rare assemblage of beauty, talents, elegance, and worth.

In his progress from the Cam to the Tweed, though it cannot be expected that our courteous knight should furnish us with any very novel information on such a beaten tract, yet in this as well as in the other part of his journey he produces some anecdotes, and amasses many desultory particulars, which will render his book a very pleasant lounge in an idle hour. If Sir John do not instruct us by the depth of his wisdom, yet he often tells a story with vivacity and ease, and indeed he is such a companion as a gentleman would not be displeased to have with him in a post-chaise, particularly in a dreary road.

Sir John enters Scotland through Roxburghshire, and highly celebrates the picturesque beauty of this frontier.

‘The road to Jedburgh,’ says he, ‘lay through meadows, here of vivid green, there of a rich moss yellow colour; on either side were country seats, handsome plantations, winding streams; thick woods rising majestically above them crowned with luxuriant shrubs.’—‘It is not possible to conceive any situation more romantic than that of Jedburgh; it is surrounded, and in some parts intermingled with nurseries, orchards and gardens, which give it in this respect very much the resemblance of Upsala in Sweden.’—‘Some of the best land close to Jedburgh lets at the very high rate of 6l. and 7l. per acre.’—‘The inhabitants derive their principal support from a considerable woollen and small stocking manufactory, and bleacheries.’

Sir John says that the prison is small but clean and well ventilated, but he adds what seems a little irreconcilable with part of the description, that ‘there is no yard for exercise, and no privies.’ Sir John proceeds through Melrose to Edinburgh.

‘The classical eye,’ says Sir John, ‘has discovered some resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens: the castle has been compared with the Acropolis, Arthur’s seat with Mons Hymettus, and Leith and Leith-walk with the Piræus. If the North Lock and Cowgate were filled with water, Edinburgh would in a considerable degree resemble Stockholm which stands upon insulated ridges of rock. This romantic city is constantly presenting a new picture with the progress of the sun, and upon the change of the atmosphere and the season; the stupendous and magnificent rock and castle finely grouping with every surrounding object.’

Sir John certainly does not overrate the beauty of the New Town, but we agree with him that compared with the bustle and population of the Old Town, it has a rather melan-

choley air. The situation of Queen-street, which opens to the north,

'The fashionable evening promenade, is grand, beautiful beyond all description. The eye enchanted wanders over parks, plantations and villages, adorning a gradual slope of about two miles to the Frith of Forth, which exhibits a noble expanse of water; its shores decorated with every variety of rural beauty, and its bosom embellished with gliding vessels and rocky islets, whilst the elevated hills of Fifeshire and the mountains of Perthshire form a beautiful background to this magnificent scene.

'The number of handsome hotels,' says Sir John, 'were among the early objects of my admiration. Some of them are as splendid as any in London, and prove the rapid advance which Scotland has made in refinement. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and the servants tolerably clean and very attentive. Not many years since the inns afforded the most wretched accommodations, and the waiters were so filthy that it was whimsically said of them that, if you were to throw one of them against the wall, he would stick there.'

Our readers need not be afraid of visiting this learned capital from any dread of those nuisances which were too long suffered to be practised to the disgrace of a civilized society. At a very early hour every morning, the dirt is removed by carts, which are engaged for the purpose, and the winds soon purify the streets.

Holyrood House which certainly deserves a place among the curiosities of Edinburgh, has long afforded the Count d'Artois a place of refuge from the importunity of his creditors. The long room or gallery on the north side of the building, which contains the portraits of no less than one hundred and eleven Scottish kings, all of which are said to have been painted by one artist from the head of a porter, was employed by the count as a chapel, for the performance of mass, which, thanks to the religious indifference of the times, is now in no danger of being disturbed by the tumultuous frenzy of another John Knox.

The chamber in which Mary slept, is on the second floor.

'Her bed and the furniture of the room remain as she left them. The bed of crimson damask, bordered with green silk fringes and tassels, and the cornice of the bed is of open figured work, and considering its antiquity in good preservation. Behind the hangings of this room, in part folded back, is the door of a passage leading to the apartments underneath. Through this door it is said Lord Darnley and the conspirators entered on the 9th of March, 1566, and effected the murder of Rizzio. The closet, in which this sanguinary transaction took place, is in the north-west tower of the palace, and about twelve feet square, and opens into Mary's chamber

who was supping with the countess of Argyle and the ill-starred Italian, when the assassins dragged him away (although he clung to his royal patroness for protection) and butchered him in the adjoining chamber of presence, upon the floor of which some brown spots are shown, as the blood of the murdered musician.

After reprobating the conduct of Elizabeth to the unfortunate Mary, and exemplifying from the common histories the well known jealousy which the English entertained of the Scottish Queen, sir John proceeds p. 65, to favour the reader with a parody which he says that he composed on, '*the golden days of good Queen Bess*,' when, '*his muse was boyish*.' We shall quote one stanza of this, '*boyish*' composition; and we believe that the reader will not desire more.

'She dress'd just like a porcupine and din'd just like a pig, sir,  
And an over-running butt of sack she swallowed at a swig, sir:  
Her brawny maids of honour ate and drank confounded hard, sir,  
And droves of oxen daily bled within her palace yard, sir!

'Detested be the gluttony, &c.

This display of Sir John's '*boyish muse*,' proves at least that a late trial, in which the knight made so ridiculous a figure, did not make any addition to his previous stock of the *mauvaise honte* of authorship. Sir John says that he twice ascended the lofty hill called, '*Arthur's seat*,' from which he adds that, '*the view is truly superb*.' Surely sir John must have been indebted to his mercer for the loan of this epithet; '*The eye*,' says he, '*ranges over the metropolis, the German ocean, the course of the Forth, a rich and populous extent of country, to the vast mountains of Benledi and Benlomond, until the Laveronds, otherwise Wallace Markers, preclude all further view*.'

We were pleased with the following description of the Bridewell at Edinburgh, which is situated on the western side of the Calton-hill, and was finished in 1746, from a design of Mr. Robert Adam.

'It is a strong building in the form of the letter D, the whole is surrounded by a wall, between which and the prison there is an area. It consists of five floors; the upper one is used as an hospital and store-room. A passage passes along the middle of the semicircular part of the building, with apartments on either side. Those towards the outside are used as dormitories, and those on the inner side of the semicircle of which there are thirteen in each story, have an iron railing in front, and look into the inner court, which is roofed and glazed, and lights the whole. Every part is composed of stone or iron, except the doors. The bed-chambers, which are each about eight feet long by seven broad, and furnished with a bed on an iron frame, and a table, are lighted by a long narrow window,

the glass of which is fixed in a frame of iron and turns upon the centre. Upon the top of the house are large cisterns, which supply every part of it with water. In the entrance of the governor's house is a dark apartment with high narrow windows, which commands every cell, and enables the proper officers to see whether the criminals are at work without being observed by them. From this point of view, the interior resembles an aviary in form, and lightness of construction. The women spin and the men pick oakum; they are never permitted to hold any communication with each other, and they are not allowed to take any exercise but what their work affords. In summer they work from six in the morning till eight in the evening, and in the winter from sun-rise to sun-set. The prisoners wear a prison-dress, and their own is cleaned and preserved for them until the expiration of their confinement. I visited the kitchen, with which, as with every other part, I was highly gratified, on account of its arrangement and perfect cleanliness. The breakfast and supper of these prisoners is oatmeal-porridge and small beer, and their dinner, broth made of fat and vegetables, and those who perform more than their task-work are allowed bread to their broth, purchased by the produce of the surplus of their labour, and a larger portion of porridge. On Sundays they have a portion of meat. The whole institution is under the careful inspection of the magistrates and the sheriff of the county, whose visits are frequent and regular. As a proof of the salubrity of the prison, and of the excellence of its discipline, I am informed by one of the principal magistrates of Edinburgh, that although it has been used twelve years, during which it has constantly had upon an average not less than fifty persons confined in it, only four deaths have occurred in that period, and it is to be remembered, that many of the vicious of both sexes sent there frequently enter it in a state of extreme debility or disease, the fruits of a profligate course of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

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### RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*The Credibility of the Jewish Exodus, defended against some Remarks of Edward Gibbon, Esq. and the Edinburgh Reviewers. By the Rev. W. Cockburn; A. M. Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, late Fellow of St. John's College, and Morning Preacher at Woburn Chapel. 8vo. Hatchard, 1809.*

IT has been thought not a little remarkable by Mr. Gibbon and several other persons, who have had propensities to scepticism, that the miracles which are related to have been performed by Moses, should have been seen by his contemporaries without being believed,

and should have been believed by the Jews of a later period, without being seen. The evidence of ocular demonstration, which is the strongest of which any fact is susceptible, is said to have been insufficient to produce a conviction of the reality of the miracles, among those who were living at the time, while the proof of tradition, which is commonly so much more weak, fallible, and erroneous, than that of sense, is deemed competent to produce belief in the modern Jews, respecting the supernatural occurrences which are recorded in the Old Testament. How this could happen, is certainly a difficult question, of which the Rev. W. Cockburn, Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, has attempted to furnish the solution. For this purpose, Mr. C. tells us very gravely, that there was 'a great difference between the situation' of the Jews 'and our own;' that 'the Exodus of Israel is no tale of modern times, that that event took place, if at all, in the infancy of the post-diluvian world;' that 'we can distinguish what is natural but uncommon, better than they could at that time;' that 'by their most natural effects might be thought miraculous;' and that 'in an age when common events produced the effects of miracles, real miracles might almost be mistaken for common events.' Mr. Cockburn also tells us that 'magicians and necromancers were very common' in the days of Moses; and that 'the three first miracles performed by Moses, were performed also by the magicians of Egypt;' and that, 'whether these surprising acts were the operations of infernal spirits, opposing the will of God, or of supernatural spirits fulfilling his inscrutable behests, or the mere deceptions of human art and subtlety: still it clearly appears that men's eyes were accustomed to behold unusual things, without ascribing them to God's agency, or, at least, without considering them as a proof of any exclusive rule of faith?' These are the primary considerations which the erudite sagacity of Mr. Cockburn presses upon our attention, before he proceeds to demolish, in due form, the objections of Mr. Gibbon and other sceptics to the marvels of the Exodus. For this purpose, Mr. C. endeavours to prove that Mr. G. and his associates have argued from false premises; that the ancient Jews did not behold the miracles of Moses with indifference, and that those miracles do not constitute the exclusive basis of the belief of the modern Jews.

**Aug. 13.**—*The Constancy of Israel. An unprejudiced Illustration of some of the most Important Texts of the Bible; or a Polemical, Critical, and Theological Reply to a Public Letter, by Lord Crawford, addressed to the Hebrew Nation: Written, without Prejudice, by Solomon Bennett, native of Poland, and professing the Arts in London.* 8vo. pp. 235. Wyatt, Picket Street; Temple Bar.

MR. Solomon Bennett, the author of this work, is, in addition to his theological qualifications, an engraver of prints in line, and imitation of chalk, of portraits, &c. &c. at No. 63, Charing Cross. Of his style of engraving, he has exhibited a specimen at the commencement of the work, in a portrait of his own agreeable physiognomy, and many of our readers will, no doubt, think that he



shines more as a *professor of the arts*, than a champion of theology. Our reverend divines will not express much gratitude to Mr. Solomon Bennett for the following observation :

‘ I have often listened,’ says he, ‘ in some chapels, to a crow from the pulpit with a human voice, saying, The Jews never read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, for fear they should be converted by this vision, and are strictly prohibited by their Rabbies from reading it. I testify that I have never heard of such a prohibition.’

‘ The innumerable Jews throughout our dispersion, to my knowledge, read, understand, and reflect on it also.’

Mr. Bennett says that ‘ the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah relate to one and the same vision, pointing out a glorious and happy restoration ;’ that ‘ he personifies the Israelites in a single person as *his servant*, who suffered much from their enemies at the dispersion, not for their own iniquities indeed.’ Again, he says, ‘ Isaiah foretells all the calamities and oppressions which attend our dispersion, yet not for our own crimes ; and successively from Moses consoled the Israelites with comfortable hopes of a future and general restoration, more glorious and more agreeable to all minds, more animated and more particularly instructed in religious principles ; but by no means alluding to a suffering Messiah ; some think to press it out of that chapter.’

## POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*Intercepted Fragment of Instructions from Bonaparte to one of his Ministers : found in Spain. By Thomas G. Smith, Esq. Merchant. London. Ridgway. 1809.*

WE are told in an advertisement, that these instructions were brought over by a merchant who lately made his escape from the interior of Spain, and that they were found in the possession of a Spanish soldier, belonging to the army of Romana, who had fallen in with a French messenger, whom he put to death. The instructions themselves are supposed to have been addressed by Bonaparte to his minister at Vienna. Whether these instructions be genuine or forged, we shall not waste our own time, nor that of our readers in discussing ; but we must say, that if they be a forgery, the author, though he deserves blame in other respects, seems at least to deserve praise for the ability and penetration with which he has developed the probable sentiments and views of Bonaparte. The following reflections on what the Spaniards might, and what they ought to have done, if they had been in earnest in their wishes to establish a free government, and to rescue their country from the subjugation of France, are singularly just.

‘ If those who conceived the idea of opposing France, had been men of fact, men of talents, and equal to creating events, in short had they been patriots, such as the English government would feign have believed they were, they would have acted otherwise. Instead

of endeavouring to prop up the wreck of a fallen monarchy, with the effigy of a king who never will be suffered to leave France, they would have banished that king who had abandoned them, and they would have abolished his despotism; in the room of which they would have established a popular government, in whose defence the people would have felt an interest.

A contrary mode of proceeding has been followed by consequences which it was easy to foresee. Nobles, who were already odious by the interest they had to keep their power, erected themselves into a tribunal, for the purpose of maintaining the ancient monarchy with all its impotence, instead of opposing to France the almost irresistible power of a revolutionary state.

The following observations on the measures of the present administration, though coming from the pen of an enemy, suggest much wholesome admonition.

‘The English, prodigal of their gold, of their good faith, and of their silly policy, were eager to favour the execution of measures planned without prudence, and undertaken without means, always hoping, notwithstanding a long experience of the contrary, that their gold would inspire energy and patriotism. Could they not see that what they took to be a popular insurrection was nothing more than the last struggles of a decrepit body on the point of expiring? Why did they not rather suggest the idea of a complete revolution, justifiable in every way, by the abdication of the Bourbons? They need only follow the same policy in South America, where doubtless they will pique themselves upon supporting the interests of Ferdinand VII., in order to give to France the ascendancy which she wishes to acquire there. And to carry to its height this their blind system, it will only remain for them to assist the Turks.’

The recent peace between this country and Turkey, will confer an interest on the following remarks, which were, at least, published before intelligence of that event had arrived; and, if these instructions be the genuine product of Bonaparte, they ought to operate as a restraint on the precipitate temerity of ministers in engaging this country in another contest, for the protection of the Turk.

‘The minister at Constantinople is ordered to appear unconcerned at the negotiations of the English with that government, whilst underhand he will endeavour to encourage them: so much is his majesty persuaded that a treaty of peace between those two powers would hasten the success of his views. For the Emperor fears, with reason, that the English, obliged to continue at war with the Porte, may at length see through the absurdity of a system, which hitherto has afforded them no indemnification for the many millions they have squandered, and that they may try to make amends for the fault they have committed, by attempting to take

Dandia, Lemnos, and probably even the Morea, with a view to establish a settlement of Greeks, in order to prevent the French from drawing over to their side these people, who would furnish them with above 10,000 seamen.

The wisdom of such a step is so evident, that it is surprising it ever should be put into the balance against the foolish hope of upholding an empire crumbling to pieces at all points. Nothing therefore can be more pleasing to his majesty than a treaty, which, by taking from the English all those advantages, will furnish France with a just pretext for making war against the Grand Signor.

ART. 15.—*Summary Review of the Evidence adduced upon the Charges against His Royal Highness the Duke of York.* pp. 24. Stockdale, Pall Mall. 1809.

THE writer of these few pages is an advocate for the innocence of the Duke of York; at least he does not make his guilt amount to any thing more than a *little indiscretion* !!!

ART. 16.—*Nightingale versus Stockdale. Report of the Trial in an Action for a Libel, contained in a Review of the 'Portraiture of Methodism;' tried at Guildhall, before the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, Saturday, March 11th, 1809. Taken in Short-hand by Mr. Bartram.* 8vo. Johnson.

THE interesting publication of Mr. Nightingale, entitled a **PORTRAITURE OF METHODISM**, was reviewed in the New Annual Register, for 1807. The notice of the work, which was very short, concluded with the following words, which constituted the principal ground of the present action. 'The evidence of a renegade shall never be admitted in our court. *There is a depravity indeed in this man's heart, (if we may reason from his publication before us) that unqualifies him from giving evidence in any court.* The methodists may be fools, but *their present historian is obviously a knave.*" Mr. Sedgwick was leading counsel for the plaintiff, and he certainly exerted himself most ably and most successfully for his client, for whom the jury found a verdict, with two hundred pounds damages. We are not among those who have made the business of reviewing, subservient to the purposes of moral defamation. We conceive that we have nothing to do with the characters of authors, any farther than as they are identified with their works; and so far, and no farther, we think ourselves justified in making the individuals themselves the objects either of censure or of praise. The trees of authorship, if we may apply a word not indicative of intellectual organization, to the *genus irritabile* of writers, may, like other trees, be known by the fruits which they bear. If a book be either dull in itself, or malignant in its tendency, the morality of criticism will not suffer us to compliment the author on the lustre of his intellect, or the benevolence of his heart. We do not think ourselves privileged to call knave or fool, as *humour or caprice* may suggest; but where an author will take pains to establish his

title to either of these appellations, we should be unjust to the public and to himself, not to ratify his claim. We fear that our brother-reviewer in the Annual Register, rather exceeded the limits of equitable censure, when he applied the term *knave* to the author of the *Portraiture of Methodism*; for that work has every appearance of being the product of an *honest* and impartial seeker after truth. We do not, however, arrogate to ourselves the right of sitting in judgment on any of our associates in the courts of literary criticism.

ART. 17.—*An Attempt to elucidate the pernicious Consequences of a Deviation from the Principles of the Orders in Council.* pp. 76. Tippet. 1809.

THE writer of this sensible pamphlet very forcibly argues that the occasional deviations from our orders in council, by which our ministers allow the importation of French brandy, Dutch butter, cheese, &c. &c. are very favourable to the enemy, and very injurious to the commercial interests of this country. The author remarks, that it is the policy of Bonaparte to connive at the exportation of such articles as enter at once into our immediate consumption, without employing any of our industry, but that he will not suffer any of our manufactures to be imported in return; that the articles which we thus procure, must therefore be paid for in hard cash; and, hence, that the exchange is greatly against us, and will be more. The author recommends the total exclusion of French brandy, &c. and the prohibition of all intercourse with the Dutch, as the best means of inflaming the discontents, by aggravating the distresses of that people, and of thus shaking the throne of king Louis. We have not space to state all the arguments of the author; but his pamphlet is deserving of an attentive perusal.

ART. 18.—*A View of the Political Situation of the Province of Upper Canada, in North America; in which her physical Capacity is stated, the Means of diminishing her Burden, encreasing her Value, and securing her Connection to Great Britain, are fully considered. With Notes and Appendix.* 8vo. pp. 79. Earle, Albemarle Street. 1809.

THIS view is the production of Mr. John Mills Jackson, who tells us that he inherited a claim to a large and valuable tract of land in the province of Québec, and that he was resolved to settle on an estate which he had purchased in Upper Canada, where he had expended a considerable sum in improvements; but that considering neither his person nor his property secure under the system pursued there, he was obliged to relinquish the hope of its enjoyment. The lands which belonged to the crown, in Upper Canada, were by an act of parliament, passed in 1791, directed to be distributed among the American loyalists, with a reservation of a seventh part of every grant, as a provision for the clergy. A constitution on the model of the British, was, at the same time, formed for the government of the country, which was divided into two provinces.

'The English laws were adopted by the first legislature without tithes, poor rates, bankruptcy or game laws.' Could, says the author, 'any thing be wanted, with such a productive soil, intersected with the grandest lakes and rivers, to make the inhabitants most happy, but the pure administration of the blessings so liberally bestowed?' But he informs us that 'the beneficent intentions of the King have been defeated, the wisdom of the British Parliament frustrated, the civil officers and people oppressed, and even the salutary efforts of the Provincial Assembly overturned; the most, loyal, attached, and determined people, are become so aggrieved, enslaved, and irritated, that they view with delight the prospect of hostilities with America, in the hope of being freed from that Government to which they had once looked for security, liberty, and repose.'

The author moreover says that the 'wisdom of the British parliament in forming the constitution of the colony has been defeated, and the very reverse of a free government established,'

'In the 31st of the King, purporting to give to the Canadas the British constitution, the clause from the 18th of the King directing all monies raised in the colony to be accounted for before the House of Assembly, and to be appropriated by the said House, is introduced; that it might clearly appear as a fundamental part of the act: yet, in open defiance of this act, not only all duties levied under the 14th and 15th of the King, on articles coming into the port of Québec, but all internal duties, as licences for retailing liquors, and all penalties and forfeitures levied under the said acts, are not appropriated by the Provincial Assembly, but drawn and applied by the Executive.

'The shopkeepers' adds the author, 'are the justices of peace; they have the means of extortion, and the power of enforcing payments; they are first the criminals, then the judges; and the Court of Appeal seems to be so constructed as to prevent an honest verdict from passing into effect. The practice of the Court is unjust, oppressive, and influenced; favourite attorneys were made Deputy Clerks of the Peace, so that process might be entered and writs obtained most partially. The Crown Lawyer is allowed nearly seven pounds sterling for every criminal prosecution; an inducement to listen to trifling complaints, and prefer frivolous indictments, when if power was gratified, and independence harrassed, it was a sufficient excuse for an inflated contingent account.'

We are extremely sorry to learn from this account that great disaffection towards the mother country prevails both in Upper and Lower Canada. By putting an end to the exercise of arbitrary power in particular individuals, by securing to the inhabitants all the blessings of a free government, the aversion of the colonies from the parent state might be appeased, and a reciprocal good will, arising from a common interest, restored; but if the causes of discon-

tent, which are specified in this pamphlet, are suffered to increase, the separation of Canada from this country is no very improbable event. And when we consider that we are almost excluded by the wide spread domination of Bonaparte from the purchase of naval stores in Europe, and that the Canadas alone could in a few years produce more hemp, timber, iron, tar and turpentine, than the British navy would consume, we think that it behoves the ministers of this country not rashly to forfeit the friendship or to provoke the enmity of a people who are capable of rendering us such important service in our greatest exigencies.

ART. 19.—*The Indagator; or the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of defensive and offensive War considered; by which the true Warriors are contradistinguished from the Pagan Heroes, adapted to the present Times. By Sparkes Molitor. 8vo. pp. 141. Button. 1809.*

MR. Sparkes Molitor is, we have no doubt, a very well-meaning man; but he expresses himself in such a manner as is far beyond the sphere of our comprehension. Take a specimen from p. 44. 'The iniquity and malice of man, which, "the angry fellows" devour and rebuke through their wrath and indignation, *doth not belong* at all to the ordinance of God, but merely to the Turba; which overturns and lays waste kingdoms and countries, and changeth the earth into burning sulphur, *mercury and sal.* When the giants and tyrants *shedded* innocent blood, then came the anger of God with its officers and *slayed* the children of Israel and brought the sword of the *Turba* upon them, whence all wars arise; for, the wisdom of God is without wars: therefore no war can originate from the *divine* order of eternal nature.'

We will produce one more instance of this writer's theological or philosophical profundity, which defies the reach of our shallow understandings, 'God and Christ *are not*' two distinct beings; "Christ is God, and there is not another. In his manifestation thou may *distinguish seven* beings, yet beside or beyond the *manifestation* of God is without *any* being. The beings are only his *manifestation*.'

## POETRY.

ART. 20.—*Poems by Miss Evance. Selected from her earliest Productions to those of the present Year. Longman. 1808.*

THESE poems seem the production of an elegant but rather desponding mind; they abound with pathos and sentiment. Some of the sonnets are equal to those of Bowles, which they much resemble, and the rest of the poems, which are on various subjects, manifest sensibility, delicacy and taste. We will select one, which is not the best in the collection, but which will serve as a sample of the average merit of the whole,

'Gentle Eve had blush'd adieu—  
Soft the twilight breezes blew;

Faint appear'd the western star,—  
 O'er the tufted woods afar ;  
 Soon the silver orb of night  
 Rose majestic on the sight,  
 From the grove that wav'd before  
 A peasant's humble cottage door :  
 O how tranquil was the hour !  
 My bosom felt its soothing pow'r ;  
 I paus'd—and silent gaz'd around,  
 And listen'd for each rural sound,  
 Low the woodbine-scented breeze  
 Rustling creeps among the trees ;  
 Then I softly gently heard  
 The twitter of the nestling bird :  
 While across the forest dell,  
 Tinkled faint the cattle's bell ;  
 Soon a strain of music near  
 Struck with sweet surprise mine ear ;  
 It came from that secluded spot  
 The peasant's lowly peaceful cot,  
 There the mother sang to rest  
 The babe she folded on her breast —  
 It was a hymn, or evening pray'r  
 A simple melancholy air ;  
 It spake her tenderness and love,  
 Her pious hope and trust above.  
 O there is more of magic sound  
 In such a plaintive artless sound,  
 More that will touch and melt the heart,  
 Than all the studied tones of art !

‘ I saw her kiss her darling's form,  
 And place it in the cradle warm ;  
 Then, cautious stir her little fire,  
 To cheer her boy's expected sire :  
 While oft she listening paus'd to hear  
 Whether his well-known step drew near ;  
 Then to the open'd door she came,  
 And look'd and sigh'd her William's name,  
 Bright was the flame that o'er her face  
 Flashing disclos'd its artless grace ;  
 But brighter did her smiles appear,  
 When she beheld his form so dear,  
 And with affection's language sweet,  
 Flew swift his homeward steps to meet.  
 Ah ! did not that enraptur'd smile  
 Repays the weary husband's toil?  
 Repay—O toil itself will prove  
 Delight, endur'd for those we love !  
 And how mistaken then are those ?  
 Who say, that pleasure only glows

Where Fortune spreads her treasures gay—  
 O 'tis Affection's lovely ray  
 That brightens all—Affection cold,  
 Vain are our stores of glitt'ring gold ;  
 They will not teach us to possess  
 The fleeting form of Happiness ;  
 She, Angel wand'rer from above,  
 Can ne'er be brib'd to smiles of love ;  
 But 'tis in calm Affection's breast  
 That most on earth she loves to rest.  
 Ah poverty ! why should we dread  
 Thy lone obscure, and humble shed ?  
 How oft beneath its roof are seen  
 Content, and Love, and Peace serene,  
 And Virtue's undisturb'd repose,  
 And all the heaven Devotion knows.  
 For these, not wealth—my pray'r shall be ;—  
 Rich blessings these, tho' giv'n with Poverty !

We hope to have other occasions of noticing the poetical productions of Miss Evance in our literary journal.

## NOVEL.

Aug. 21.—*The Towers of Lothian ; or the Banks of the Carron. A Scottish Legend, 4 Vols. By the Author of the Two Pilgrims. Holmes and Whetterton. 1809.*

TO those who love the horrid, the marvellous, and the improbable, the Towers of Lothian will afford ample amusement. In this tale, they will find beauteous ladies imprisoned by tyrant husbands after having murdered their lovers, and set fire to their castles, stern and inexorable fathers, who sacrifice their daughters for ambition to the men whom they detest, and who meet their own death by poison as a reward for their cruelty. Then we have direful caverns, frightful moats, and draw-bridges, which lead to gloomy castles, with round towers and long winding galleries ; monasteries with good friars and bad, and convents out of number filled with agreeable nuns and dignified lady abbesses. Out of these materials four volumes of stupidity are spun. The affectation of writing like Mrs. Radcliffe would spoil a story more judiciously combined than the Towers of Lothian, and the author has most woefully mistaken his talents if he imagines that he can excite any interest by this style of writing. The work may please a hundred silly women who love to kill their precious hours, by poring over any thing that makes its appearance in the shape of a novel ! but no person of taste or common sense can toil through these four volumes, and say that they met with any thing but common-place remarks, vapid narrative, and a dull conclusion. The endeavour to blend the story with characters in the English and Scottish history is so very clumsily performed that it adds to the deformity of the whole. The birth of the young Earl of Nithisdale is not at all cleared up nor explained, and the preservation of the young Earl of Lothian is equally improbable and



unaccountable. Half the materials which are huddled together in these volumes might in the hands of a person even of moderate discrimination and ability have been wrought into an instructive and pleasing tale.

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 22.**—*Remarks on the present State of the Lunatic Asylums in Ireland; and on the Number and Condition of the Insane Paupers in that Kingdom; with an Appendix containing a Number of original Letters and other Papers connected with the Subject.* By Andrew Halliday, M.D. Svo. Murray.

MUCH praise is due to Mr. Charles W. W. Wynne for his humane efforts to form proper asylums for the pauper and criminal lunatics of this kingdom. Dr. Halliday seems to have committed a kind of a bull in professing to treat of the present state of the lunatic asylums in Ireland; since he tells us that there are none in existence. This is not, however, accurate. There is one we find, at Dublin; another, as we learn from one of his correspondents, at Downpatrick; and in the county of Clare, there is a small asylum, attached to the county infirmary: this is the case too with some other of the county infirmaries. These institutions, however, are obviously insufficient for the necessities of the country; and the poor lunatics are mostly suffered to roam at large, either objects of terror when outrageous; or of sport and ridicule when harmless. We cannot omit one trait in the character of the poor oppressed and insulted Irish peasant. He thinks it an indispensable duty to share his morsel with the wandering maniac, so that the burden of the support of these miserable objects falls principally upon those who are half famished themselves. Can there be a more bitter libel upon the government, and the aristocracy which supports it?

We must give the benevolent writer of this little tract credit for the best intentions in his attempt to call the attention of society and the legislature to the situation of so considerable a body of our suffering fellow creatures in the sister kingdom. His situation, residing we believe, at Manchester, has been unfavourable to his inquiry. But he has done his utmost, and whatever may be the success of his endeavours, we doubt not but he will reap the best reward, in the approbation of an approving conscience.

**ART. 23.**—*Important Researches into the Existence, Nature, and Communication of Venereal Infection, in Pregnant Woman, New-Born Infants and Nurses, by the late P. A. O. Mahon, Chief Physician to the Venereal Hospital de Vaugirard, &c. &c. &c. at Paris. These are contrasted with the new Opinions of the late John Hunter upon this Subject, together with Observations, by Jesse Foot, Surgeon, Svo. 3s. 6d. Becket. No date.*

THE opinion of Mr. Foot, seems to be that the farther a writer has lived from his own days, the greater is his authority; and, in consequence we have the comfortable assurance, that knowledge is not regressive, but retrograde.

If we are to believe him, it is our business now to trace back our steps in order to recover our lost ground, and to recur to the knowledge of half a century ago. If this be so, medicine is truly in an unfortunate predicament, for certainly nothing can be more vague, inconsequential and unscientific than the theories in behalf of which Mr. Foot so strenuously pleads. In the treatise of M. Mahon, we have a complete specimen of that sort of unsatisfactory reasoning, which we hope to see banished from whatever assumes to itself the name and dignity of science. In the description of symptoms called syphilitic, we find neither precision nor method. They are made to be so numerous, and so much diffused over the body, that any thing or every thing may be called so. Disputes must be endless without accurate diagnostic symptoms. In M. Mahon's histories we are told of healthy infants becoming syphilitic without contagion, the disease having lurked in their blood. Does an English surgeon exist, who can believe such a tale?

How far the children of parents affected with syphilis, can be healthy, and what (if they are diseased) are their peculiar diseases, we wish to be dispassionately investigated. That they cannot have a true syphilis, without the application of virus, we have no doubt; nor has any one, we believe, on this side the channel, except Mr. Jesse Foot. We have seen nothing in M. Mahon's treatise to make us alter this opinion. It is a very poor composition; and it is moreover disguised by a bad translation, which is in parts nearly unintelligible.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 24.—*Prostitutes Reclaimed and Penitents protected: being an Answer to some Objections made against the Principle and Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary, with Observations on Licensed Brothel-houses, and on the Means of discouraging Prostitution.* By William Blair, Esq. Surgeon of the Lock Hospital and Asylum, the London Female Penitentiary, the Bloomsbury Dispensary, and New Rupture Society, &c. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Medical Societies of London, Paris, Brussels, Aberdeen, &c. &c. 2s. Seeley. 1809.

ART. 25.—*The Remonstrant; being a Letter to Mr. William Hale, in Reply to his Address to the Public upon the Infamous Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary.* By G. Hodson. 1s. Conder, 1809.

ART. 26.—*Cursory Remarks on a recent Publication, addressed to the Public, upon the dangerous Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary, &c. &c.* By Juvenis. 8vo. Williams. 1809.

WE noticed the 'Address' of Mr. Hale, to which the above three pamphlets are a reply, in our last Number, pp. 220, 221, in which the reader will please to insert the word 'not' after 'ought' in line 10, p. 221. We have already given our unbiassed opinion on the probable effects of the London Female Penitentiary. The principle on which the institution is founded, is certainly beneficent, and we

trust that virtue and happiness will, in a majority of instances, be the result. The experience of the Magdalen Hospital certainly favours this conclusion. That hospital was established in 1758; since which period there have been near four thousand admissions. Of these it is without any exaggerations of probability, supposed that at least two thirds of the whole number have been reclaimed and become useful characters in society. But Mr. Hale thinks that 'the effect of this new institution will be to increase the sum of prostitution,' and that 'its principle is wholly unsupported by the word of God.' These objections have been very ably and very satisfactorily refuted by Mr. Blair, Mr. Hodson, &c. We particularly recommend the perusal of Mr. Blair's pamphlet as well as that of Mr. Hodson. When Mr. Hale asserts that such institutions, as the London Female Penitentiary, are not supported by the injunctions of Christianity, he might as well have argued on the same ground, against infirmaries and hospitals. Christianity warmly inculcates the **GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF BENEVOLENCE**; but it leaves the practical modifications to the discretion of individuals. Whatever only tends to lessen the sum of vice and misery or in any way to mitigate the wretchedness, and the depravity of mankind, cannot but be countenanced by Christianity. It is consonant to its genius and in unison with its precepts. That Magdalens and Penitentiaries of this description are not novel things, Mr. Hale might have learned from the life of Ignatius Loyola, the father of the Jesuits, who founded an hospital at Rome for the reception of those unhappy persons who were desirous of abandoning the paths of prostitution. He endowed the institution which he established, with a large sum of money; his example was followed by many persons, and particularly by Leonora Osoria, the wife of John Vega, ambassador to Charles the Fifth. Several ladies of quality interested themselves in the reformation of these poor destitutes. But the establishment itself exposed Loyola to a torrent of obloquy, as is said by Ribadaneira, who is quoted by Bayle.—When Loyola was told that the pains which he was taking for the conversion of these prostitutes was only so much time lost, and that they would soon be again sunk in the vortex of their former infamy, he replied that he should think his labour well bestowed if he could keep them only for one night from offending God. Great good sense, piety, and humanity characterise the observation. He who can make virtue respected or vice loathed, who can produce bliss or alleviate woe, only in some of the fractional parts of life, is a benefactor to his species. The impulses of philanthropy have incited us to make these remarks in favour of an institution which we believe to be principally supported by persons whose theological tenets are very adverse to our own. But **CHARITY IS OF NO SECT.**

## ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

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*List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.*

Reliques of Burnes.

Chatfield's View of Hindostan.

Sharpe's Metrical Legends.

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Woolcombe on Diseases.

Bancroft's Life of Washington.

Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic.

Sir J. Carr's Caledonian Sketches concluded.

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. XVI.

APRIL, 1809.

No. IV.

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ART. I.—*Reliques of Robert Burns; consisting chiefly of original Letters, Poems, and critical Observations on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. pp. 453. Cadell and Davies. 1808.*

IN almost every dispute that has agitated the minds of men, from the grand controversy between Arius and the Athanasians, down to the petty squabbles about the authenticity of Ireland and Chatterton, it has been the fashion to employ the weapons of general invective, which are wholly irresistible by any other mode than that of recrimination. In this species of warfare, it would be very difficult, on any occasion, to say with which party the advantage rested. The principal benefit to either, seems to consist in the excessive cheapness and readiness of the instruments; but, where the defence is equally easy with the attack, we cannot venture to flatter the assailant with hopes of attaining any very great superiority from the use of them. For this reason, men of sense and moderation have actually begun to doubt their efficacy upon any occasion; and the terms 'ignorance and illiberality,' have been adopted more sparingly; since, in the opinion of thinking people, they have done greater mischief to their employers than to those against whom they are levelled. Under this impression, we lately discovered nothing 'illiberal' in the pleasure which some gentlemen appeared to derive from the circumstance of a book (in their opinion very valuable) being 'sealed up' from the curiosity of nine tenths of the readers of this country; although we indulged a little mirth at the expence of a feeling so totally dissonant from our own habits of reflection. Under the same impression, we are not at all disconcerted at finding employed against ourselves the very weapons of which we thus know the futility, especially since they are accompanied by an evident misrepresentation of our own arguments.

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We did not compare the dialect of Scotland with the dialects of Lancashire and Somerset. But we illustrated the absurdity of exultation in the case before us by the greater absurdity which would be evinced by a native of either of the English counties who should affect to set a value on the vulgar provincialisms of his own neighbourhood. Nor do we find any reason for retracting a word which we then advanced, the allowable exaggeration of ridicule only excepted. England and Scotland have been for more than a century incorporated together. For more than two centuries they have been administered by the same governors. Their language is originally and fundamentally the same; and it is for the interest of both that all childish and trifling distinctions should be gradually done away and abolished. During the last fifty years the levelling operations of time in this respect have been very constant and rapid; and whatever indulgence we may allow to prejudices which are derived from the recollections and associations of childhood, we do not think our approbation due to those whose *provincial* vanity (we must persist in employing a term which we use from no unworthy or *illiberal* motive,) whose *provincial* vanity would seek to perpetuate the shew of a distinction which in reality ought long since to have existed no more.

As to the comparative merits of the English language and that dialect of it which is used in Scotland, we certainly are no fit judges; but no more are they who pretend to regard the dialect with such enthusiastic veneration. The opinion of nine tenths of the nation deserves at least to be weighed in equal scales against that of the remaining part; and we will venture to say that to those nine tenths there is more music in an English than in a Scottish stanza. But even admitting the contrary to be the case, and that the language of the Scottish ballad-writers, is intrinsically more poetical than that of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, still it must be remembered that the dialect spoken in so comparatively small a district will never be the language of the whole country, and that it is an object with most writers of sense to be generally, and if possible universally understood. We do not acknowledge the Scottish dialect to possess any superiority over the vulgar tongue, but let us instance in the Greek language, which we do confess and believe to be ten times more sonorous, more copious, more flexible to all the purposes and effects of harmony, than our own: yet we neither think highly of the sense of those scholars who now a days devote their time and abilities to Greek composition, nor do we hold up their performances, exulting that they are unintelligible beyond the precincts of Eton and Winchester College.

We cannot therefore retract in any degree, the opinion formerly advanced by us on this subject—So far from thinking it a cause of triumph that the works of a good author are *sealed* against the great majority of readers, it ought only to be matter of regret that a single line occurs inaccessible to the general comprehension of the whole world. We do not mean to say that to a certain extent, and in a certain class of composition, the adoption of the Scottish dialect may not bestow a peculiar grace, the absence of which would be ill compensated by the advantages of correct and polished language. But the extent of this licence should (in our opinion) be very limited indeed. We would exclude from it the use of all words or phrases which are not easily and immediately intelligible to a mere English-reader; we would confine the privilege, even when thus curtailed, to the single class of pastoral and familiar poetry: and we would forbid its exercise to all but those with whose habits of thinking and speaking the dialect is, as it were, entirely identified, whose degree of intercourse with polished society has not been such as to abstract them from the use of it in the common course of life, nor, consequently, to throw an air of affectation upon their adoption of it in poetry.

Thus circumstanced, and thus privileged, was Burns. His situation in life was the cause, as it is the full and complete justification, of his adopting a style of poetry, which, in a member of refined society, we should condemn as the worst of affectation. But even here we shall venture a remark which, if ever heard beyond the Tweed, will probably excite such an outcry against the southern folk as has never been heard since the union of the kingdoms. It is this—that generally speaking, those works of Burns which are most English, both in words and idiom, are *incomparably* the most harmonious, tender, and impassioned; and that, in his longest and most highly esteemed performances, *by far* the finest passages are (except in the spelling) English. To instance this observation in the songs written by him for Thompson's collection of music, the best of which are, perhaps, the best of all his compositions; the most remarkable for their exquisite harmony of numbers and grace of expression, in which he stands almost equal to a competition with Horace himself. Will any Scotchman point out to us amidst this collection a strain more tender and poetical than in his "Highland Mary?" Yet that most beautiful effusion flowed spontaneously from the heart, and it contains not a single word that is *sealed* against a southern reader. There is no *seal* upon this exquisitely graceful stanza of another song;



for Yestreen is far from being an unintelligible, and is moreover a very pretty word.

' Yestreen when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha ?  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard or saw :  
Tho' this was fair and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
' Ye are na' Mary Morison."

" Wandering Willie," can reach every heart without the aid of a glossary : the pathetic delicacy of the two last lines in particular, (which perhaps are unrivalled) is felt, as it is expressed, in good English.

' But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nanie,  
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main ;  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But dying believe that my Willie's my ain."

No *scal* but that of a noble mind and an ardent genius, is fixed upon the glorious battle-song of " Bannockburn ;" and the last mournful-effort of his expiring muse is English, even to the orthography of almost every word.

' Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear—Jessie !

' Although thou maun never be mine,  
Although even hope is denied.  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside—Jessie !"

Of his larger works, the beautiful poem of ' the Vision,' is (with the exception of the first eight stanzas, which, although containing some very picturesque description, can hardly be esteemed equal to what follows) *strictly and uniformly* English. Can the most national of Scots find a single passage in the *sealed* poems that can be compared with his picture of the Genius Coila ?

' A hair-brained, sentimental trace  
Was strongly marked in her face,  
A wildly witty, rustic grace  
Shone full upon her ;  
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,  
Beam'd keen with honour."

Or where are the too general eccentricities of an ardent poetical character, so forcibly, so feelingly delineated as in the lines which the guardian spirit addresses to Burns himself?

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,  
Keen shivering, shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
Th' adored name,  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play  
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven;  
But yet the light which led astray  
Was light from Heaven.'

To these examples we must add one more observation, which we hold to be of the highest importance to the present question. All Burns's poems which relate to *himself* or to circumstances immediately connected with *his own life and feelings*, are (we believe without exception) remarkably free from any mixture of the Scottish dialect; a convincing proof that he wrote more *easily and naturally*, as well as more successfully, in English. We need only mention the well-known address 'To Mary in Heaven,' 'The Lament,' the ode entitled 'Despondency,' 'Prayer in prospect of Death,' the 'stanzas on the same occasion,' and the Farewell to Ayr, which he wrote in contemplation of his voyage to America, to bear witness to the truth of our remark, and to repel the argument of those who falsely assert that *the scald language* is the most *natural* to the inhabitants of Scotland. All the poems we have instanced, and many more which are strictly English, were the spontaneous effusions of the heart, a widely different periods of life, and called out by every variety of situation that can be supposed, to have had the strongest and most immediate influence upon the feelings of the poet. On the other hand almost all the compositions which are strongly marked with the peculiarities of the dialect are at the same time comparatively forced and laboured.

Shall we now be justified in asserting that if Burns had never written a poem in the Scottish language—(by which we mean a poem standing in need of a glossary,)—his reputation would have been quite as high and as deservedly so, as it is at present? Certainly not, in the opinion of those who consider his 'Halloween,' his 'Tam o' Shanter,' or even his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' as the best of his performances.

But from such opinions, if there are any persons ready to maintain them, we must express our total dissent. We shall perhaps, expose ourselves to great censure if we express a doubt whether too much stress has not been laid by the admirers of the poet upon his talent for humour; yet that doubt we certainly do, rather strongly, entertain. But, even were it altogether removed, that quality is in itself so far inferior to other high and transcendant gifts of genius which Burns undoubtedly possessed, that we might even then repeat our assertion, that the reputation of Burns does not rest in any degree on the poems which are generally adduced as specimens of unrivalled excellence in that department. Venturing even thus far with fear and trembling, how shall we express the dread with which we whisper an idea that neither ought 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' to be ranked among the very first of Burns's works? Our critical functions have not rendered us insensible to the charms of natural and simple poetry; nor can we contemplate without emotion the lively picture of manners, or the yet more interesting reflection of 'a poet's heart,' which that pleasing composition presents. Nevertheless, the impression made by it on our minds is by no means equal to that produced by many of his works that are much less considerable in themselves as well as less generally known and admired. Compared with these, it appears to us a laboured and artificial performance; nor can we discover any traces of that inimitable grace and felicity of expression, which constitute the most distinguishing and characteristic charm of Burns's poetry. However, we might perhaps have admitted the excellence of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' without injury to our general argument, since the *sealed* words and phrases which it contains amount to very few in number, the best of the stanzas being positively English; nor, were the Scotticisms much more numerous and glaring, would the poem in question afford more than one solitary exception to the rule which we venture to maintain.

The anxiety which we feel to impress on the minds of our readers that our opinion on this subject is not assumed without reflection, nor wholly the effect of 'ignorance and ill-liberality,' has however carried us very wide of our direct object, certainly much more so than the limits of a monthly journal will in general warrant. We must seem to have forgotten that we are not reviewing the whole circle of Scottish poetry, nor even the works of Burns, but a small portion only of the latter which the industry of a collector has now for the first time presented to the public.

Mr. Cromek appears, indeed, to have been most assiduous

and indefatigable in his researches. The warm admiration of Burns's genius which prompted this undertaking, demands our respect. We are grateful to Mr. Cromek for what he has done, though the extent of his success may not be fully answerable to the labour of the undertaking. We should indeed have imagined that it might have been no difficult matter to discover, among the scenes of the poet's principal haunts, many more remnants of his compositions which had eluded the vigilance of Dr. Currie, his former editor and biographer. And this supposition might appear to be justified by the rambling and desultory nature of Burns's life and character. But if any such expectations have been formed, we think this publication of Mr. Cromek's calculated to put an immediate end to them; since by far the greatest part of the contents of the volume is such as may be conceived to have past under Dr. Currie's eye, and been rejected by him as too inconsiderable to claim insertion in his edition. Yet even in that edition there are many things which a cautious friend might have been inclined to omit out of regard to the unfortunate poet's memory.

We shall now proceed to point out to the notice of our readers a few of the contents which seem to have best repaid the labour of the collector.

The first enquiry which every lover of Burns will make is, whether any and what additions have been made to his poetical remains.

There are a few little epistles to friends, most of them in the broad Scottish dialect, bearing evident marks of the author, but *very far indeed* from being in the best style even of his familiar pieces. We will however select two or three stanzas from that 'To the Reverend John M'Math,' for the entertainment of our pious friends, the methodists, a description of men with whose characters Burns has, on more than one occasion, made very free.

' God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,  
Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
But twenty times I rather would be  
    An atheist clean,  
Than under gospel colours hid be  
    Just for a screen.

' An honest man may like a glass,  
An honest man may like a lass,  
But mean revenge, an' malice fause  
    He'll still disdain,  
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,  
    Like some we ken.

' They take religion in their mouth ;  
 They talk of mercy, grace, and truth,  
 For what ? to gie their malice skouth  
     On some puir wight,  
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,  
 To ruin straight.' P. 394.

Among the miscellaneous poems that follow, we can hardly distinguish any one which is worth the pains that were probably taken to recover it ; but we must remark that the elegy ' to the Owl,' which Mr. Cromek supposes to be Burns's, because found in his own hand-writing, appears to us to contain internal evidence to the contrary, strong enough, even without the annexed name of a real or imaginary author (John M'Credie), to repel the presumption arising from that circumstance. Some of the stanzas are certainly pretty ; but it is, upon the whole, very common-place, and does not possess, as far as we can discover, one characteristic mark of Burns's style, either of expression or feeling.

The first of the songs ' Evan Banks,' is, if we are not mistaken, already familiar to the public.\* It possesses great charms of poetry, and uncommon tenderness of sentiment, and is perhaps altogether in the author's best style of composition ; but it appeared to us so well known that we sought almost with a certainty of finding it, in Dr. Currie's collection. There, however, we failed to discover it, and cannot now recollect where we have met with it before.

The fragment of a ' patriotic' song, annexed to the old burthen of ' Here's a health to them that's awa,' is in a very different style, but strikes us as so characteristic of the writer, besides being very spirited in itself, as to deserve our selection

' Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa' ;  
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,  
 May never gude luck be their fa' !  
 It's gude to be merry and wise,  
 It's gude to be honest and true,  
 It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

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\* In writing the above we were not aware of a circumstance which we have since learned from a critique on this book in the Quarterly Review. It is there stated that the song of ' Evan Banks' has been falsely attributed to Burns, and that the credit of it actually belongs to Helen Maria Williams. It appeared in the first edition of Burns's works by Dr. Currie, and was omitted by him in the later impressions in consequence of the discovery he had made of its real author. This account certainly implies an unpardonable negligence in Mr. Cromek.

' Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,  
Altho' that his band be but sma'.

May liberty meet with success !

May prudence protect her frae evil !

May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
And wander their way to the Devil !

' Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
That lives at the lug of the law !

Here's freedom to him that wad read !

Here's freedom to him that wad write !

There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,  
But they wham the truth wad indite.

' Here's a health, &c.

Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,  
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw !

\* \* \* \* \*

All our readers must remember the song of ' O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.'—The following is greatly inferior ; but the second stanza contains a similar turn of expression, and, if the former had never been written, might be esteemed very beautiful. As it is, the air of simple tenderness is attractive, and we regret only the Scotch words which disfigure it.

' I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And' by yon' garden green again ;

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonie Jean again.

' There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,

What brings me back the gate again,

But she my fairest, faithful lass,

And stownlins\* we sall meet again.

' She'll wander by the aiken tree,

When trystin-time† draws near again ;

And when her lovely form I see,

O haith, she's doubly dear again !'

No lover of Burns will be displeased at the discovery of a stanza in addition to one of the sweetest that he ever composed. We print the new one in italics. The other is to be found in Dr. Currie's edition.

' Out over the Forth I look to the North,

*But what is the North and its Highlands to me ?*

*The South nor the East gie ease to my heart,*

*The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.*

\* Stownlins, by stealth.

† Trystin-time, the time of appointment.

' But I look to the West, when I gae to my rest,  
That pleasant my dreams and my slumber may be ;  
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.'

Upon the whole, though we do not think that any of the poems collected by Mr. Cromek possess so much merit as to add to the already high and immovable reputation of their author, yet most of them are of sufficient value to entitle their preserver to the thanks of all those who are warm and genuine admirers of the poet.

The poetical collections occupy, however, but a small portion of the present volume. The remainder is filled with letters, with an entertaining collection of ' Strictures on Scottish songs and ballads,' taken from a MS. book of the poet's, and with further copious extracts from the common place-book, which had before furnished Dr. Currie with a considerable portion of biographical matter.

Of Burns's letters we have already had more than enough in Dr. Currie's edition. We think that those which were given to the world in that publication have been estimated at too high a rate. Many of them are certainly very valuable, as good and honest pictures of a mind which must be contemplated with more mixed sensations of love, admiration, pity, and regret, than that of any man who has ever existed. It is needless, and would be impertinent, to attempt in this place the delineation of a character already so well and so intimately known to all who are likely to be interested in or affected by it. If there are any human beings so lost to the feelings of humanity as to be incapable of appreciating the nobler and better part of that character, we pity their insensibility. The faults and vices which obscured it have met with various measures of censure and extenuation; but, in speaking of Burns, the merciful scale has generally preponderated. This is what we are far from wishing otherwise. If any man can ever be supposed to have received on earth the full measure of pain proportioned to his offences, poor Burns was assuredly that man. Remembering ' how fearfully and wonderfully he was made,' let us withhold our fallible judgment, and restrain the too-ready voice of condemnation. If no man shall be tried but by his equals, where are the equals of *Burns*? Where are they who are qualified to decide in the cause of *his* conscience? But, while we would regard with all possible tenderness the frailties and infirmities of such a man, let us not attempt their justification. Let us veil, but not varnish them,—Silence is more suitable than apology,

We are so decidedly of opinion that, however we may *vulgarly* admire his prose compositions as the productions of a ploughman (a rule by which we entirely agree with all competent judges of his merits that Burns ought never to be estimated), yet his fame must rest solely and exclusively on his character as a poet, that the only letters in this collection to which we shall even refer are two containing specimens of his poetry. The first is directed to John Ballantyne, Esq. and is worth notice as affording the original of one of his most pleasing songs which appears to have been afterwards altered solely for the sake of the measure; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing that the alteration was much for the worse. The reader may, however, judge for himself on this point by referring to the copy given in the fourth volume of Dr. Currie's edition.

' Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care!

' Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause luvè was true.

' Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate:  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

' Aft ha' I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the wood-bine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And sae did I o' mine.

' Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Frae affits thorny tree,  
And my fause lover staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.'

The second is addressed to William Creech, Esq. and contains a poetical lamentation, half serious, and half jesting, for his absence from Scotland. It concludes with some stanzas, conceived in the style of ardent and impetuous feeling, for which the character of Burns was so remarkable, and which accordingly pervades the best and the worst of his compositions.

' Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,  
And Eden scenes on chrystal Jed,



And Ettrick banks now roaring red  
 While tempests blaw ;  
 But every joy and pleasure's fled  
 Willie's awa' !

' May I be slander's common speech ;  
 A text for infamy to preach ;  
 And lastly, streckit out to bleach  
 In winter snaw ;  
 When I forget thee, Willie Creech,  
 Tho' far awa' !

' May never wicked fortune touzle him,  
 May never wicked men bambouze him !  
 Until a pow, as auld's Methusalem,  
 He canty claw !  
 Then to the blessed new Jerusalem  
 Fleet wing awa' !'

The strictures on Scottish songs are interesting, as giving us in many instances the opinion of the poet respecting the merits of compositions to which he was himself so strongly attached, and, in many more, as assigning to their right authors, and fixing to their right dates, or to the peculiar circumstances of their origin, certain well-known and often repeated productions, concerning which the world at large is profoundly ignorant. We shall select a few of the most interesting; but very few, as it is necessary for us to hasten the conclusion of our present article.

#### *The Lass of Peaty's Mill.*

' In Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland, this song is localiz'd (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the north of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire. The following anecdote, I had from the present sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John earl of Loudon. The then earl of Loudon, and father to earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-mills, at a place yet called Peaty's mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Alan lagged behind in returning to Loudon castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.'

#### *Tweed-side.*

' In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with

the letters, D, C, &c. Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C, in the Tea-table, were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achnemes, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France. As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsey, I think the anecdote may be depended on; of consequence, the beautiful song of 'Tweed-side,' is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford, the Mary he celebrates, was Mary Stewart of the Castle mill family, afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie. I have seen a song, calling itself the original Tweed-side, and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first.

'When Maggy and I was acquaint,  
I carried my noddle fu' hie;  
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,  
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:  
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed;  
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,  
So now I maun wander abroad:  
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.'

*Mary's Dream.*

'The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the laird of Airds in Galloway. The poet was a Mr. Alexander Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song called Pompey's ghost. I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland. By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love disappointment.'

We are glad to find the judgment of Burns confirming our own opinion as to the despicable silliness of *Scoticizing* a good old English song. Yet there is hardly a young lady in the kingdom that sits at a piano-forte, or stands at the back of the musician's chair, but she begins the concert with murdering poor Dr. Percy by the detestable jargon of 'O Nanie, will thou gang wi' me.' Burns says, however,

'It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song. I was not acquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished; else, had I known it in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.'

There are, besides, observations which cannot be read without great interest, on some of the author's own original

compositions ; but we have no room to select any in this article, except one which (as well as Mr. Cromek's subjoined note) it would be sacrilege to omit, as referring to some of the most beautiful poems he ever wrote and to the most affecting incident he ever experienced.

*'The Highland Lassie, O.'*

'This was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was at all known in the world. My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.'

Mr. Cromek's note on this most affecting passage is as follows.

'There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy or of sorrow, of despair or of hope, which as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be termed the trials of the heart. We treasure them deeply in our memory, and, as time glides silently away, they help us to number our days. Of this character was the parting of Burns from his Highland Mary, that interesting female, the first object of the youthful poet's love. This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook ; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again ! The anniversary of Mary Campbell's death (for that was her name) awakening in the sensitive mind of Burns the most lively emotions, he retired from his family, then residing in the farm of Ellisland, and wandered, solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great that he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address to *Mary in Heaven*.'

We are unable to prolong this article by entering on an examination of the contents of Burns's common place-book, which forms the remaining portion of the volume. This we the less regret since it is impossible to peruse them without

a great deal of pain, and also since the specimens before given by Dr. Currie are sufficient to teach our readers what they are to expect from the additional fragments here subjoined.

Upon the whole though we perhaps expected the recovery of some more important 'Reliques,' from Mr. Cromek's ardent and painful search, we must express ourselves, in the name of all the admirers of Burns, much indebted to him for the trouble he has taken, and for the pleasure which that trouble has procured us; and we have no doubt that every lover of the poet will consider Mr. Cromek's volume as a desirable appendage to those already published by Dr. Currie.

ART. II.—*An historical Review of the Commercial, Political, and Moral State of Hindostan, from the earliest Period to the present Time; the Rise and Progress of Christianity in the East, its present Condition, and the Means and Probability of its future Advancement, with an Introduction and Map illustrating the relative Situation of the British Empire in the East.* By Robert Chatfield, LL. B. Vicar of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire. 4to. Richardson. 1808.

THE commerce of the east seems, from the earliest period, to have had a striking influence on the fortunes of the west. The nations which have enjoyed it have risen above their contemporaries in wealth and power. The shores of the Red Sea, of the Euxine, and the Mediterranean, were in ancient times enriched and civilized by this traffic. Thebes and Memphis seem to have owed much of their pristine grandeur to this circumstance; Tyre and Sidon, Colchis, Alexandria, and Palmyra, were in a great degree indebted to it for the splendour which they once possessed. Their prosperity, like that of Venice in a later period, sunk when they ceased to be the marts of eastern merchandize. It was the commerce of the east which formerly raised Portugal and Holland to the first rank of European powers; and though Great Britain may have other sources of greatness, yet one of the principal has certainly been her unparalleled extension of commerce in the east.

The population of the world seems to have had its origin in the east; and the region, which was first peopled, was certainly the first to cultivate the useful and elegant arts. The luxuriant fertility of the soil and the genial nature of the climate, left the inhabitants at leisure to exercise their industry on something beyond the mere necessities of life.

The desire of attaining the commodities of the east operated in a very remote period as a powerful incentive to the active and improvable powers of man in Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Phœnicia, and Greece.

Alexander the Great, who is one of the few conquerors whose death may be regarded as premature, seems to have entertained very correct and philosophic notions respecting the importance of eastern commerce. He considered it as the principal means of improving the condition, and increasing the civilization of his extensive dominions; his conquests were, in a great measure, rendered subservient to this end; and Alexandria was very easily chosen to be the future emporium of eastern wealth. The wisdom of those commercial projects, which Alexander had conceived, was confirmed by the subsequent arrangements of the Ptolemies in Egypt; under whose sovereignty Alexandria attained the highest pitch of prosperity and magnificence. In the accomplishment of this scheme the Ptolemies had difficulties to encounter, which the greater power and resources of Alexander would easily have surmounted.

The conquest of Egypt was highly valued by the Romans, not only on account of the supplies of corn, with which that rich country furnished the capital, but on account of the lucrative commerce which it maintained with the east.

‘The effects of the immense accession of wealth brought from these sources into the Roman treasury were soon perceived; they not only altered the value of property, doubled the price of provisions and merchandize, but introduced a total change in the state of manners of Rome itself.’

As the demand for the productions of India increased in the Roman capital, the Nile was found insufficient for the general supply; and a communication was opened by means of caravans between the Persian gulph, the Euphrates, and Palmyra, or Tadmor in the desert, and thence to the coasts of Syria and Palestine.

‘Some commerce with India by this route,’ says Mr. Chatfield, ‘had long existed; but it was at this time so considerably increased, and had so much augmented the resources of the country through which it passed, that the princes of Palmyra were not only enabled to extend their conquests into Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, and a part of Asia Minor, but even to contend for the succession to the imperial purple with the warlike Aurelian.’

Under the genius of Mahomed and his successors, the Arabians, emerging from their obscurity and indolence, assumed a new and more permanent character, of vigour, of en-

terprize, and of industry. Bagdat, under a renowned dynasty of caliphs, became celebrated for its treasures and magnificence. Bassorah, founded by the caliph Omar,

‘commanded the intercourse of the adjoining countries with the coasts of India, and received the wealth of the caravans of Persia and Arabia.’—‘The rich silks, the camphire, and the porcelain, transparent as glass, from China, and the gold, gems and perfumes of India and its islands, which contributed to adorn the palaces of Bagdad and Damascus.’

Constantinople, at the same period, unwilling to forego the advantages of the eastern trade, re-opened the communication by which the Colchians, Phœnicians, and Greeks, had formerly procured the products and manufactures of Hindostan. The subjugation of Constantinople by the Ottomans in 1453, proved eventually beneficial to Europe. It served to dispel the darkness which popish superstition had spread over Europe, by exciting the intellectual activity of mankind and promoting a passion for the literature of a better period. A new spirit of enquiry and of enterprize was awakened, which, whatever direction it took, tended to enlarge the boundary of knowledge and the sphere of activity, to increase the resources, and to augment the comforts and conveniences of social life.

In the beginning of the 15th century, the mariner's compass, which is said to have been the discovery of a citizen of Amalfi in the 12th, began to be generally and successfully applied to the purposes of navigation. The Portuguese had for a considerable time directed their attention to the subject of maritime discovery; and the Cape of Good Hope, which had been discovered by Bartholomew Dias in 1486, was passed by Vasquez de Gama in 1492. Vasquez de Gama arrived on the 20th of May, 1497, on the coast of Malabar, which was then ‘the most flourishing port in the peninsula of India, and the principal residence of the zamorin or emperor.’

The first appearance of these strangers was welcomed by the hospitable attentions of the native princes; ‘every encouragement was shewn to their commerce; and with the Arabian merchants they might easily have divided the wealth of the east.’ But the Portuguese were stimulated not only by avarice but by ambition, and they meditated the conquest of the country, and the subjection of the inhabitants. Their designs soon became evident to the native princes; and the zamorin would gladly have expelled a people whom he had so lately welcomed to his shores. But the Portuguese omitted no means of consolidating their

power against the natives of India, and of securing their commercial monopoly against the rivalry of Europe. They formed a settlement at Ormuz, by which they obtained the command of the Persian gulph; they built a fort at Cape Aden; they took possession of Socotora; they seized the city of Goa, in the island of Ceylon; and the coast of Molucca and the Spice Islands became subject to their sway. During a century the Portuguese, who had superseded the Arabians and the Venetians, enjoyed the exclusive possession of the Indian trade. The Dutch were the first who made a successful effort to dispossess them of the dominion which they had usurped. In 1602, the Dutch conquered the Portuguese settlers in Ceylon, when they rendered their victory infamous by the most barbarous atrocities.

The British merchants incited by the increasing opulence of the Dutch, ventured gradually into the ports of the Indian seas; the hatred which the Dutch and Portuguese had inspired by their cruelty and extortion, favoured the attempt.

‘Before the death of Elizabeth some alliances had been entered into with the native princes; and a few inconsiderable factories had been settled at Surat and Brampour, under the capricious grants of the court of Delhi, whose favour had been partially conciliated by the embassy and rich presents of Sir Thomas Roe.’

The first charter of the English East India Company was granted by Elizabeth in 1601. It was to continue fifteen years; but it was confirmed by James I. before its expiration. From 1659 to 1657 the trade was left in a great measure open; and at no period does it appear to have flourished more. After the restoration of Charles II. a new charter was granted under new regulations, and no one was allowed to trade to India without the licence of the company. In 1691, the House of Commons addressed the King to dissolve the old company, and to incorporate a new, but the king hesitated, and the interest of the company being effectually exerted, their licence was continued for three years. In 1694, a new charter was obtained;

‘the most infamous bribery was employed to procure the favour of the house and the ministers; and some of the most active of the Directors, refusing to disclose their secret practices in their examination before the House of Commons, were committed to the Tower.’

A division now ensued among the members of the company itself, and the new subscribers traded separately to India. In this interval of factious contention the Dutch seized upon the greatest part of the trade, and

the affairs of both companies were involved in such confusion that, for the sake even of public tranquillity, they were consolidated by the queen (Anne) under the present name of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies.

It was not till the war which broke out in Europe in 1756, that the English began to acquire an ascendant in India. In 1761 Pondicherry was taken from the French, who were deprived of all their possessions from Cape Comorin to the mouths of the Ganges. A formidable confederacy was afterwards formed against the English interest by the native princes, whose jealousies had been excited by their victories in the Carnatic; but the attempt was frustrated by the battle of Buxar, by which the deposed emperor, Shah Allum, who had been a prisoner in the hands of the Nabob, Visier of Oude, Shujah-ul Dowlah, was brought a suppliant into the English camp. The provinces of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and the Northern Circars were ceded to the English.

From the year 1765, until this period, Bengal had enjoyed a greater share of tranquillity than any other part of India; rebellion was unknown; and the people lived peaceably under the auspices of a government whose security had been established by conquest, and whose efforts might now be directed to their improvement and happiness. But whilst Bengal and its immediate dependencies were in full possession of peace, the other provinces of the empire became a prey to all the miseries of war. If little can be urged in vindication of the English; who "to gratify a rapacious ally, and without even acquiring an adequate benefit to the state, effected the destruction of the Rohillas—a nation against whom they could not fabricate a specious cause of complaint;" if the government of India has been justly branded with terms of reproach, for levying unjust wars, and for an improper interference with the native powers; in this instance, "the war with Tippoo," it must stand acquitted to all the world: it was called upon in defence of an old and faithful ally, the Rajah of Travancore, who had been wantonly attacked, to counteract the ambition of a perfidious prince, whose plans were all directed for their extirpation; and who, by secret treaties with the French, and intrigues with the native princes, was plotting the ruin of the British power and influence. The very subjects of the Sultan were ripe for revolt, and his inhuman cruelties had impressed their minds with the strongest principles of disgust and aversion. The designs of Tippoo on the Carnatic had not been diverted by the memory of former defeats. Disappointments seemed only to have added fresh stings to revenge, and to have sharpened his sagacity for the improvement of his resources: nor were the warlike chieftains who inhabit the frontiers towards the Indus (Guzzurat), or the Poonah and Berar Mahratta, less anxious to shake off the yoke of a power whose influence they had been taught to dread, and whose victories and reputation checked their own designs of conquest and



dominion. With such dispositions, causes of complaint were easily found; the conspiracy was, besides, fomented by all the weight of foreign influence. But this new confederacy proved not more fortunate than those which had preceded it, and tended only to increase the lustre of the British arms, and complete the subjection of India. The plans of Tippoo were ripe for execution, when the Marquis Wellesley assumed in 1798 the supreme direction of the government in India. The precarious state to which the company would have been reduced by the combination of so many powerful enemies, required the immediate adoption of the wisest measures to defeat it. By a judicious movement of the British troops in the Northern Circars, in concert with the Nizam's cavalry, the capital of Hyderabad was rescued from the influence of Monsieur Peron's army, and the power of the enemy checked, in a quarter where his presence would have been peculiarly dangerous. The discomfiture of his ally delayed, but did not alter the designs of Tippoo; and he only waited an opportunity to attack the conqueror when less prepared for resistance. But the glorious and successful campaign of 1799, defeated all his hopes, and by his own death gave some respite to the calamities of his country. Tippoo was the last of the Mahomedan princes in the Decan who preserved his independence. In 1799 his capital was again besieged; and being stormed by the British army under General Harris, the Sultan perished, after a gallant resistance, at one of the gates of the fortress. Nothing now remained for the captors but to dispose of the vacant sceptre. The Mahomedan government was destroyed; and a child, descended, as it is said from the Brahmin princes, whom Hyder Ally had unjustly deposed, received the honours of royalty, whilst the real power continued in the hands of those who had elevated him to the throne.

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'It was,' says the intelligent and judicious author, 'the policy, the hope, and the resolution of Lord Clive, the founder of our Indian greatness, not to extend the British possession beyond the Bengal provinces and the Circars, with a small tract of land round Madras, and the island of Salsette, near Bombay; these he deemed fully equal to every measure of good policy, and to our powers of keeping possession.'

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'The interference of parliament in 1782, strengthened by the two successive acts of 1784 and 1793, seconded the just views and sound policy of Clive, by adopting and enjoining limitations of dominion.'

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'In 1782 it was unanimously resolved and declared, "that to pursue schemes of conquest and extent of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this nation.'

Mr. Hastings, the governor-general, had proclaimed the same opinion,

‘that to depart from this absolute line of self-defence, unless impelled to it by the most obvious necessity, was dangerous to the security and tranquillity of the provinces.’

The bills which Mr. Fox introduced in 1783, and which occasioned such a violent ferment of party-spirit at the time, were designed to relieve the misery and oppression which the natives of India had suffered from the mismanagement or corruption of the agents of the company. The bill, which was more successfully brought forward by Mr. Pitt in 1784, professed the same end, but tended to the accomplishment by different means. The differences of the two bills partook of the characteristic differences of the two men. The bill of Mr. Fox would have been open and direct in its operations; that of Mr. Pitt was calculated to work its effect by more secret and circuitous means.

We believe that there is no one who contemplates the present state of the East India company, of its financial, its civil or military administration, who will not say that the government of the company again needs the revision of the legislature. New regulations are wanted suited to the present state of things. Whatever may be the future result of the extension of dominion which the territorial sovereignty of the company received under the auspices of the Marquis Wellesley, we cannot but think with the present author, that they have made an injurious impression against our character among foreign nations; that they have weakened our boasted claim to patriotism and integrity; and that they have caused an immense accession to the debt of the company, which, if ever paid, must, in all probability, be added to the burdens of the nation.

‘With an increased revenue from the conquered and ceded provinces the company is worse off in 1808 than it was in 1794, because then they had the same surplus of one million, with a debt of only ten millions, instead of a debt, as at present, of thirty millions. The result of Lord Wellesley’s administration was an increased revenue of five millions, and a debt contracted of twenty millions sterling. The great accession of territory made under the same government, has necessarily required an increased army, at least so long as the power of France predominates; and it is contended in consequence that the prosperity or ruin of the company’s finances in India will depend chiefly on the determination of the king’s ministers, in regard to their military establishments, in which alone economy can be practised with effect, the expenditure in the civil service not admitting of any diminution.’

But of whatever enormities the servants of the company may in particular instances have been guilty, or whatever le-

cal or personal injuries the natives of India may have occasionally sustained, we believe that those parts of Hindostan, which have been subject to British sway, have enjoyed a greater degree of tranquillity, as well as a milder administration, than they have before experienced. The lands of Bengal have been better cultivated, and the condition of the people ameliorated since the grant of that province to the company. The former merciless ravages of the Mahrattas have been restrained.

‘ The petty quarrels of rajahs have been reconciled by an appeal to a superior power, whose force, whilst it commands respect from the strong, gives security to the weak.’

‘ The evils of famine arising from the nature of the climate and the improvident temper of the natives, have been carefully guarded against by the establishment of public granaries; and whilst other provinces have been suffering extreme hardships, Bengal and its dependencies have since the year 1770 enjoyed comparative abundance.’

‘ The general condition of the ryots or sub-tenants has been happily improved. By fixed and moderate assessments their proprietary right in their lands has been acknowledged, and the descent of inheritances regulated according to their own laws.’

It is the fluctuating insecurity of property which has, in a great measure, impeded the progressive civilization of the east, and prevented the gradual improvement of agriculture and manufactures. The arbitrary and capricious exactions of despotic governments, operate as a continual discouragement to industry, and to the accumulation of capital. The mode of levying taxes in the east is not so much by any fixed and equitable rule as by a system of violence and coercion. But this system of tyranny has been discontinued in the provinces which are subject to the government of the company. The condition of the people who are subject to the British sway has been improved, and their happiness augmented. Great Britain has certainly increased her moral responsibility in proportion as she has increased her dominion in the east. She has now more than fifty millions of people subject to her sway; and happy will it be for her if, instead of abusing this sacred trust, or making it subservient to the low purposes of avarice or ambition, she aspires to the more elevated object of conciliating the affections of the people by the gentle and beneficent spirit of her administration.

‘ Let our attention,’ says Mr. Chatfield, ‘ be now directed to objects of higher moment than the petty details of commercial re-

gulation, of the preservation of an envious (invidious) monopoly; let that benevolence, which is the sublime character of our religion; and that freedom which is the basis of our laws, be extended as far as circumstances will admit, to the natives of the east, who are more immediately under our protection.'

The second part of this erudite and judicious publication relates chiefly to the religious and moral state of the Hindus. In this the learning, good sense, and moderation of the author, are very conspicuous, and entitle him to our warmest praise. The history of the Hindus, though they advance claims to a much higher antiquity, cannot be traced farther back than about two thousand years before Christ.

'Their early historians, as in all infant societies, were their poets, their priests, and their philosophers, and therefore, whatever they relate, is so much enveloped in mystery and fable, that belief is violated, and the path to truth lost in the mazes of vague and uncertain conjecture.'

'The general opinion of the Pundits, (or learned men) is, that the laws of Brahma were unfolded to his son Menu, in verse, or measured prose, and that these were translated and explained to the world in the words of the book which now goes by the name of the Institutes of Menu.'

The first Menu of the Brahmins is supposed to be the same as the Adam of the Jews, the Christians, and the Moslems; as Sir William Jones conjectures, that the seventh Menu, in whose reign the Hindus believe the whole earth to have been drowned, is the same with the Noah of the scriptures. Some writers assert that Brahma was anciently the king as well as legislator of Hindostan; and that by blending the sanctions of divine wisdom with his civil ordinances, he intended to secure the attachment of his subjects to their country, and to the laws which he had framed.

'The four Beds or Vedas are written in Sanscrit or the pure language, being that of the Deity himself. Very few of the most learned Pundits, and those only who have employed many years of painful study upon this one task, pretend to have the smallest knowledge of the originals, which are now also become extremely scarce and difficult to be found; but sastras or commentaries have been written on them from the earliest periods. The traditional Vedas are supposed by Sir William Jones to have been committed to writing and to have received their present form about eight hundred years before Christ; the Sastras afterwards.'

All the preposterous ceremonies which are at present incorporated with Hindu worship, have been ascribed to the Sastras.

'The Vedas, as the ten hermetic books of the Egyptians, the Pentateuch of the Jews, and the Koran of the Moslems, are the fountain and ground work of the religion and jurisprudence of the Hindus. They not only disclose a system of divine ordinances, which explain the duties of man both social and religious, but also comprise treatises on medicine, music, war, and the mechanical arts. The Brahmins possess other bodies of learning, all professedly derived from the same sources; the most esteemed of which are the institutes delivered or remembered from Menu, the first of created beings, their oldest and holiest lawgiver and patriarch. This book deserves a high portion of merit from the spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, of tenderness to all creatures which pervades the whole, together with its perfect knowledge of civil polity, and its provisions against all the exigencies of government, planned with an admirable wisdom, seem to evince that the people for whom it was composed, must have made high advances in civilization, and the state of society been greatly improved before a system, embracing such a variety of subjects, could have been brought to maturity.'

The Vedas teach the immortality of the soul, which they deduce from a reflective survey of life, its various relations, prospects, and dependencies, from the nature of the divine attributes, and from the imperfect distribution of good and evil in this world. The doctrine of a future retribution as inculcated by Menu, was the following: he asserts that.

'as far as vital souls, addicted to sensuality, indulged themselves in forbidden pleasures, even to the same degree shall the acuteness of their senses be raised in their future bodies, that they may endure analogous pains; with whatever disposition of mind a man shall perform in this life any act, moral or religious, in a future body, endued with the same qualities, shall he receive his retribution.'

It was a principle of religion thus wise and thus favourable to purity and to holiness which inspired the gentle Hindoo with a sensitive repugnance to the destruction of animal life; which rendered a simple and vegetable diet, a point of the most imperious duty, while it counteracted the impulses of selfishness, and generated a contempt of death. The religion of Brahma does not appear to be infected with the spirit of proselytism. Where that spirit prevails, it is usually found to be either the forerunner or the associate of intolerance. But heaven, say the Brahmins,

'is like a palace with many doors, and every one may enter his own way.'—'If the Brahmin be asked to change his creed, and adopt the Christian faith, he pleads that variety in matters of religion could not be displeasing to God, any more than it was in the material world; or had it been the intention of God to produce uniformity in religion, he would have formed all men with the same mind.'

- Bernier says that the Hindus did not pretend

‘their law to be universal; that they did not hold Christianity to be false, as, for aught they knew, it might be a good law for us, and that God probably made many roads to heaven.’

In the 3d and 4th chapters of Part II. the author enters into some learned details respecting the religion of China and of Irân or ancient Persia. Ch. 5. treats of the Koran. When the Portuguese arrived in India, they found the Mahomedan religion flourishing amid the Hindus superstitions. It was recorded that the ancient zamorin, or emperor, whose principal residence was at Calicut, had more than six hundred years before their arrival, received the Moors with the greatest hospitality, and having introduced them into credit in his kingdom, had at last embraced their faith. The Koran, not confined to the continent, was diffused over the islands of the eastern ocean, where

‘in the earliest ages of Mahomedanism, some of the Arabs, uniting the double character of priest and merchant, had successfully propagated their religious opinions, and firmly established their power.’

The principal excellence of the Koran as a religious code consisted in inculcating the unity of the Deity, which the author asserts to be violated in all the rest of the world. But we think that the merits of this performance which have been too highly extolled both by infidels and believers, have been very correctly appreciated by Volney. ‘The whole, says he, ‘is a flat, fastidious composition, a chaos of unmeaning phrases, an emphatical exclamation on the attributes of God, from which nothing is to be learned, a collection of puerile tales and ridiculous fables.’ Though it is not only the sole religious but civil code of the Moslems, yet ‘it conveys no notion either of the relative duties of mankind in society, of the formation of the body politic, of the principles of the art of governing, nothing in fact which constitutes a legislative code.’ It establishes ‘an absolute despotism in him who governs, and the blindest obedience in him who obeys.’ Mahomet did not wish to enlighten men, but to rule over them; he sought not disciples, but subjects; and obedience, not reasoning, is ascribed to subjects.’ The author gives a succinct but erudite account of the feuds or sects which prevail among the votaries of the Koran. The Mahomedan religionists seem as little agreed in the exposition of their scriptures as the Christian.

In ch. 6, the author has shewn how the eastern creeds are unfavourable to all religious improvement. In the early

ages of the world the character of king was identified with that of priest. The performance of religious ceremonials was afterwards entrusted to a particular class, who made the influence which they thus acquired in a period of ignorance and superstition, subservient to the interest of the secular power or to their own spiritual domination. The great endeavour of all priests in the early ages of the world was to keep the people in ignorance ; and to rule them through the medium of their fears. It needs no argument nor illustration to prove that such a system of imposture, in whatever nation or age it may be practised, whether by Egyptian priests, by Indian brahmins, by Jewish rabbins, by Persian magi, by Turkish imams, or by British druids, must tend to obstruct the intellectual and moral amelioration of man. There is a usage in thinking as well as acting, which may be taught by early impression and rendered habitual by subsequent practice, which may be confirmed by time, and consecrated by traditionary descent, till it seems immovable by the force of reasoning, or impossible to be subverted by an opposite conviction. Opinions may by habit, or association be converted into passions ; and we all know that passion is not readily subdued by calm and pacific argumentation. The religious system of the Brahmins present an almost insuperable bar to all innovation. It is fortified almost beyond the assault of human power by habit and by time, by avarice and by pride. Those who have recently adopted the idea of effecting a change in the eastern creeds, seem to have undertaken a task which even the Hercules of methodism will not be able to accomplish.

- 'From the opinion of the wisest men, the means adopted for the conversion of the Hindoos, have not only been ill-digested, but rather calculated to produce effects diametrically opposite to the designs of the projectors. The late mutiny at Vellore and the concurrent movements observable among the troops on the Madrass establishment serve to strengthen this suspicion, and ought to make every reflecting man pause before the evil is pressed beyond the power of remedy.'

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 'The faith of a Gentoo (misguided as it is and groundless as it may be) is equally implicit with that of a christian, and his allegiance to his own supposed revelations of the divine will altogether as firm. He therefore esteems the astonishing miracles attributed to a Brahma, or Ruam, or a Kreshen (Creeshna) as facts of the most indubitable authenticity and the relation of them as strictly historical.'

In the 8th, 9th, and 10th chapters of Part II, the author describes the introduction, rise and progress of christianity in the east, during the first century ; from the second cen-

ture to the birth of Mahomed ; and the progress of Mahomedanism from its commencement to the victories of Zengis Khan and his successors. In ch. 15, Mr. Chatfield expatiates on the effects which were produced on christianity by the conquests of Tamerlane. - Timur Beg or Tamerlane, having become a convert to the Mahomedan faith, commenced a furious persecution against the christians, whom the chance of war had subjected to his power :

‘ Many of the christian converts, either terrified by his threats, or allured by his invitations yielded to the law of the conqueror. Thus wherever the Mogul arms prevailed christianity lost ground.’

The capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in the middle of the following century, seemed to threaten the triumph of *Islamism* in the west as well as in the east. But the genius of the religion itself, which unlike christianity is by no means suited to the progressive nature of man, and the perpetual increase of civilization, seems to have furnished the strongest obstacles to its own propagation, and to have necessitated its retrograde course in proportion as that darkness of superstition vanished which the corruptions of the Romish church had spread over christendom. The reformation of religion which began about the same time, served to develop a portion of the original loveliness of Christianity which had been long obscured ; and compared with which the code of Mahomet appeared a spectre of deformity. A new region was at the same time opened for the introduction of christianity in the discovery of another hemisphere.

‘ That the religion conveyed by these nations (the Portuguese and Spaniards) was inadequate to the purpose of rooting out the ancient superstitions, may be collected from the temper of the times, the modes of conversion pursued, and the genius of the people ; and there is too much reason to fear that the name of christian, was the only change effected amongst their converts.’

But the christian religion is of such a nature that however corrupt it may become, it will ultimately, like a turbid stream that is filtered through a rock, effect its own purification. Its MORAL ESSENCE is such that it cannot be entirely destroyed. It is liable to temporary change but incapable of final decay. It may be darkened but it cannot be extinguished. It is the MORAL APOTHEOSIS of the christian system which is congenial to the nature of man and the frame of the world, that constitutes its security against that abyss of annihilation into which it would have long since been precipitated by the artifice and corruptions of ecclesiastical and of civil policy. The *forms* into which chris-



tianity has been moulded, the *creeds* into which it has been subtilized, may and probably will finally vanish to be seen no more, but the MORAL ESSENCE of the doctrine itself will survive the extirpation of every sect and the fall of every church. The true believers may still worship the father *in spirit* and *in truth*. Christianity needs no shelter but the canopy of the heavens. Christianity needs no hierophant to perplex it with mysteries in order to obtain a price for the explanation. But can the same praise be bestowed on the genius of Mahomedanism? Mahomedanism, which has no *moral essence* diffused through it like an *anima mundi* to preserve it from decay, can have no stable existence except in its vain ceremonials and fugitive forms. It cannot be preserved apart from its stated devotional offerings, from its genuflexions, its pilgrimages, its ablutions and its fasts, its polygamy on earth and its sensuality in heaven. Strip it of these and it becomes a poor shrivelled thing, destitute of the glow and elasticity of life.

The very corner-stone of Islām seems at present threatened with subversion by the new and increasing sect of the Wahabees. This sect owed its origin to Abdul Weheb, who in 1760,

\* Having travelled on commercial affairs into India and Persia, adopted, from the appearances of the diversity of the several religions there prevalent, the idea of an universal toleration; returning to his own country, he erected an independent state in Najd, and asserted among the followers, who, allured by the hopes of plunder, soon flocked around his standard, 'that God alone should be adored, and that the prophet's book was not inspired.' In 1803 Abdul took Mecca, plundered the Mosques, and destroyed the inhabitants, after having defeated the Ottoman armies, he was marching against Medina, when his victorious progress was arrested by the plague and small-pox breaking out in his army. The Divan was alarmed, lest the authority of the Sultaun might be questioned, as he can only retain the name of Caliph, a name so revered by Mahomedans, whilst he is master of Mecca and Medina. The doctrines of Abdul spread quickly through Arabia; and even Syria and Anatolia were infected by them. The Turkish government was at length roused by the danger, and levied fresh armies, but, trusting rather to treachery than force, a treaty was concluded, and Abdul was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman. The son of Abdul revenged his father's death, and Mecca and Medina soon felt the weight of his arms. The Ottoman power is shaken in Europe, and it is probable, that the propagation of the new opinions will accelerate its dissolution in Asia.

\* See a fuller account of the Wahabees in Scott Waring's *Sheeraz*. chap. xxxi. They seem to consider the destruction of all the holy places of sepulchre as an act of piety. Thus is the foundation

stone of Mahomedanism destroyed, which had long been supported by the pilgrimages to Mecca.'

The first Mahomedan conquerors of Hindostan, who endeavoured to establish the Koran on the ruin of the temples of Brahma, at length perceived the folly of persecuting opinions, and the wisdom of a general toleration. It is said that in 1605, in consequence of the invitation of Akber,

'Some Jesuits were sent who built a church at Agra, which was endowed with a pension from the royal treasury. Jehanguire the son of Akber, allowed them also to build another at Lahore, some of whose furniture remained at the time of Thevenot's visit. It is related of this prince, that, disgusted with the importunities of the rival sects, he resolved upon a curious expedient to prove the excellency of their respective creeds. Inviting into his presence a Mullah, a Brahmin, and a Portuguese priest, he desired each of them to vindicate the authenticity of his own doctrine. Upon all asserting that their creeds were founded upon miracles, the prince declared that he was still unconvinced; and therefore, to establish the truth, he recommended that each should be surrounded with a fire, his sacred book being placed under his arms, and that his creed should prevail, who remained unhurt by the flames. The Mullah trembled, the priest seemed inclined to accept the offer; but Jehanguire, not choosing to put him to the proof, continued in his former opinions.'

The larger part of the 12th chapter, gives a copious detail of the different attempts which have been made by the European nations to propagate Christianity in the east. The most successful of these proselyting schemes appears for a time, to have been that of the Romish priests in Japan. In that island the Christian religion, previously to the year 1529 had

'made such rapid advances, as to threaten the total destruction of the Pagan superstitions; when its progress was arrested by one of those revolutions, which baffle the councils of human wisdom. The priests and nobles rose against the Christians; the missionaries were expelled; and an edict was at length issued A. D. 1615, by the emperor Jeijco, to extirpate those who had embraced the Christian faith. During the space of 40 years the scaffolds were stained with the blood of Christian martyrs; and multitudes perished under the most aggravated tortures, glorying, even in their agonies, in the cause which they had espoused.'

The Catholic missionaries have still a respectable establishment in India; for we are told that sacred property has been respected amid all the revolutions of the state; and that they have churches in which divine service is still regularly performed. Among the Protestant missionaries, the Danish appear to have merited considerable praise from

their diligence, good sense, and moderation. By the indefatigable labours of Mr. Schwartz the whole scriptures were before the year 1719, translated into the Tamul or Malabar language, in which the same gentleman had also composed a grammar and a dictionary.—But Mr. Schwartz made only a few native converts after the religious industry of thirty years.—So difficult and hopeless is the task!—The torrid votaries of methodism may make some nominal converts among the worshippers of Brahma; but more success cannot be expected from their zeal, than from that of their predecessors.—The simple creed of the Koran, ‘There is only one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God,’ though enforced by every secular temptation, which the Mahomedan conquerors could employ, as well as by all the terrors of the sword, was insufficient to induce the Hindoos to quit their Pagodas or to abandon their priests.

‘During the continuance of the religious war, labour left the field, and industry the loom; the decrease of the revenues at length brought the tyrant (Aurangzebe) to his reason, and a *capitation tax was substituted as the balance of the accounts between the two religions*; yet even this tax laid upon the lower orders of the Hindoos, with circumstances of peculiar severity, could prevail upon few to barter their faith for the exemption, and thousands perished under the exemption.’

Since the time that the East India Company have become the sovereigns of Hindoostan, they have cautiously avoided all interference with the religious opinions of the natives; and in 1781 it was resolved by the legislature that

‘any attempt to interfere with the religion, the laws, or local customs of India, must inevitably tend to the destruction of the British power; and that the people of India were entitled upon every principle of justice, as well as policy, to the full enjoyment of their own religion, laws and customs.’

In 1793 a proposition which was made by Mr. Wilberforce for establishing free schools, and for dispatching missionaries to civilize and convert the natives, was negatived after a full discussion in the House of Commons; and a similar proposal, which was supported by the bishop of London, experienced a similar fate in the House of Lords.

The following account of the *moral habits* of the natives of India induces us to doubt whether the Hindus could even in this respect be much benefited by being metamorphosed into *methodists*. We rather think that the methodists would be benefited by being converted into Hindus as

far as they are 'courteous, kind, cheerful, lovers of justice, admirers of truth, and of unbounded fidelity in all their dealings.'

'Much,' says Mr. Chatfield, 'has been said and written upon the moral habits of the people of India. The people have been alternately vilified and exalted, and their religion has been equally praised and defamed. The representation, however, given of them by Mr. Maurice, places their character in a favourable point of view; and the opinion is not disputed by those, whose information on eastern topics, is the most to be relied upon.

'They are no less ardent in the love of their country, than zealous in their attachment to the institutions of their forefathers. In domestic life, they are tender and affectionate, and in their morals for the most part unsullied.' Abulfazil, whose situation and pursuits gave him the best opportunity of appreciating their moral character, speaks of them. 'As being courteous, kind, cheerful, enamoured of knowledge, lovers of justice, admirers of truth, and of unbounded fidelity in all their dealings. Their character shines brightest in adversity: they have great respect for their tutors; they make no account of their lives, when they can devote them to the service of God.'

'The religion also of the Hindus, though mixed with many absurd and superstitious ceremonies, is not destitute of beauty, and in many parts seems to inculcate the sublimest notions of the perfections of the Deity, and of the obligations of men to be holy and virtuous. The Veda declares the knowledge of one God to be the sublimest of all sciences, because it insures immortality; that the supreme intelligence, is sovereign Lord of all creatures; that he is a spirit by no means the object of sense. 'The sinful,' says Menu, 'have said in their hearts, 'None see us,' Yes, the Gods distinctly see them;' and so does the spirit within their breasts.' It inculcates a firm belief in a future state of reward and punishment: 'it threatens a man contaminated by sensuality, that neither the Vedas, nor liberality, nor sacrifices, nor strict observances, nor pious austerities, can ever procure felicity.' A wise man should constantly 'discharge all the moral duties, though he perform not constantly the ceremonies of religion; since he falls low, if, while he performs ceremonial acts only, he discharges not his moral duties.'

If we have wisdom enough to abstain from all pragmatical interference in the religious concerns of the east, we believe that the political dominion of Britain in that part of the world may be durable. The natives, who are not at present susceptible of a free government, are likely to enjoy more security from oppression under the British sway than under the sceptre either of the Mahomedan, or the Hindu. And we think that in the majority of cases it is rather a blessing than a curse for one nation to be governed by another which is more

civilized and enlightened, more advanced in intellectual and social culture than themselves. While the present connection subsists between this country and Hindostan, the Hindus are likely to imbibe a portion of that free spirit, and that enlarged philanthropy which are certainly not often absent from British breasts, and the more fit must they become for a higher degree of civil liberty than they at present enjoy. But if we excite the religious animosity of the people, our reign must be transient and insecure. Among an ignorant and credulous people, there is nothing so dangerous as to kindle their religious resentment. It is like laying a train of gunpowder over the whole peninsula, which will ultimately explode with a violence that must shake the stability of the British power.

Mr. Chatfield says that our real and dangerous enemy in the east is France. France has certainly conceived a design of subverting the British sovereignty, which, whenever her contentions in Europe will permit, she will no doubt attempt to realize.

‘But waving,’ as Mr. Chatfield says, ‘even the probability of European opposition, is there nothing to be apprehended from internal dissensions? Is our power so secured that it cannot be shaken? Is the empire we have established in the east of a nature not to be subverted? There is here no occasion to launch out into the wide regions of probability, for the danger is too imminent to be met on the uncertainties of conjecture. We know that the natives are tranquil, that they are not impatient of control, that they are even passive so long as their prejudices of mere opinion are not violated. Mere oppression and mal-administration they will endure. The sovereign princes may be impatient of our control, but that touches rather upon a question of external than internal policy. It would not then have been among the people governed, that we should have had to dread the consequence of rebellion, for our empire would have been lasting as long as we had continued firm and faithful to our original engagements; but if we have idly tampered with their principles, if we have brought our integrity into question, the bubble must burst, and the Hindus and Mussulmen will cease to venerate the charm which has hitherto bound them to submission. It would be absurd to insist on the physical strength of Great Britain over a population of fifty millions of subjects; and a far greater number bordering on her territories. The same alarm excited in one instance would operate upon all; the standard of religious terror once raised would unite all ranks; the Sheik would combine with the Afghan, the Mahratta with the Mahomedan; distinctions would be lost in the idea of a common principle, and the tempest would be irresistible. It is true, Scindia and Holkar have been defeated, but they have not been subdued. By an increase of domi-

nion, we have extended our borders, but have we either blunted or disarmed the point of resistance? If the dread of religious persecution should have passed from the coast and the Ganges to the borders of the Hydaspes and the Séwalic mountains, can we doubt what would be the result of the combined impression? The voice of a people may be guided, but it cannot be controuled; and no analogy can here lie between the state of Europe under the dynasty of France, and Hindostan under the controul of England. Were our native troops to desert us, where would be the power, from our comparative strength, to oppose the efforts of a country raised into rebellion under the pretext (however just or not) of rescuing from violation the religion of their fathers?

The attention which we have bestowed on this volume, will serve to shew that we esteem it to be well executed, to exhibit ample proofs of industry and research, and to be altogether a work of great utility and importance.

ART. III.—*Metrical Legends and other Poems*, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Longman, &c. 1807.

SINCE the publication of Percy's Reliques, the imitation of the old romantic and historical ballad has been often studied by poets and favourably received by the public. The description of obsolete customs and local feelings presents to many minds greater charms than that of immutable and universal principles, and there are readers of poetry in this country whose studies are confined to such works, and who know Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton only by name. It would be a waste of words to prove that the great moral ends of poetry are never attained by such compositions. We have little in common with the human beings there described; we are their superiors in every thing that constitutes moral or intellectual worth. They are objects of curiosity but not of emulation, and poetry deals less in what is strange than in what is instructive. Besides, by imitating the writings of our rude and simple ancestors we perform a work of supererogation. We do over again imperfectly what has already been done well. Our records of their manners, feelings, and customs, are not authentic. They are at the best but skilful forgeries, and their currency must soon be stopped. It is indeed melancholy to reflect that future ages will know nothing of many ingenious poets of the present time, than that they were admirers of ignorance and barbarity, and threw away splendid talents on the decoration of absurd and uninteresting fictions.

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A slight acquaintance with the kind of poetry of which we now speak, must to every reflecting mind prove how small must be its merit. It consists entirely in imitation. The objects which he describes, the poet never saw in the glow and vividness of real existence. He has seen them dimly and faintly shadowed forth in the imperfect expressions of ignorant men, annalists, historians, and antiquarians. These expressions he must often misunderstand. Sometimes he will exaggerate, and sometimes under-rate their force. He has to create in his mind a feeling and sympathy for things naturally indifferent to him; and this sympathy is to become the source of all his ideas, sentiments, and emotions. He shuts his eyes to human nature while it lies before him in fresh and vivid colours, and looks back upon the darkness of former times. The consequence must be, that however great his knowledge, however dextrous his skill, no modern can write a poem in imitation of the ancient ballads at all comparable with the most excellent of these interesting compositions. It may contain beauties of a far superior kind, but then it ceases to be an imitation, and such passages are in fact gross faults in the poem. What is excellent cannot be imitated—what is bad ought not. Since poetry therefore is the overflowing of habitual feeling, it cannot consist in the imitation or mimicry of feelings which belong to another person, and which it requires great effort on the part of the poet in any light to consider his own. Whatever, therefore, be the merit of our old traditional poetry, it is plain that the imitation of it must be very imperfect. It is also evident that mere imitation is beneath a poet of first-rate genius.

But let us carry the enquiry a little farther and see what it is that we imitate. Our old traditional poetry is chiefly valuable from containing touches of national character and pictures of national manners. The feelings prevalent during the periods that such poetry was written were few and simple. Love, hatred, fear, joy, grief, were then not nearly so complex in their nature as they now are, and were awakened rather by events than reflections. Accordingly the old song affords few examples of the delineation of feelings in their growth or gradual workings. We meet with many fine bursts of passion upon sudden and interesting situations, but are never led on through a gradually opening train of feelings from their first growth to their final explosion. In truth the dissection of the heart was then altogether unknown. Men never considered how their feelings arose, they only knew that they did feel. Now, it is evident, that poetry of so very confined a nature as this, though highly interesting as a picture of past times, possesses little merit as a production of the human intel-

lect. If so, the imitation of such poetry must stand still lower, for it is impossible that a man of cultivated mind, with all those emotions within him attendant on civilization can describe the rude nakedness of the soul with the same truth and spirit as he who unconsciously drew himself in the character of his heroes.

When we consider traditionary poetry as containing pictures of the manners of our ancestors, its advantages over modern imitation are still more apparent. The pictures of manners which it contains were drawn unconsciously and heedlessly by persons who could not avoid speaking of things among which they daily lived and moved. They always hold an inferior place in the poem. They are the appendages to passion and incident, not the ground-work on which these are raised. In a modern imitation, the poet necessarily attaches a false importance to this subordinate part of the subject, and strives to describe customs, manners, dress, appearance, rather than character. Besides being unphilosophical and absurd, these descriptions must be often inaccurate, clumsy, and over-charged, in proof of which we have only to refer to *Marmion*, though Walter Scott certainly is the most learned poet of the day in border costume.

If there be any truth in the foregoing observations, it follows that to imitate the ancient ballad to the life is impossible, and were it possible, useless; but that to imitate it tolerably requires little ability. There is, we have remarked, a great sameness in our old traditionary poetry both in sentiment and incident. The story is told almost one way, and any person familiar with Percy's *Reliques* and Scott's *Minstrelsy*, could throw off in a couple of hours a very passable imitation of any tale therein contained. When the writer is at a loss for a feeling or an image, he can supply the deficiency with an ingeniously applied allusion to some popular superstition, or with a picturesque description of visible forms. He has only to speak to the eye, for we are so glad to forget what we ourselves are like, that we gaze with delight on every portrait of an ancestor. A general vague effect is produced on our imagination, and imposed upon by the influence of half understood words, we give the writer credit for a great deal more merit than he possesses.

We shall conclude these hasty remarks with observing, in confirmation of their truth, that those writers who have justly acquired most celebrity in this kind of poetry have totally failed in every other. Dr. Percy whose verses written in his own character are altogether worthless, introduced several very beautiful and pathetic lines into the old ballad of *Sir Cauline*. These lines simply stated a simple feeli



being associated in the mind by the influence of their antiquated language, with the sentiments and character of past ages, they necessarily became interesting.

Mr. Sharpe deserves to stand high among that class of writers whom we have now shortly described. He possesses little imagination, but considerable fancy. He has not much power over the feelings, nor does he ever stamp upon his picture that magical beauty which emanates from a truly poetical mind, and gives to non-entities the warmth and colouring of life. But he accumulates imagery with ease and luxuriance; and draws groupes, if not interesting through character at least picturesque in situation. He has an eye rather than a heart for description; and thus, though his descriptions please from their fulness and spirit, the mind scarcely ever feels satisfied. He is in fact rather a painter than a poet.

The most striking poem in the collection is the 'Fiend with the Mantle Gray.' In ingenuity and liveliness of transition, in picturesque and romantic painting, we think it indisputably the best composition of the kind we ever read. The Lady Hammis, an old witch, has a daughter who, she is desirous should marry Earl William, a neighbouring baron. He is drawn by their spells to pass a night in their abode, when

'The banquet o'er—the music fled  
The false dame sudden illness pled  
And from the hall withdrew—  
The earl and virgin left alone—  
Ah! bitterly what then was done.  
They both had cause to rue!'

The baron, however, being previously attached to a more virtuous damsel, forgets this unholy syren, and never returns to her castle. In revenge of this insult, the young witch delivers up to 'the Fiend with Mantle Gray,' her unbaptized son, to accomplish the destruction of her rival. This personage, who is described with great spirit, is in fact his Satanic majesty, who raises a tempest in which Earl William's intended bride perishes at sea. The poem concludes with a picture of two hungry mastiffs tearing her body that has been washed ashore; and these dogs of hell are the witching ladies. From these materials Mr. Sharpe has produced a ballad superior to any of Lewis', Hogg's, or Scott's. We shall transcribe the picture of the young witch.

'This little maid, as soon as born,  
Had all her silky tresses shorn  
times, p. And buried 'neath a tree,

The aspen light—from whence refined  
Her trembling notes could lull the mind  
To fainting extacy;

' The witch with spells forbad the sun  
To fix his dusky kisses on  
Her spotless brow or chin :  
Forbad with potent charms the air  
When sporting with her raven hair  
To parch her snowy skin.

' But still, though lovelier than the light  
Sometimes a dark unusual flight  
Would long her beauties hide;  
When anger shook the beauteous maid  
Her cheek and lip were much decay'd,  
For all her roses died.

' Her brow serene would knit and scowl ;  
Her voice in harshness ape the owl  
That haunts the midnight air ;  
Till passion's tempest overblown  
Again th' Eolian harp's soft tone  
Would sigh—" the weather's fair."

' Oft, at the hour of darkness dread  
When stars a feeble radiance shed  
The dame forsook her towers,  
And taught the virgin's hands to cull  
Rank herbs of magic virtue full  
With fair but fatal flowers !

' Early, her coral lips would move  
To call the cloud-sprites from above  
The demons from below,  
Too soon, her voice alone would swell  
The wild note of the witch's spell  
With descant strange and slow.

' Oft lurking nigh the sluggish stream  
She watch'd to hear the kelpie scream  
And wiled him from the wave.  
Oft danced she with the fairy queen  
In some thick grove or meadow green  
Or cool sequester'd cave.

' Swift-footed as the swallow's flight  
She'd chace the fiend that glimmers bright  
To work the traveller woe,  
And catch him—While amid the race  
Her large eyes sparkling in the race  
Like shooting stars would glow !'

'Sir Hugh,' and the 'Murder of Dumblain,' also possess great merit. The former indeed is written with exquisite simplicity and even pathos, and almost makes amends for much of the wretched trash to be found in other parts of the volume, if indeed any thing can make amends for such drivelling as this.

' Exalted still the Drummond name  
Fair Scotland's shores around ;  
What soul but feels the native flame  
Blaze at the very sound ?

\* \* \* \* \*

O long may yon blue mountains yield  
Of chivalry the flower ;  
True knights courageous in the field  
And gentle in the bower.  
And dames as fair as she who lies  
Beneath this marble stone,  
Borne by their virtues thro' the sky  
To heaven's immortal throne !!!

'Lorenzo and Isabella' from Boccaccio is a long and uninteresting story very clumsily translated ; as, for example,

'How oft the sighing Virgin's doom'd to see  
*A deal of beauty in a low degree !*  
And beauty once discern'd by loving eyes  
What hoards of hidden merit next surprize !!!'

For some inscrutable reason Mr. Sharpe has favoured us with the translation of a French poem on the murder of Henri Duke of Guise, which, in his own opinion, has little merit. Perhaps he wished to shew the public that he understood French, of which this translation, however, is a very dubious proof.

Agreeably to the fashion of the day, Mr. Sharpe has added notes to many of his poems. They are destitute of information, wit, and common sense, though they lay arrogant claims to them all. The few anecdotes they contain are borrowed from Scott. The attempts at wit are his own. How could the following expressions escape the lips of a gentleman ? 'Holyrood was the palace of the Scottish kings in Edinburgh ; there is very little of the ancient building left, much being consumed by fire, and the beautiful chapel ruined under the weight of a new roof clapt upon it by *obstinate beasts, who measured the strength of its weak walls by the durable rigour of their own skulls !*' Mr. Sharpe may rest assured that though he certainly has some originality of thinking, he has no liveliness or playfulness of soul. But an obligation seems now to lie upon all ballad writers to be facetious. That

Celt-~~abhorring~~ Goth, John Pinkerton, became sportive in his ancient forgeries ; Mister Ritson restricted himself to that bold and manly kind of humour which consists in giving the lie direct to all who disagreed with him ; Monk Lewis has relieved his insanities and indecencies with occasional jokes from old Joe ; Ellis and Scott alone have discovered the wit and humour of scholars and gentlemen. Mr. Sharpe shews only the petulance and arrogance of a Scotch school-boy. In excessive nationality he gets the better of all former Caledonian writers, and seems to think the whole nobility of the earth concentrated in a few high-cheeked Scotchmen.

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ART. IV.—*The History of Cleveland, in the North Riding of the County of York ; comprehending an historical and descriptive View of the ancient and present State of each Parish within the Wapentake of Langburgh ; the Soil, Produce, and Natural Curiosities ; with the Origin and Genealogy of the principal Families within the District. By the Rev. John Graves. 4to. pp. 500. Vernor and Hood. 1808.*

IT is not easy to point out a more dull, or to the general reader a more unprofitable species of literary amusement than that which is provided for them in the regular routine of a county or provincial history. The practice generally followed, and from which the examples of deviation are very rare, is first to lull him into a state of torpid somnolency by a short and spiritless abridgment of Hume or Smollett as far as the particular portion of soil under review is referred to in the general history of the country ; and then, while under the influence of this powerful narcotic, to drag him leisurely round every parish in the district, telling him that such and such particular lands belonged to such and such particular families from the time of the conquest downwards, together with the manner in which they passed from each to each by marriage, forfeiture or surrender, by feoffment, lease and release, or fine and recovery. Genealogical tables are profusely scattered through the work to rouse attention by the semblance of a picture ; and a very few real sketches, sometimes of scenery, but more frequently of old monuments or the arches of church-doors and windows complete the contents, and form by far the most interesting part of the volume.

Such is a county-history, such at least are nineteen out of twenty of the voluminous collections arranged under that head in every public library ; what a county-history *may be*, and what

some few are, is a very different question. The first, and most interesting subject which ought not only to enter into the composition of such a work, but to form its principal ingredient, is the biography of its inhabitants or natives, numbers of whom, in every county of England, whose lives have not been so rendered illustrious by public works or public actions, as to deserve a place in *general* biography, afford individual traits of character, or instances of uncommon changes of fortune, precious to the enquirer into human nature, and doubly precious to those with whom their names are connected by descent or affinity.

Of less universal interest, perhaps, but capable of affording the highest gratification to readers of a distinct taste and habit, are the original and picturesque descriptions of natural scenery, the execution of which requires, indeed, a genius and an ability of no ordinary cast, and which had better be shunned entirely by those writers who do not feel within themselves powers equal to the endeavour; since it is certain that many men are capable of writing exceedingly well on subjects of history and antiquities who have not the least relish for the charms of nature displayed in the majestic assemblage of water, hill, and woodland; and there are many more who, though not deprived of that exquisite source of pure gratification, the sense of what is grand and lovely in exterior objects, are yet ungifted with the refined power of analyzing or describing what they see and feel. It is therefore not reasonable to *expect*, from a work which certainly holds out no promise of the sort, what if it should *unexpectedly* occur, must stamp the highest additional value on the performance.

Of *local history* also a great deal more may be made than it is often our lot to find attempted; especially if a work of this description be made the depository of events, too unimportant, as connected with our national annals, to find a place among them, and yet reflecting such light on the manners and customs of our ancestors, or on the laws and privileges of manors or baronies, of guilds, corporations, or fraternities, as are not only curious and amusing, but may be very instructive and useful to the present and future ages.

Provided these and such other objects of general interest be kept in view by the county-historian, and made the ground-work and ultimate scope of his labours, no civil well-bred reader would deny that the antiquary may also be indulged in his taste for worm-eaten deeds and broken monuments, or for Roman, Saxon, and Gothic gate-ways; nor would any reasonable man object to a few, or a few hundred,

pages devoted to the gratification of the botanist, the mineralogist, or the lover of heraldry.

The difficulty of an undertaking so extensive in its objects, and the improbability of finding any one man qualified either with the patience or the variety of taste and pursuit necessary to its accomplishment, will undoubtedly be objected to this Utopian sketch, and we shall be reminded of our own frequent declamations on the vast increase of the *Megabiblical* evil. In answer to the latter charge; we can only observe that the number of 'county histories,' would be incalculably diminished were taste, and genius, or the labours of original discovery and research, deemed material to their execution; nor can any man who looks upon the many ponderous folios devoted to the illustration of one hundred square miles upon the usual plan, hesitate to believe that all the information really useful or interesting which that portion of territory can possibly afford to the reader, enlarged to the utmost extent of our suggestions, would find much ado to dilate itself to any thing like the same dimensions. The other objection we are willing in part to admit; and in order to obviate it would propose a scheme (which is extremely hazardous in most literary works, but wholly unobjectionable in one of so miscellaneous and complicated a nature,) that no man, however learned, diligent, or in his own opinion well-qualified, should undertake the task without the adoption of regular associates, to whom, according to their several inclinations and pursuits, the several distinct branches of the business may be assigned, subject to the absolute revisal and arrangement of one presiding director. And this appears to us so natural, as well as convenient, a plan, that it is only matter of surprise, that in so few, if any instances, it has ever been proceeded upon. Under the management of such a society of active, and intelligent men, we have no hesitation in avowing our opinion that a 'county-history,' may be so conducted as to become a valuable repository of miscellaneous information of the most interesting kind, not only to those persons who are immediately connected with the particular region described or with the families settled in it, but to all who feel any concern in the past or present state of their native country.

The district on which Mr. Graves has thought proper to bestow his attention for the purpose of compiling a volume, which we are sorry to pronounce deficient in all points where (according to our opinion,) the mind of the county-historian should be principally engaged, comprises a small part only of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and perhaps in every respect the least interesting division of that extensive province. It

contains no towns that are either very considerable for present trade or manufactures, or remarkable for the monuments of departed greatness. Its remains of antiquity are very rare. The general face of the country, though pleasant and in some parts picturesque, affords none of those striking and romantic features which are presented by almost all the adjoining districts. It has been signalized by very few, if any, events of public interest or importance—and its distinguished characters (if we may be allowed to judge from the book before us, which, after setting forth a fine promise of biographical matter, affords us no hints concerning the lives or actions of more than two or three well-known individuals) must have been very thinly scattered by the hand of Providence.

'From Whitby,' (says Camden, describing this part of Yorkshire,) 'the shore gives back westward; by which lyeth *Cleveland*, taking that name, as it seemeth, of steepe bankes; which in our language wee calle *Cliffes*; for there runne all along the side thereof *cliffe* hilles; at the foote of which the country spreadeth into a plaine full of fertile fields.' From this derivation Mr. Graves differs, upon the authority of Baxter. Far be it from us to think of deciding between two such eminent antiquaries; though from the Latinized British appellation of the district, *Calvium*, (*Calai-iii*, says Baxter; *de lutosu unda*,) as well as from the popular adage, which he quotes,

————— ' *Cleveland* in the clay  
Brings in two soles, and carries one away,'

we are inclined to suppose that Camden's etymology, in this instance, was more fanciful than profound, and that, to use Mr. Graves's expression, 'the primary and leading idea of the name is not *Cliff*, but *Clay*, as descriptive of its soil.' The necessary preliminaries thus settled, Mr. Graves next proceeds with his several respectable authorities to back him, in manner following.

'Drayton, in his poetical progress through Yorkshire, after noticing

'Pickering, whom the fawnes beyond them all adore,  
By whom not far away lies large spread *Blackamore*,'\*  
proceeds thus in his description of our district.

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\* In an ancient MS. in the Cotton Library (marked Julius F. C. fol. 435,) descriptive of the Lordship of Guisborough, and the adjacent coast, we find *Blackamore* thus noticed: 'Alonge Cleveland lyeth *Blackamore*, antiently supposed to be called Barton-Hyll, which by the ploughed land and ruynes of houses in many

' Then *Cleveland* north from these, a state that doth maintain,

Leaning her lusty side to the great *Germain* main,  
Which if she were not here confined thus in me,  
A shire even of herself might well be said to be.'

' To the above extracts we shall subjoin *Speed's* description of the *North Riding* in general, &c. &c. &c.'

Which, however, as we are reviewing *Mr. Graves* and not *Speed*, we shall pass over and return to *Mr. Graves's* own words.

' The *climate*, though colder than the more southern parts of the county, from its vicinity to the sea, is nevertheless healthy and invigorating. The soil is various ; in the vale of *Cleveland*, a fertile clay generally prevails, with some rich and gravelly loam, particularly near the banks of rivers, which produce abundant crops of corn and grass. In the eastern part of the district, which is more mountainous, and towards the coast, the soil is barren, being chiefly a stiff red clay, upon an *allum-shale*; which, as we approach the moors, inclines to black, and at last terminates in a rotten peat-moss-earth. The vale, bordering the river *Esk*, is of a light sandy soil; which, however, does not extend far, before it degenerates into a cold and barren clay.

' The *surface*, on the eastern part of *Cleveland*, and near the coast, is bold and hilly ; but inclosing some rich and fertile vales, well watered, and ornamented with pieces of woodland.

' Between *Guisborough* and *Whitby*, as the traveller pursues his road,

————— ' A dreary waste  
Of lands uncultivated,'

presents itself, covered with heath and fern, and ' abounding in rugged hills and deep morasses, which seem never to have been made subservient to the uses of society.'

' On the west, a range of hills, of considerable elevation, stretches along the southern confines of the district, in an undulating manner, in front of which, the country spreads out, for many miles, into an extensive plain, interspersed with some gently rising grounds and pleasant vales.

' The fields are invariably divided by quick-set hedges, which, with the trees planted in hedge-rows, and pieces of woodland scattered on the banks of the rivers, and the thriving plantations around the gentlemen's houses, conspire to give the country a rich, pleasing, and cheerful aspect.

places seeme to have been well inhabited, but now in six or seven miles together, you shall scarcely fynde a house except in a dale, the rest is heathe, and a rouste for heathe-cocks.' In the further progress of this work, we shall occasionally recur to this curious MS. for the description of such parts of our district, as shall be found to be therein noticed.'



' The coast, from the mouth of the river Tees, lies open, as far as Huntcliffe, when the cliffs eastward rise to a considerable height, steep, and rocky; the feet of which are washed by the sea. Of this part of the coast, the Cotton MS. affords us the following quaint description.

' Alonge the shore the sandes lye fayre and level, till you arrive at a high hill, called *Huntly Nab*; there the coaste begins to rise high, full of scrags and steepe rocks, wherein meawes, pigeons, and sea-fowle breede plentifully. Here the sea casting up pebble stones maketh the coaste troublesome to passe.'

We are at a loss to discover the quaintness with which Mr. Graves seems to have amused himself in the foregoing sentence, which, on the contrary, is to our judgment as plain and inartificial a statement of what it is meant to describe, as Mr. Graves himself could have made.

Mr. Graves then proceeds to give some account of the present state of the inhabitants of this wholesome district, which being almost exclusively agricultural, has not much to boast in point of population.—The return made to parliament in 1801 estimated it at only 26,358 souls, a number hardly equal to the population of one second or third rate manufacturing place, in an extent of forty miles in breadth from east to west, and eighteen from north to south, containing three market-towns, and upwards of 30 parishes.\* What it wants in numbers, is however, (if we are to give full credit to the following statement) made up in the virtues of its inhabitants.

' In those parts of the North Riding which are best cultivated, (under which character *Cleveland* must certainly be included) the farmers form a very respectable class of society, and deservedly rank high among their fellows in any part of England; they are generally sober, industrious and orderly; most of the younger part of them have enjoyed a proper education, and give a suitable one to their children, who of both sexes, are brought up in habits of industry and economy. Such conduct rarely fails meeting its reward; they who merit, and seek it, obtain independence, and every generation, or part of every generation, may be seen stepping forward to a state in society somewhat beyond the last. Fortunately, this country is purely agricultural, and the inhabitants, solely cultivators of the earth, are endowed with the virtues of their profession, uncontaminated by the neighbourhood, or vices of manufactures.

'To this character of the farmers, we may add, that the lower and labouring classes of inhabitants are generally sober and orderly in their conduct, decent in their demeanour and appearance, and de-

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\* Tuke's Agricultural Survey, pp. 48, 49.

serving of every indulgence from their superiors, that may render their situation comfortable and easy.'

The Wapentake of Langburgh is, in the beginning of the work, defined to 'comprehend all that is *properly* termed Cleveland;' and to that it is said the observations in the work 'will be *principally* confined.' Mr. Graves then proceeds to mark out with great precision the limits of a certain district, but whether of the wapentake, or of Cleveland, he does not give us to comprehend; and, afterwards, in a distinct portion of the work, he gives us the term 'Langburgh Wapentake,' as something totally separate and distinct from Cleveland, and, after mentioning the different proprietors to whom the wapentake successively fell, talks of '*other estates in Cleveland*,' besides the wapentake, an expression which, from what fell before, we do not at all understand. Mr G. should at least have adhered to his own general divisions, and, if there are really two divisions of Cleveland, one *properly* so called, the other *improperly*, he should have defined the limits of each and informed us whether he is about to give us the history of one or both. As it now stands, we are informed, first, that Langburgh wapentake and Cleveland are one and the same thing, and afterwards that there are other parts of Cleveland independent of the wapentake. We are presented with a genealogical table of all the proprietors of Langburgh wapentake, from Peter de Brus lord of Skelton to whom it was first granted by letters patent of king John, down to Conyers, lord Darcy, who in the 17th century conveyed it to the family of Marwood; and, on comparing this table with other parts of the work, it seems evident that many parishes and manors, mentioned in it and included under the general description of *Cleveland*, did not pass with the possession of the wapentake. We therefore remain perfectly ignorant as to what is really and strictly included under either appellation.

What can have induced Mr. Graves to make a distinct head of 'Biography,' occupying just three pages, and including a notice of one single character, that of Dr. Bryan Walton, (concerning whom it barely informs us that he was a sizar at Magdalen College, a master of arts at Peter-house, curate of Allhallows, rector of St. Martin Ogar's, and finally bishop of Chester,) it is not very easy to imagine. Mr. G. talks, indeed, in raptures, of the 'satisfaction' with which the *county-historian* 'betakes himself' to 'that part of his allotted labour which calls upon him to record men of distinguished and eminent characters;' yet, except in this *skeleton*

instance of Bishop Walton, and two other skeleton notes about Captain Cook, the navigator, and Commodore Wilson, one of the principal promoters and benefactors of our trade with the East Indies, he seems to afford the most extraordinary instance of self-denial that we have ever heard or read of since the days of the Ascetic Cœnobites.

It cannot be expected of us to follow Mr. Graves in the regular and systematic survey which he makes of the various parishes composing the district (whatever it may be) which he has undertaken to celebrate; still less that we should insert copies of the various genealogies which seem to form the principal object of the surveyor. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that among the antient proprietors either of the wapentake, or of the smaller baronies and manors, contained within its limits or within those of Cleveland in general, are to be distinguished the names of Bruce, Percy, Meynill, Darcy, Conyers, Nevill, Baliol, Ewre, Latimer, Salvine, Fauconberg; and that among the present families established there, we find the Carys of Rudby (now lady Amherst, daughter of general Cary and niece of Lord Falkland), lord Egremont of Seamer, Foulis of Ingleby, sir Charles Turner of Kirkleatham, the Dawnays (lord Downe) of Danby, Phipps, lord Mulgrave, of Lythe, lord Dundas of Lofthouse, the Pennymans of Ormsby, the Chaloners of Guisborough, and the Whartons of Skelton Castle.

Many antient families of Cleveland forfeited their estates in consequence of embarking in that superstitious enterprize, 'the pilgrimage of grace,' which, it is well known, was a formidable insurrection conducted by Lord Darcy and others on occasion of the suppression of the lesser monasteries. No particular information is collected or sought for respecting the conduct or the leaders of this memorable rebellion, though it is almost the only event in the general history of England that is principally connected with that of Cleveland.

Under 'the parish of Newton,' occurs a description of 'Roseberry Topping,' one of the most singular features of this district: but both to Mr. Graves's short account of it, and also to his correspondent's poetical rhapsody, we very much prefer the detail given by the anonymous author of the Cotton MS. with which we shall therefore make no apology for presenting our readers.

'Towards the west, there stands a high hill, called *Roseberye Toppinge*, which is a marke to the seaman and an almanack to the vale, for they have thys ould ryme common,

‘ When Roseberrye Toppinge wears a cappe,  
‘ Let Cleveland then beware a clappe :

‘ Those indeed yt seldome hath a cloude on yt that some yll weather shortly followeth yt not; where not farre from thence on a mountayne’s side there are cloudes almoste continually smoaking, and therefore called the devyll’s kettles, which notwithstanding prognosticate neither goode nor badde; there are lykewyse many other saryties more excellent than that I have seene; yt hath sometymes had a hermytage on yt, now a small smith’s forge,\* cut out of the rocke, called Willifryd’s needle, whither blinde devotion led many a syllie soul, not without hazard of a breakneck† tumblinge, while they attempted to put themselves to a needlesse payne creepyng through that needle’s eye.

‘ Out of the toppe of a huge stone near the toppe of the hill, drops a fountaine which cureth sore eyes,‡ receaving that virtue from the mineral; it is wonderful to see with what vyolence a stone will tumble from the toppe of the hyll towards a little towne, called Newton, the noise that yt makes is soe terrible, and the boundes aloft in the ayre soe high, that as I am informed when you caste a stone once down that hyll, a horse that was tethered afar off for fear leaped over a great gate; and one encountering a bigge ould hawthorne tree which only stood on the syde of the hill, yt dashed it all in pieces as a tempest, and ran forward without stay till it ran to an earthen fence of a close, into which yt pierced as yf it had been a great shott, having ran in a moment from the toppe whence it was caste, to the wall or fence aforesaid, at least a long myle. I found in this hille geate and other minereals, which I have not yet thought good to discover. There is a most goodlye prospect from the toppe of thys hyll, though paynefully gained by reason of the steepnesse of yt, but especyally from the side of the race on Barnabymoore; there you may see a vewe the like whereof I never saw, or thinke that any traveller hath seen any comparable unto yt, albeit I have shewed it to divers that have paste through a geate parte of the world, both by sea and lande. The vales, rivers, great and small, swellyng hylles and mountains, pastures, woodes, meadows, corne-fields, part of the Bishopricke of Durham, with the newe porte of Tease, lately found to be safe, and the sea replenished with

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\* By modern visitants called *the cobbler’s shop*. On the side of the rock there are many initials of names and dates; the oldest of which that we could discover, is 1527.

† This superstition must be considered similar to that practised in the church of Ripon, which Camden says, in the days of his ancestors, was very famous, and called also *St. Wilfrid’s needle*, this was ‘ a straight passage into a room close and vaulted underground, whereby trial was made of any woman’s chastity, if she was chaste, she passed with ease: but if otherwise, she was, by I know not what miracle, stopped and detained there.

‡ At present a small insignificant spring of clear water, which oozes through the fissures of a rock, and loses itself on the brow of the hill; its sanative qualities are no longer known. The traditionary story that the Northumbrian Prince, Osaway, was drowned here, is too ridiculous to deserve notice.

shippes, and a most pleasaunt flat coaste subjecte to noe inundation or hazarde, make that country happy, if the people had the grace to make use of theire owne happinesse; which may be amended if it please God to send them trafique and good example of thrifte.

But the most remarkable, (though perhaps it ought not to be called a singular) circumstance connected with 'Roseberry Topping,' is the quantity of petrified marine substances which its internal structure presents to the naturalist, we say 'not singular,' because similar productions have been discovered on the tops of many hills still higher and farther removed from the sea than Rosebury; and yet perhaps no naturalist has hitherto accounted satisfactorily for the phenomenon. This, however, is not the place for entering on so curious a disquisition, especially as Mr. Graves hazards no distinct opinion of his own as to the cause of it, though he quotes the conjectural observations of M. Anthony Moro and Dr. Sullivan.

The market town of Guisborough is still illustrious for the remains of its ancient priory, although those remains are now reduced to little more than the east window which, however, is singularly beautiful. Guisborough formed part of the wapentake granted to Brus, and passed according to all the changes of that property down to the reign of Philip and Mary, when it was granted by the crown to the ancestor of the Chaloners, its present proprietors. This family, and through them the whole district of Cleveland, was very considerably enriched by the fortunate discovery which sir Thomas Chaloner made in the days of Elizabeth of a vein of alum, which has ever since been worked to their great advantage by his descendants, although it is not now confined to their estate, portions of it having been likewise found in other neighbouring parts of the wapentake. The account of the original discovery, which is rather singular, is given in the following words by Camden. Speaking of Guisborough, he says.

'This verily is a passing good place, and may well for pleasantnesse, delightsome variety; and rare gifts of nature, contend with *Puteoli* in Italy, which in regard of healthy situation it also farre excelleth. The aire is mollified and made more milde by the mountains seated between it, and what way the sea yieldeth a cold and winterly disposition: the soile fruitfull and plentuous in grasse affordeth delectable floures a great part of the yeere, and richly aboundeth with veines of metall and alum-earth of sundry colours, but especially of ocher, and murray, likewise of iron, out of which they have now begun to try very good alum and coperose. Which with learned skill and cunning not many years since, sir Thomas Chaloner, knight (a learned searcher into nature's workes and unto whose

charge our most high and mightie king hath committed his son Prince Henry, the lovely joy and delight of Britain) first discovered by observing, that the leaves of trees were of a more weake greene colour here than in other places, that the oakes had their rootes spreading broad, but very eb within the ground, the which had much strength but small store of sappe, that the earth standing upon clay, and being of divers colours, whitish, yellowish, and blew, was never frozen, and in a cleere night glittered in the pathes like unto glasse.

Kirkleatham (sir Charles Turner's) is honourably distinguished for the benevolent institution of sir William, an ancestor of the present proprietor, who in the year 1676 founded there an hospital, which still subsists, for the maintenance of forty poor people, ten old men, ten old women, ten boys, and ten girls, the most useful and charitable foundation, however singular, for the strict designation of its particular objects.

Skelton-Castle, now the seat of the Wartons, was in days of old the grand baronial residence of the family of Bras, long before that family became illustrious all over Europe by the accession of the regal dignity in the person of Robert, the champion and preserver of Scottish independence. Of late years it was the festive residence of Hall, the whimsical but respectable author of 'Crazy Tales,' of whom there are a few trifling notices in the present work, hardly deserving of quotation.

Upon the whole, this history of Cleveland is one of the most barren and unamusing compilations which it has ever been our fate to notice under the head of 'county-history;' and we were the most disappointed at finding it so from the expectations which we had previously conceived on account of affinity between the district under review and its near neighbour, Craven. If the author of this work had ever seen Mr. Whitaker's account of that interesting division of the north riding, we will not do him the injustice to suppose that he would have reaped so little advantage from so excellent an example. Concluding, therefore, that he has never happened to meet with the book in question, we earnestly recommend it to him, to procure and diligently peruse it as well as its companion, 'the History of Whalley,' before he undertakes the survey of any other county or district.

ART. V.—*Parliamentary Logick: to which are subjoined two Speeches, delivered in the House of Commons of Ireland, and other Pieces, by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton; with an Appendix containing, Considerations on the Corn Laws, by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. Never before printed. pp. 299. 8vo. T. Payne, Pall-mall. 1808.*

WILLIAM Gerard Hamilton, was born in Lincoln's Inn, on the 28th of January, 1728-9 O. S. His father who had been an advocate at the court of session in Scotland, had removed to England after the union in 1707, where he obtained an admission to the English bar, and was employed in almost every appeal from Scotland to the House of Lords for a great number of years. Our author received the rudiments of his education at Winchester school; and on the 1st of March 1744-5 he was entered a gentleman commoner of Oriel College in Oxford. At Oxford he appears to have paid considerable attention to polite literature; and the four odes which are published in this volume and which were written while he was at the University, display a strong predilection for the great poets of antiquity.

On leaving Oxford Mr. Hamilton became a member of Lincoln's Inn, where he obtained at least a respectable initiation into the knowledge of the law; but the death of his father in 1754 left him at liberty to follow the bent of his inclinations, which urged him to seek for celebrity in the vortex of political life. In May 1754 he was chosen member for Petersfield. His first *debut* as an orator was made on the thirteenth of November 1755 in a debate which arose on two treaties which had been recently concluded between the emperor of Russia and the landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The subject was not, as the editor says:

'very favourable to a display of eloquence, but no first speech in parliament ever produced such an effect, or acquired such eulogies, both within and without the house of commons; and perhaps few modern speeches of even veteran orators ever obtained a higher, or more general reputation.'

In one of the letters of Horace Walpole written two days after the debate, he thus commemorates this first essay of Mr. Hamilton.

'He spoke for the first time and was at once perfection. His speech was set, and full of antitheses; but those antitheses were full of argument; indeed his speech was the most full of argument of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageus, his voice strong and

clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker.'

This speech of Mr. Hamilton however excited expectations of future excellence which were never realized. It seemed a great effort which exhausted his powers; for his subsequent exertions, though far from contemptible, appear to have been very inferior to his first. In April 1756, he was appointed one of the lords of the board of trade, of which lord Halifax was president. In 1761 Mr. Hamilton accompanied this nobleman to Ireland, in the important situation of principal secretary to the lord lieutenant. He accepted the same office under Hugh, Earl of Northumberland, in 1763; but he afterwards resigned it in disgust.

'On his return to England, and for a long time afterwards, he certainly meditated taking an active part in the political warfare of the House of Commons. But he never again addressed the chair, though he was chosen into every new parliament that was summoned from that time to May 1796, when he was nearly the father of the House of Commons. In this period the only office that he filled was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, which he held from 1769 to April 1784, when he resigned it to Mr. Forster, in order to accommodate the government of Ireland, from which he received an equivalent compensation.'

In an interval of leisure between Jan. 1769, and Jan. 1772, Mr. Hamilton is supposed by some persons to have written the letters of Junius, but we entirely concur with the editor in thinking that the hypothesis is totally destitute of truth. We do not rate the excellence of those letters so high as many of our contemporaries; but we still think that they indicate abilities, if not of a more transcendant degree, of a different species from those which were possessed by Mr. Hamilton.

'Mr. Hamilton,' says the judicious editor of this volume, 'was so far from being an ardent party-man, that, during the long period before mentioned, he never closely connected himself with any party whatsoever. If indeed Richard Earl Temple had ever attained the situation of first lord of the Treasury, by the favour of that nobleman he would probably have filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer; but this single circumstance is surely not a sufficient ground to denominate him a party-man. Notwithstanding his extreme love of political discussion, he never, it is believed, was heard to speak of any administration or any opposition with vehemence of censure or of praise; a character so opposite to the fervent and sometimes coarse acrimony of JUNIUS, that this consideration alone is sufficient to settle the point as far as relates to our author for ever.'



'It may be observed,' says the editor, 'that the figures and allusions of JUNIUS are often of so different a race from those which our author would have used, that he never spoke of some of them without the strongest disapprobation; and particularly when a friend, for the purpose of drawing him out, affected to think him the writer of these papers; and, bantering him on the subject, taxed him with that passage in which a nobleman, then in a high office, is said to have 'travelled through every sign in the political Zodiac, from the SCORPION, in which he *stung* Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a VIRGIN,' &c.—as if this imagery were much in his style,—Mr. Hamilton with great vehemence exclaimed, 'Had I written such a sentence as that, I should have thought, I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever.'

'Mr. Hamilton's talents were of the first rate. He possessed a very acute understanding: the quickest conception, and the clearest discernment and judgment. The facility, elegance, and precision, with which he expressed his sentiments, were unrivalled. In conversation his style was generally compressed, sententious, and energetic; but perhaps somewhat too much abounded in points and antitheses. His wit was of a peculiar kind; rather acute and shrewd, than lively and brilliant; yet it was often playful, particularly in improving on a fanciful idea suggested by another. He saw through characters by an intuitive glance, and portrayed them, with uncommon felicity, by a few bold and masterly touches. His sensibility was exquisite. Hence among strangers he was reserved; and to those whose manners were vulgar and boisterous, or whose talk denoted a shallowness of intellect, he was somewhat fastidious, and could not easily conceal his dislike. But in a select company, and among his particular friends, he was frank, easy, and communicative; yet even in his freest hours, his conversation, though unstudied, was animated and elegant, and strongly marked by that curiosity of expression which very happily suited the conceptions of his mind. In argument he was ingenious, acute, and candid. His criticism on books was almost always just, and seldom obvious. He had read many of the most celebrated authors of the seventeenth century with a particular view to their language; and in forming his style on the best models, made it a rule in writing, though not in parliamentary debate, to reject all weak and unnecessary words, and to render his composition as compressed and energetic as he could make it.—On the first view of any complicated question, his opinion was almost always right; but on reflection, his ingenuity sometimes led him astray: hence he was apt to dwell too minutely on some collateral circumstance or subordinate matter; and deceived by his own refinement, and viewing the point under consideration in a great variety of lights, he doubted, hesitated, and perhaps decided erroneously at last. Those therefore who knew him well, always endeavoured to obtain his first thoughts on any question, and rarely consulted him twice on the same subject.'

In 1760 Mr. Hamilton first formed an acquaintance with

Dr. Johnson, which was cemented into an intimacy which was interrupted only by the death of the great moralist. Mr. H. was never married, and as he never had either brother or sister, he was never placed in the midst of those domestic relations, which contribute more than any thing else to exercise the benevolent sensibilities of the human breast. But he is said to have been a kind and indulgent master to his servants, and to have performed many acts of splendid liberality to necessitous individuals. He died in Upper Brook-street on the 16th of July 1796, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

This volume includes a work entitled 'Parliamentary Logick;' 'a Representation of the Lords Justices of Ireland, in 1760, touching the Transmission of a Privy-council Money-bill;' 'a Speech on the Privy-council Money-bill;' 'a Message to the House of Commons from George Dunk Halifax, lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 23d of January, 1762;' 'a Speech delivered in the House of Commons in February, 1762, on a Motion for raising Additional Forces;' 'Resolutions of the House of Commons concerning the Appointments of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;' 'the Answer of the Lord Lieutenant to the Address of the House of Commons;' with four Odes and an original Essay of Dr. Samuel Johnson, entitled, 'Considerations on the Corn Laws.'

Of these pieces the most important appears to be that which is entitled 'Parliamentary Logick.' This consists of a multitude of brief, but condensed observations, thrust together without much method, like so many detached maxims, many of which, however, appear to have been the product of a reflective, penetrating, and discriminating mind. They often evince much depth of thought and much subtlety of remark. But many of them are more calculated to improve the disputant, than to enlighten the statesman, and to aid the cause of sophistry than of truth.

We shall quote some of the rules which the author proposes for the practice of the parliamentary disputant.

\* Consider before you go, (to the house) what ought to be proved, and how probably it will be evaded: and see that the true principle is not removed, and a false one substituted: you know the consequences you want; find out a principle to justify them. When you produce an instance to illustrate, let the instance be in itself invidious, as well as illustratory. When it is with you, separate the *fact* from the *argument*; when against you, blend them. It may be right to take great pains to remove an apprehension that is groundless, if the consequence of its prevailing would be very mischievous. Consider the common-places to which a subject is likely to give occasion. We are to consider, how a thing

stands by positive statutes; by parliamentary precedents, by the resolves of the house, by opinions of lawyers, statesmen, &c. &c. To begin with those things which though they do not belong to the question, are brought to affect the merits of it.—Show that rules of judging applicable in other cases, are not so in this. See if it [the point in debate] can be put upon a popular ground: every question has some parts better than others; separate those in your mind, and suppress one, and colour the other, as it suits. Run a vice into a virtue, and *VICĒ VERSA*.—Consider thoroughly your strong points, one by one: and always take into consideration the prevailing prejudices. State not only what the question is but what it is not, and what it is mistaken for. Observe what has been heard with pleasure, and what with aversion, in the speeches of those who have gone before you. There can be but three causes why a law is made imperfect; want of power, want of knowledge, and want of inclination, in those who made it. No subject is without its appropriate adherent circumstances, which distinguish it from every other. A judicious discovery and skilful connection of these is a principal thing. Happy amplification is, when the subject admits of many beginnings, and several pauses in a period; and the incidents, heaped on one another, gradually ascend to a summit of grandeur. It ennobles what is familiar, aggravates what is wrong, strengthens arguments and inflames passions. It consists in number. It is a series of thoughts rising one upon another; it is a complete connection of all the particular circumstances inherent in a subject, progressively heightening to a point. Two things which differ in sort, cannot be compared in degree. They cannot with propriety be said to be equal, superior, or inferior. When you cannot convince, a heap of comparisons will dazzle. In examining, the words ought to be reduced to direct, positive, intelligible propositions, and then compare them with one another. Men are apt to deny a principle in one part of their arguments, and yet have recourse to it in another. Men are apt to leave out something, and to decide upon a part, so that truth and error are blended in the decision. Take the parts of a question asunder, and omit what is not the point, and decide on those only which influence the question. Consider the nature of the proof, of which a thing is capable. Do not rest on testimony; where testimony has nothing to do, nor with probability when a thing is capable of demonstration. Never regard *COMMON*, or *UNCOMMON*, as a mark of truth or falsehood. Distinction makes things clear, and division perplexed. The most shining, though not the most argumentative parts of a speech, are the easiest answered. If you have no argument to object to, object to a word. Do not assent to any thing on appearances or on slight grounds; and much less on none. Ideas of the question are changed, by changing the terms, or by adding others. Thus the ideas are bent, and varied, and become more serviceable to the purpose. Form a clear idea of the question, independent of words. Keep it through the whole argument steadily in your view. Do not suffer the least change of the terms,

either by addition, subtraction, or substitution; and then you will perceive what is superfluous, what direct to, and what slides by, the question. Free the question from all doubtful terms, and limit it to its special extent; or declare it is to be taken in its more general sense. When you cannot resist, then wit, fancy, subtlety, and craft, are of service. Distinguish what is fixt and inseparable in a thing, from occasional occurrences, mere incidents, and only circumstances. Distinguish between what is defence, and what apology. Laws cannot regulate morality, as they do strict right, and particular justice. In a single instance, you may separate motive from deed; not so in settled habits, and repeated instances. Things true in a qualified sense, are often laid down as being so, in an unconditional one. Have a method, but conceal it. Foreign circumstances are sometimes obtruded, and these very circumstances are made the ground of the decision. It is candid, to allow weight in an objection, but not prudent, unless you can afterwards answer it. One probable argument is not conclusive: the very nature of a disputable question is where something plausible, or probable, may be said on both sides; but probabilities are to be balanced. The conclusion will always follow the worse part. Consider, first, the true distinction and line of argument. Distinguish between what is positive, and what is only deducible; and an inducement from a rule that ought to be decisive. When things are supposed, examine the grounds of supposition. If one part of an argument is believed, and not the rest, it is often worse, than if none had been believed. A concurrence of independent and indifferent testimony, having no similarity of motive or design, no common principle to act upon, is the strongest: nothing but notoriety can produce such a concurrence. Do not mistake, nor let others mistake, a strong, peculiar circumstance, for a general principle. Perfection of law consists in its being so framed, that it may govern accidents, not lie at the mercy of them. For a law to owe its utility to a conjuncture is but little praise. A word having two senses, men will lay down the first part of their argument in one of its senses, and the last in the other. There being no repugnance, is a proof that a thing may be, not that it is: though there being a repugnance is a proof that it cannot be. There are cases, where you may be for the principle, and against the thing when they are involved. If you confute the reason on which a thing is pretended to be necessary, you need not enter into the propriety of the thing. Under pretences of explanation, an entire addition is often made. Positions harsh in themselves, may be made otherwise if led to by a series of preparatory truths. Connecting things which really have, and which yet do not seem to have, any necessary relation, has a great effect. Cast about wide: a comprehensive view marks a great mind, and furnishes materials that surprise. In putting a question to your adversary, let it be the last thing you say. Examine whether the justification of a particular thing may not upon the same principle be extended to justify any thing. If the whole of a question is against you, speak to a part as if it were the whole. A thing insignificant in itself may be very important and essential in its consequences. It seldom happens that the real

reasons for proposing a thing are the avowed reasons: the distinguishing these makes a fine and brilliant fund of argument. Upon every law read a contemporary history and a pamphlet of the time. Observe, when your opponents admit the principle, how they get off upon the distinction. When in debate a common principle of agreement is found out, see how near the sentiments of those who differ approach to each other: by that you will find out the precise point of enquiry. It is easier to confute the argument of one who supports the question, than the question itself. Acquire a number of propositions, observations, arguments, experiences, reasonings, that you on all occasions may have certain axioms to recur to: then consider whether they are cause, effect, substance, mode, power, or property,—that the mind may be inured to method. The best verbal fallacies are those which consist not in the ambiguity of a single word, but in the ambiguous syntaxis of many put together. To shew the weakness of an argument, strip it of its superfluous ideas, which being blended with those on which the inference depends, seem to shew a connexion where there is none. Then lay the naked ideas in due order, on which the argument depends, and the fallacy will appear. The principles of debate are so few, that it seldom happens, but what you may apply against your adversary in one part of your argument, you are obliged to apply for yourself in another; and to take up the principle you have disclaimed, and to disclaim the principle you have taken up. Watch the first setting off, and the manner of stating the question at the outset: *there*, is generally the fraud. By taking only the first and last part of what is said, and passing over all the intermediate links which connect them, an argument is made to appear extremely ridiculous. The parts of a speech that admit of observation, are most commonly the epithets. People are not so often wrong in the thing, as in the degree; and that is marked out by epithets. In most arguments people say too much; and as they then must fail in many, or at least some, particulars, you may either confine yourself entirely to those particulars in which they have failed; or at least take notice of them, to prejudice them, and the rest of their argument. Every particular subject may afford some topick of general declamation.—Consider always what this is, and use it. If any body uses against you (and sometimes even though it should be for you) a quaint and overcharged, an evasive, or, in any light, ridiculous expression, the ludicrous application of it, and the bringing it back to the House in a new and an absurd view, has a great effect; and this is true, not only in debate, but in conversation. Watch your opportunity, and speak after a person whose speaking has been tiresome. Watch likewise not only the proper person you are to follow, but the proper stage and time of the debate, at which you are to speak. It has often a finer effect in debate, to insinuate than to assert a thing, and especially in matters of reproach and censure; in which cases it is attended with this advantage, that you are less liable to an attack. Come as immediately as you can to the substance of the question: avoid in general all introduction or preface, and never make a law-

yer-like division of your speech into several heads. Nothing disgusts a popular assembly more than being apprised of your intention to speak long:—even when you design it, declare the contrary, that they may be drawn on by degrees; and if you perceive that you have got into length, and that those who hear you begin to be weary, make a break in your speech, and apologise for it: this apologise will have the effect of inducing them to lend their attention a little longer. Take a comprehensive view of your subject: consider all the possible lights in which it may be placed. This extensive view will make all your ideas about it clear and methodical; and most subjects will upon trial be found much narrower than they at first appear to be. Fix steadily and precisely in your own mind what is the state of the question, or at least what you wish to have it understood to be. The arguments you must then wish to answer, will fall under one of these two heads;—"as not being true," or, if they are true, "as not being home and applicable to the question."

The concessions of an able man in argument are often the subtlest parts of it: driven to difficulty, he makes a concession that is a little to his disadvantage, to avoid being obliged to make one which is a great deal so. This it may be artifice to do, yourself; but it has a great effect when you detect its being done by others. When any thing is stated metaphorically, strip it of its magnificent dress, and put it in plain words. This will always make it easier answered, and generally throws an air of ridicule over it. If your opponents have been in government, consider all the measures they took, the laws they passed, the votes and the journals of their time; from these you will probably collect many arguments *ad hominem*. When there is a doubt as to the meaning of any thing; go yourself to the original materials, and do not trust to any report from others who pretend to have examined them. It is not true that the same causes will have the same effect, unless they have the same materials to operate upon. When you propose to regulate or restrain any thing, they who oppose you will argue, (and it is artful so to do,) as if you meant to annihilate it. Endeavour to introduce a moral sentiment, where it is least expected. Pope observes, that virtue thus put upon us by surprise has a good effect. It generally happens, that they who oppose your proposition as pernicious, try in some part of their argument to prove likewise that it will be ineffectual; which proves at the same time that it cannot be pernicious. Consider, whether a thing differs in its principles and likewise in its circumstances, or only in one of the two. You will be perspicuous, if you finish one thing before you begin another. Though you should not dwell tiresomely upon a number of minute particulars, yet without some degree of particularity a speech is pointless and ineffectual. Most of the things asserted in argument are true in themselves, but not true in the sense in which they are used; to explain this at large is one of the finest fields of argument. Observe the proposition laid down at the outset of the argument, and see that it is not changed; it scarce ever happens that a speaker abides uniformly through the whole of his speech by the thing he first set out with. Never let a

thing rest in generals, if you can possibly bring it home to particulars; and when you say a thing was done so and so, specify in what instances. On any constitutional question, consult the Statute-Book in Charles the First's time, after the Restoration, after the Revolution, and the settlement of the Crown in the time of Queen Anne; for there can scarce be any great question, on which there is not some law in one of these places. Nothing has a greater effect in an oration, than a moral sentiment arising out of the subject before you. The persuasive parts of eloquence should be embellished by sentiments, but not overloaded by words. Have a particular knowledge of all the circumstances regarding the subject, and a general knowledge of all the subjects relating to and connected with it. Shew your knowledge general and particular: your talent for argument, by bringing things from a distance to bear on your point; your talent for distinguishing, by separating things that seem like; your pathetick, by the choice of what is most affecting, and arising out of the subject. Consider in every dispute, whether the question is not a question of comparison; and then whether the disputants compare the same objects together, or things widely different. In viewing a subject, consider not only the thing itself, but look likewise to the right and left of it, and by that means associate whatever has a necessary or natural relation with it. Admit, if you can with safety, what your opponent says, and shew it proves nothing. Men are more careful that what they say shall be just, than that it shall be conclusive to the point: the first is mere good sense, the second is something more; it is just reasoning. A material argument is often to be drawn from the order in which things were done, or laws have been passed: what people have neglected to say or do, generally throws great light on what they have actually said or done. Carefully avoid all local, technical, and professional phrases.

The sentences which we have selected will show that Mr. Hamilton was well acquainted with the qualifications which were requisite to constitute an accomplished and dexterous debater. But some of the rules, which he lays down, are the evasive machinations of craft rather than the directions of an honest and philosophic mind; and the practice could be incompatible with that probity which is averse from falsehood and intent on truth. We know that the object of many parliamentary orators is to make the worse appear the better question. Such persons may derive benefit from those parts of this logic of Mr. Hamilton, on which we cannot bestow unqualified commendation. But many of the observations appear to be as acute as they are just.

We have not discovered any remarkable effusions of eloquence in the speeches of Mr. Hamilton which are found in this publication.

ART. VI.—*Caledonian Sketches*, by Sir J. Carr, concluded from p. 322.

OF the university of Edinburgh, sir John seems to ascribe the flourishing state to the small salaries of the professors, who having no fellowships nor livings to supersede the necessity of exertion, derive their principal support from the fees of the students. Thus the duties of their stations are efficaciously discharged, and the best interests of the university promoted. The students keep but one term in the year, or 'from the beginning of November to the end of April, in the ensuing year.'—Thus those repeated interruptions of a continuity of study, which are occasioned by the short terms of an English university are avoided. The students live dispersed in the town;—and of course are not subject to the common restrictions of collegiate discipline; but this is not said to be productive of any disorder or inconvenience. Sir John well remarks that

'young men of moderate fortune are not mortified by being forced into a style of living and extravagance, to which their finances are inadequate. By living in the city they have it in their power to visit genteel families, and to temper the austerity of learning with the amenity of good manners.'—

There are not, on an average, less than fifteen hundred students at the university; but we are told that

'the difficulty of procuring subjects for dissection renders London as a school of practical anatomy, infinitely superior to Edinburgh.'

At Leith sir John says that he was

'Much struck with the elegant appearance of the grammar-school, which stands on the south west part of the links, or downs of Leith. It is a very recent structure, the expense of which was defrayed by public subscription; it was begun in 1805, and is just finished. The rooms of the different classes are large and handsome. I had the good fortune of being there at a public examination: I witnessed the examination of the female classes only, which was singularly interesting. Some magistrates and clergymen and a great number of the friends of the children were present; and the whole presented a spectacle at once gratifying to the mind and heart. The young ladies (for though thus publicly educated, they had the appearance of great respectability) were carefully and strictly examined, in the presence of this crowded assembly in the various branches of learning in which they had been instructed; and their answers were such as gave great gratification to all present, and indeed frequently seemed surprisingly quick and able.'

We entertain great doubts respecting the real good which is produced by these *public examinations*. They appear to us to encourage effrontery more than talent; and, with the



female part of the pupils at least they tend to destroy that modest diffidence which is the most amiable feature in the youth of the softer sex. The desire of popular applause, though it is not always excluded from the considerations of a virtuous mind, is yet seldom a right motive of action, even when it is a secondary, and never when it is the principal. Of female virtue the proper sphere is the domestic and retired, not that which becomes a sort of theatrical spectacle, and attracts the public gaze.

The water at Leith is said to be very bad and to possess the quality of corroding lead; but, though the inhabitants might procure good about a quarter of a mile distant from the place where they obtain the bad, they persist in drinking the latter, either through indolence or prejudice; so difficult is it to change the domestic and long established habits of men.

As an instance of the singular ingenuity which the Scotch have evinced in accelerating the distillation of their favourite liquor whiskey, Sir John mentions from the report of the lords commissioners of the treasury, in the year 1799, that

‘a forty three gallon still was brought to such perfection, as to be discharged at the rate of once in two minutes and three quarters, which is *almost twenty-two times in an hour.*’

The process may, it is said, be performed with still greater velocity without any injury of the quality of the spirit; though the duty was settled in the year 1780 upon the supposition that stills could not be discharged more than seven times a week.—The extensive use of whiskey among the lower orders in Scotland, is deeply to be deplored; and it is greatly to be wished that some legislative restrictions could be devised to check the production of this poisonous fluid. But where any article of general consumption is favourable to the increase of the revenue, few governments care whether it be pernicious or salutary to the health or morals of the people. Sir John, however, says that he

‘saw but few instances during his stay at Edinburgh, of any one who might be considered as *foo*, or full. The low Scotch say when they have made a man tipsy, ‘*I filled him drunk.*’

Sir John says that

‘The markets of Edinburgh are abundantly supplied with fish, flesh and fowl. The vegetables are peculiarly excellent. A sea-weed, called *dulse*, which grows on the rocks near Edinburgh, and which is used by the farmers for manure, without undergoing the least preparation, is much eaten and relished by the poor people, to whom a large handful is sold for a penny. The *dulse*, the water, and the

salt-sellers, (the latter being women who carry the article about in creels or baskets) are amongst the petty venders who most arrest the attention of a stranger in the streets. In a most abundant supply of roses and strawberries, Edinburgh much resembles Paris: the latter are brought (in baskets which hold a Scottish pint) by carts to market; and it is estimated that upwards of 100,000 Scottish, or 400,000 English pints are annually sold during the season in Edinburgh and the environs.

Sir John tells us that he visited every part of the Tolbooth, in Edinburgh, which is the prison for criminals and debtors, but which is a disgrace to that highly civilized and polished capital.

‘I saw nothing in it but to condemn, except the cleanliness displayed in many of the miserable cells, by the prisoners of both sexes. It stands in, or rather encumbers and disfigures, the middle of the high street, towards the western extremity of it; a platform and gallery project from the north side, upon which criminals doomed to die suffer the sentence of the law, and are suspended as in England. Executions in Edinburgh are very rare. Old Lord chief-justice Fortescue used to assign a curious reason for the law inflicting death more frequently in England than in other countries. “More men are hanged in England in one year than in France in seven, because the English have better *harts*; the Scotchmen likewise never *dare rob*, but only commit larcenies.’ In 1804, and 1805, only two capital punishments were inflicted in Edinburgh; 1806 none, 1807, four criminals suffered death, and up to February 1808 only one. Of the malefactors, only three belonged to the Edinburgh district. A curious custom once existed in this city, with regard to the public executioner. On every market day, he was authorised to go through the market with a brass ladle, or wooden spoon, and to fill it from every sack of meal, corn, &c. Early in the last century, the magistrates upon the succession of a new hang man to office, compromised this singular custom, which had rather too strong a resemblance to robbery, for a pecuniary compensation.’

In c. viii. Sir John among other matter gives an account of the judicial and ecclesiastical establishments of Scotland. We had some time ago an occasion to mention the feuds which had been occasioned at Glasgow, by the attempt to introduce an organ into the service of the kirk. “The common people,” says Sir John, “call the episcopal chapels which have organs, the *whistling kirks*.” Sir J. laments the disuse of “this grand and solemn instrument,” but he thinks it fortunate that the bagpipe, which is a national favourite, has not been substituted in its place, though the sounds of this instrument might not have harmonised amiss with the nasal notes of some of the ministers.—The author says,

‘Many of the lower orders like a particular cant or whine in their preachers: in former times this was called the gospel *soucht*, or sound; and the more a preacher has of it the more he is followed.’

Sir John states that there are only ten Jews resident in Edinburgh, and that there is not a synagogue in all Scotland. This circumstance is certainly an indication of Scottish opulence on one side, and of Scottish acuteness on the other.—The sacrament, which is called the *holy fair* is administered only once a year in each parish. Great preparations are made before receiving it; and the minister examines the moral fitness of his parishioners.—The lower orders of people are said to be so well versed in theological discussions, and to possess such sagacity of recollection, that any person would be likely to experience instant detection who should preach a sermon which he had delivered before, or should promulge doctrines contrary to the formulary of the national faith.

The *maiden*, “a Scottish instrument of decapitation,” which is said to have served as a model for the French guillotine is still preserved in a cellar under the rooms of the society of antiquaries at Edinburgh. It is thus described by our traveller.

‘The frame is something like a painter’s easel, about ten feet high, having grooves in its inner edges in which an axe, heavily surmounted with lead was placed, and which fell with precision, upon being disengaged from the peg which held it at top, upon the head of the culprit, which was fastened upon a cross bar about three feet and a half from the bottom. The axe of this instrument is a square, that of the French guillotine being a square cut diagonally: it was frequently used in Halifax in the time of queen Elizabeth.—It is a curious coincidence that the regent Morton, who first introduced the *maiden* into Edinburgh, that M. Guillotine who improved and caused it to be used in France, under his own name, and that Brodie, who induced the magistrates of Edinburgh to adopt the new drop, now generally used in England, all severally perished by the instruments of death which they themselves had introduced.’

Sir John, who tells us that he is enthusiastically fond of music, was invited to be present at a contest of skill between some players on the bag-pipe.

‘As soon as the prize-judges were seated, the folding doors opened. A Highland piper entered in full tartan array, and began to press from the bag of his pipes, which were decorated with long pieces of ribband, sounds so loud and horrible, that, to my imagination, they were comparable only to those of the eternally tormented.’

In this manner he strutted up and down with the most

stately march, and occasionally enraptured his audience who expressed the influence of his instrument by loud and reiterated plaudits. But though Sir John thought that this species of national music is only an intolerable blast of sound, without any thing gratifying to the ear, yet the force of association is seen in the wonderful impression which the dull monotony of this instrument is known to have made on the Scotch in particular situations.

'At the battle of Quebec in 1760 whilst the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field-officer in Frazer's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps.' 'Sir,' said he with great warmth, 'You did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay even now they would be of use.' 'Let them blow like the devil, then,' replied the general, 'if it will bring back the men.' The pipers were then ordered to play a favourite martial air; and the Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned, and formed with alacrity in the rear.'

In the Highlands, which, from a very early period resounded with the sounds of the harp, there is now not one harper to be found.—'In the old castles of several Highland chieftains, the harper's seat is pointed out; as the harper's window at Duntillin castle, in the island of Sky, the ancient seat of Lord Macdonald's family; the harper's gallery, at Castleshtan in Argyleshire, and others.

While Lord Moira was commander in chief in Scotland, he resided at Duddingstone-house, a seat belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

'His lordship lived in a style of splendid hospitality, and became highly popular by having two pipers in his house, and a great mull, or Scotch horn, filled with snuff, continually lying upon the table, as well as by a judicious adoption of the customs of the people in other instances.'

We are happy to record any instance, however trivial, of the good sense, urbanity and courtesy of this amiable nobleman.

P. 208, Sir John says that "the Scotch rival us most completely in the purity of their written English;" p. 210 that "Scottish authors cannot now injure their style by imitating one another, and that English authors may in many instances consult it as a model."—That the English composition of the Scotch is often *grammatically* more correct than that of the native English authors we can readily allow; but we believe that it will always be found *idiomatically* more impure. Indeed we hardly know a Scottish writer, in whose works we could not point out numerous idiomatical incongruities.—The

Scotch for the most part studying English as a dead language, learn to speak and write according to grammatical rules, against which they are solicitous not to offend; but though the grammar of a language may be learned by rule, the idiom can hardly be perfectly understood without a long and continued residence among the natives where it is spoken in most purity and elegance.—The idiomatic niceties of a language are hardly susceptible of being taught by rule, and if they could be confined within the precincts of particular rules, those rules would be so numerous as to elude the attention and flit from the memory.—They rather perplex than instruct.—It is not merely retentiveness of memory, but *experience of fear* which is most necessary to impress the genuine peculiarities of idiom, the delicate variations of which are readily perceived by a native, but are not easily mastered by a foreigner. Even the style of Robertson, though more elaborately polished than that of most Scottish writers, exhibits instances of awkwardness in some of the combinations, of quaintness in the phraseology, and of stiffness in construction, which shew that the author, notwithstanding all the pains which he took, was not *completely at home* in the use of the English idiom.

In the twelfth chapter before he leaves Edinburgh, our good-humoured traveller describes the mode of administering relief to the poor in Scotland, on which subject he quotes some excellent remarks, from Lord Kames, and adds some sensible observations of his own.

Sir John has detained us so long at Edinburgh that we must pass more rapidly over the remainder of his tour. The knight prosecutes his journey by the Queen's ferry to Linlithgow. At Lord Hopetoun's house he observed, as he had done in other houses of Scotland, that the wainscot of the dining room had never received a coat of paint, and was told by the servant that his lord was very fond of the deal colour, though it is most cheerless and repulsive to the sight.

The Scottish process of washing attracted the attention of Sir John, who did not gaze with strict composure upon the washer-woman, who having soaped the linen, *kilted her coats*, or raised them above her knees, and then danced round the tub pressing out the dirt with her feet. After visiting the celebrated iron works of the Carron company, where more than five thousand pieces of ordnance have at one period been made in a year, he passes on to Stirling, where he finds every part of the ancient castle converted into modern barracks. The insulated castle of Lochleven near Kinross affords sir John an opportunity which he does not suffer to escape of detailing the confinement of Mary in that fortress, her escape and her subsequent misfortunes. In the little town

of Kinross, 'there are no less than three schools, in each of which writing and accounts are taught at three shillings per annum for each pupil.'

'With the exception of the New Town, Edinburgh, and the town of Perth, the capital of the county of Perthshire, is by far the best built and most regular of any in Scotland. Perhaps a finer situation for a capital could not be found. The streets are broad and long, well paved, with handsome buildings on either side, and many elegant shops.'

'The salmon-fisheries of the rivers are very extensive. Fish packed in ice are sent to London every spring, and part of the summer. So abundant are the fisheries that three thousand salmon have been caught in one morning, weighing altogether eight and forty thousand pounds.'

Sir John travelled through the narrow but beautiful plain called the Carse of Gowrie, which extended for sixteen miles along the northern shore of the Tay, to Dundee, which is a fine and flourishing town. A strong passion for literature is very conspicuous in this town as well as in Perth. At Aberdeen, where we shall next attend Sir John, he celebrates the memory of the late Dr. Beattie in language which, according to our notions, sickens with affectation.

'His refined modesty,' says the author, 'acted upon his rich and cultivated mind as a fine veil upon a beautiful face, increasing the charms which it rather covered than concealed.'

We are then told that the piety of his sovereign, captivated with the eloquence of the holy advocate, sought for the pleasure of his personal conversation.

The Lunatic-hospital at Aberdeen is said to deserve attention for 'its neatness and order, and the excellent treatment' of the unfortunate inhabitants. We are then told, that Dr. Dyce has tried the following experiment in violent paroxysms of insanity.

'He has had a machine like a pump made, into which the maniac is shut, and so closely confined in an erect position, so as not to be able to move, in which state, water is pumped upon his bare head. The terror produced by this process, has, I believe never failed to subdue the paroxysm and to render the patient much milder and more rational.'

Previously to the present war Aberdeen carried on a considerable trade in the export of

'Worsted stockings knitted on wires. The principal manufactures at present consist of cottons and linens.'—There are also several  
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very extensive manufactures of white and coloured threads, for which articles Aberdeen has been long famous.'—'An acre of land here is worth double the rent of an acre in the neighbourhood of London owing to the absence of poor rates.'

For a considerable distance before our traveller reached Fochabers, the 'vast plantations of the Duke of Gordon spread themselves before the view; and the name of his grace was mentioned with all the homage due to that of a great chieftain or a little prince.' Sir John had not the pleasure of seeing the noble owners of this stately mansion, which presents a prodigious front of five hundred and sixty-eight feet, but he beheld the portrait of the duchess with wonderful complacency.

'A more frank and lovely face I never beheld. The beautiful conceits of Cowley were present to my mind as I gazed upon it,'

'Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,  
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;  
Loves does on both her lips for ever stray,  
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.'

The Scottish peasantry are one of the hardiest races of men under the sun. The following is stated by sir John as the customary diet by which all this compactness of bone and vigour of muscle are produced.

'The food of the farmer's servants is very simple in this as well as in all the northern counties in Scotland. On week days their ordinary breakfast is porridge made of oatmeal, eaten warm with milk or small beer; their dinners a kind of flummery, called sowens, which I saw for the first time used in the lunatic asylum at Aberdeen, made from the bran of oatmeal, and generally eaten with milk; and for supper greens or cabbages, either cut small or mashed, and afterwards boiled, with an addition of oatmeal and salt; at each meal they use bread made of oats, bean, and pease-meal. Broth made of pot-barley, with greens and roots, and a little butcher's meat, solemnize the Lord's day.'

We were much pleased with the following instance of kindness and civility in the lower orders of Scotland. A few miles before sir John, who was on horseback, reached Nairn, he came to a gloomy heath from which two roads diverged and he knew not which to take.

'The night,' says he, 'was advancing, I was alone, and all was silent. In *this* dilemma I rode back to a little *black town*, which I had passed, consisting of some miserable turf hovels, the inhabitants of which had all retired to rest; after knocking at the door of one of them for some time, a tall athletic peasant whose slumbers appeared to have been as sound as health and innocence generally unite to render them, addressed me with the usual salutation, 'what's u wull?'

Upon my telling him my situation, instead of giving me any directions, he came out, and, with no other covering than a shirt, insisted upon walking by the side of my horse for a mile, till he had seen me out of the possibility of mistaking my road, which he did with the most perfect good humour and at parting refused to accept a *douceur* for such extraordinary attention: indeed he appeared to be hurt that I should have offered it.'

Upon quitting Nairn Sir John found the Erse every where spoken; 'the male children wear philibegs, and the women and children go without shoes or stockings.'—Before he reached Inverness the knight quitted his chaise to visit the moor of Culloden, which of course invites him to expatiate on the adverse fortunes of the pretender and the intrepid fidelity of Flora Macdonald. This celebrated lady died in the year 1790 in the isle of Sky. At Inverness, 'the seat of Highland elegance and refinement,' Sir John 'experienced all the comforts of an hotel which would be respected in the most fashionable parts of London.' 'The salmon-fisheries here and at Fort George are let to London fishmongers.' 'There is a great appearance of industry and opulence, of urbanity and refinement, amongst the inhabitants.' 'The females are remarked for their beauty.'

The Scottish poor seem to furnish a most satisfactory solution of the difficult problem in political economy, whether the lower orders be benefited by literary education, whether their morals be improved and their public usefulness increased? In no part of the world is a taste for reading more generally diffused over the mass of the population; but in no part of the world is honesty more practised, property more secure, or the public tranquillity less likely to be disturbed. It is education which has in a great measure calmed the turbulent and marauding spirit of the highlands.

'In parts which appear to be impenetrable to civilization, upon the sides of frightful mountains or in dismal glens, seldom visited by the rays of heaven, the astonished and admiring traveller beholds a spectacle at once gratifying and affecting. In a hut of branches and sods, when the hour of labour is over, the young, enlightened by those institutions which do honour to human nature, are seen instructing those who are younger, or consoling the last hours of venerable and sightless age, by reading aloud the scriptures, or some pious book, printed in their own language; yet in this sorry dwelling the benighted traveller may dwell in safety amid the howling storm; not a hand will be extended to him but in kindness, not a voice will be raised but to charm his ear with the song of other times, or, if he understands the language, to store his mind with the wild, romantic and beautiful effusions of the Gaelic muse.'

The Caledonian canal which commences near Inverness,



and which is designed to unite the German with the Atlantic ocean, will, when finished, make a great accession to the trade and opulence of that town.

‘The amelioration of this part of the Highlands and of a considerable distance round must be great and rapid. New sources of industry and enterprize will be opened, new settlements will be established, new towns will rise, the fisheries will be increased and agriculture will wave, wherever the soil will admit her golden harvest.’

The Highland hamlets according to Sir John, resemble, at a distance,

‘A number of piles of turf. In general they are built in glens and straths, or upon the side of a lake or near a river or a stream, adjoining to which there is a little arable land.’—‘A tolerable hut is divided into three parts; a luff which is the kitchen; a benn, an inner room; and a byar where the cattle are housed. Frequently the partition of the chambers is effected by an old blanket, or a piece of sailcloth. In the kitchen and frequently in the inner room there are cupboard-beds for the family: or what is more frequent when the fire on the ground is extinguished, they put their bed of heath and blankets upon the spot where it is burned, on account of the ground being dry. A true farmer loves to sleep near the byar that he may hear his cattle eat.’

‘The hardihood of the Highlander is almost proverbial. He attributes his health to the keenness of the air and the want of doctors. The Highlanders are accustomed to derive comfort from what would in all probability occasion death to other men. It is well known that in cold dry windy weather, when these mountaineers are obliged to sleep amongst the hills to attend their cattle, they soak their plaid in a burn or a brook, in which having rolled themselves, they select a spot of heath upon the leeward side of some hill for their bed, where they are kept quite warm by the wet which prevents the wind from penetrating the stuff. The following whimsical characteristic anecdote is recorded to have happened in the Highlands many years since.—A hardy chieftain, when stretching himself out to sleep by the side of a hill, after a long day’s hunt, observed that his son, a young man of twenty, had collected a quantity of *snow* for a pillow, on which he was preparing to lay his head, when his sturdy father severely reproached him, and would not suffer him to enjoy such a luxury.’

‘The colours of the plaid harmonise so well with the russet and heathy colours of the highland mountains, that they much facilitate the Highlander in the destruction of game. It cannot fail to strike a stranger with surprize that a dress so thin, and easily penetrated by rain and wind, should be used in a region which is seldom visited with either dry or warm weather. Here, as in the north of Europe, the human frame becomes indurated by exposure to all weathers, and clothing but an inferior and secondary consideration. The Norwegian suffers the snow to settle on his naked breast, and freeze there;

and the Russian generally trusts to his beard to save his throat from the cold, in a season and a climate in which, if water be thrown up into the air, it falls down in ice. So inured to, and so careless of rain, are the Highlanders, that it is related, that when an Englishman was walking with a Highland peasant, a violent storm overtook them, upon which the former buttoned his coat, and fastened the plaid which he had borrowed round, whilst the latter stripped himself naked, and seated himself upon his tartan dress, which he had formed into a bundle, and, in this manner, very contentedly waited until the rain was over, when he laughed at his companion on account of his clothes being wet, whilst his own, by this hardy contrivance, were dry.

We shall here take our leave of Sir John without accompanying him in his excursion to the Hebrides or by Inverary and Glasgow back to England. We have, on the whole, found him an amusing traveller. He picks up a good deal of miscellaneous, but sometimes instructive, and seldom unentertaining information by the way. His book is evidently not merely the result of his own observation and research, but of other books from which he has carefully culled whatever seemed applicable to his purpose. Sir John does not appear to be a man of very deep reflection nor of very comprehensive views; he is garrulous and vain; but his garrulity is seldom offensive, and his vanity is a good humoured quality; and though we cannot bestow on him the praise of transcendent excellence, we can safely recommend his Caledonian Sketches as a very agreeable performance.

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ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Thomas Brand-Hollis, Esq. F.R.S. and S.A. Amicitia Sacrum. Large 4to. Gillett, Printer. 1808.*

~ THE life of Thomas Brand-Hollis, Esq. F.R.S. and S.A. offers few particulars for the record of the biographer, and fewer still on which he can dwell with any peculiar satisfaction. Thomas Brand, who afterwards assumed the name of Hollis, was born in 1719. He was successively sent to be instructed at the schools of Brentwood and Felstead in Essex, and at the University of Glasgow. In July, 1748, he set out on a tour to the continent in company with Mr. Thomas Hollis, with whom Dr. Disney does not mention how Mr. Brand became acquainted. We were anxious to know whether their friendship first commenced at school, or at the university, or whether it were formed only by accident a little before they visited the continent. Had the friendship of these two gentlemen begun in early youth, and been constantly cherished in the subsequent periods of life, it would diminish our surprize at the extraordinary trans-

action which afterwards made so great a change in the fortune as well as the name of Mr. Brand.

Mr. Brand and Mr. Hollis returned to England in December, 1749. Mr. Brand went abroad again in the autumn of the following year, and did not revisit his native country till the summer of 1753. Mr. Hollis pursued nearly the same route, and about the same time; but *he no longer travelled in company with his friend*, though Dr. Disney says, that they corresponded with each other by letter, and occasionally met on the road.

After the return of Mr. Brand from his second tour, we are told that he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1756, of the Society of Antiquaries in 1757, and a member of the Academy of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in 1759. He had previously become a governor of Guy's Hospital, as well as of St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark. During his residence in the country Mr. Brand paid considerable attention to the improvement of his mansion and his grounds. The former he embellished with some curious pieces of ancient art, and to the latter he appears to have communicated as much picturesque effect as the situation would admit.

Thomas Hollis, Esq. of Corscombe, in Dorsetshire, died in 1774, and left to his friend Mr. Brand all his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, after deducting some pecuniary legacies. Of this Mr. Thomas Hollis, it is said, and we believe truly, that he was 'an Englishman, a lover of liberty, his country, and its original constitution, as most nobly confirmed at the glorious revolution.' We cannot bestow the same praise on the man to whom he bequeathed his fortune. Mr. Thomas Hollis is said to have been a Briton of such pure principles that he would not accept a seat in a certain assembly because he thought it contaminated by corruption; but Mr. Brand, in a very few months after the death of his friend and benefactor, had recourse to the most scandalous bribery in order to obtain a vote in parliament for the borough of Hindon. But the corruption which he practised was so notorious that his election was declared void; and on a prosecution at law in the county of Wilts, he was sentenced to pay a fine, and to suffer an imprisonment of six months in the King's Bench. Thus a considerable portion of the munificent bequest of that inflexible patriot, Thomas Hollis, was dissipated by his successor in a way that indicates a want of virtue and a contempt of liberty. It was indeed a transaction most disgraceful to Mr. Brand-Hollis, and most insulting to the memory of the upright patriot from whom he derived his property. The manner in which Dr.

Disney speaks of this affair is very reprehensible. He allows that Mr. Brand-Hollis had *violated the theoretical purity* of a parliamentary election; but he attempts to find an excuse for his conduct in the supposed example of others who practise the same turpitude with impunity; and he finally seems to think the censure which he experienced a reflection on the *consistency* of the House. But if the House be generally lenient in such instances, yet the severity of its proceedings in this seems to have been excited and to have been justified by the enormity of the case.

When Dr. Disney confesses with such courteous gentleness that Mr. Brand-Hollis violated the *theoretical purity* of the constitution, he seems to speak not merely as if he thought that a very venial offence which strikes at the very root of individual principle and of national independence, but as if he supposed that the species of public virtue which Mr. Brand-Hollis contemned, was only an airy abstraction, without the possibility of being embodied in the forms of palpable existence. But if there be such a thing as a true theory of political honesty, and if that theory be ratified in the laws of the British constitution, which positively forbids the practice of bribery at elections, then surely Dr. Disney will allow that Mr. Brand-Hollis was guilty of violating not only a philosophical theory of right, but a positive prohibition of wrong. The numerous examples of venality and corruption which may disgrace the benches of the House of Commons, ought not to have influenced the conduct of Mr. Brand-Hollis; and much less ought they to have been exultingly produced by Dr. Disney in extenuation of his offence. For Mr. Brand-Hollis had a shining example of great public virtue before him in the life of Mr. Thomas Hollis, his generous benefactor. Not only the ordinary feeling of justice, but the heavenly sentiment of gratitude ought to have incited him to copy this bright pattern of political worth, rather than to rush with a multitude into the vortex of iniquity. But the heart of Thomas Hollis had not long ceased to beat, ere the man, whom he had loved as his friend, and for whom he had made an ample provision as if he had been his only child, despised both his precepts and his example, and resolved to obtain the dignity of a senator at every expense of public principle and of private gratitude. Will Dr. Disney any longer wonder why Mr. John Hollis, of High Wycombe, in whose bosom the principle of public virtue has hitherto been an unsullied gem, could not respect Mr. Brand?

The contrast between the conduct and the principles of Mr. Thomas Hollis and of Mr. Brand-Hollis, is not a little remarkable. Mr. Thomas Hollis refused to obtain a seat in

parliament even by honest means, but it is clear that Mr. Brand-Hollis would have been happy to become a senator by any means. There was something like chivalrous chastity in the patriotic delicacy of the first, but the grossness of the most common prostitution is visible in the ambitious longings of the last.

Though we may ascribe the incorrupt probity of a patriot to Mr. Thomas Hollis, yet we can hardly think that his conduct was in unison with that duty which the kindred affections prescribe, or with that equity which arises out of the domestic relations, when he left the *whole mass* of his property with a few inconsiderable deductions, to one who was a stranger, and in preference to near and dear relatives, *from the industry of whose common ancestors the fortune which he possessed had been derived*. We respect the conduct and we esteem the sensibility of him who is kind-hearted, beneficent, and generous to his friends; but we never can think that that man deserves the name of amiable or of just who enriches strangers while he heeds not his relations. Had the property of Mr. Thomas Hollis been *acquired by his own industry*, his relatives would have had less reason to complain, if he had afterwards thrown it abroad upon the waters as caprice might suggest or generosity impel. But when we recollect that the property of Mr. Thomas Hollis was not his own personal acquisition, but a family bequest, the *larger part*, at least, instead of being lavished on an alien from the family, ought, in point not only of justice but of gratitude, to have been *restored to the descendants of the stock from which it came*. If Dr. Disney himself will dispassionately consider this case, as a question of abstract right or wrong, we are persuaded that his sense of rectitude will cause him to agree with us in thinking that Mr. Thomas Hollis did what was contrary to equity in leaving the bulk of his property to a stranger, *while he had near and dear relations living at the time*.

Mr. Brand-Hollis died September 9, 1804. As he had received the larger part of his property from a stranger he seems to have been determined to follow the example by giving it to a stranger at his death, instead of causing it to revert, as the hallowed sentiments of equity required, to the heirs of those from whom it came. Where an injury has been done, we have always thought that restitution ought to take place where the individual possesses the opportunity. In this instance, a signal injury had been done to the relations of Mr. Thomas Hollis, by the deprivation of that property to which they had an equitable claim. Mr. Brand-Hollis was the gentleman who was benefited by the injury, which was thus inflicted on the unoffending parties; and as

he also died without children we think that he ought, in conscience, at his death to have restored the property which he had enjoyed during his life *to those from whose well-founded expectations it had been snatched without a cause.*

Mr. John Hollis of High Wycombe is the surviving representative of the family, being the second in descent from John Hollis, by whose singular diligence and sagacity in trade the greater part of that fortune was acquired which came into the possession of Mr. Thomas Hollis, and which that gentleman afterwards without any adequate reason alienated to Mr. Brand. If therefore Mr. Brand-Hollis had paid due deference to the claims of equity in the distribution of his property, Mr. John Hollis is the person to whom he ought to have bequeathed the Dorsetshire estate. Mr. John Hollis might well express the feeling of disappointment when he found that Mr. Brand-Hollis had not even mentioned his name in his will. Mr. John Hollis indeed knew Mr. Brand too well to expect much either from the rigor of his justice, or the sensibility of his gratitude; but something he confesses that he did expect. He knew that some regard for decency, and some respect for the public opinion of what is right, will often operate in bosoms to which other considerations will be in vain addressed. If in this respect, Mr. John Hollis indulged a fallacious hope, it cannot be said that he cherished an unreasonable expectation. If it be said that Mr. John Hollis was not in circumstances of indigence, this did not extenuate the injustice of Mr. Brand. Is a man to withhold the payment of his debts because his creditor is rich? Or are the claims of equity to be superseded by the absence of want? Those who are best acquainted with Mr. John Hollis will, we believe, assent to the assertion that he was never exceeded by any of his family in integrity or benevolence: and that the tenderness of his heart was not likely to have been hardened even by the sunshine of affluence.

The manner in which Dr. Disney has spoken of Mr. John Hollis in p. 24, contains a mixture of sneer and jest, of impotent self-sufficiency on the one hand, and of petulant contempt on the other, which we think that the reverend biographer, however much he may indulge such feelings at the 'Hyde near Ingatestone,' had better have repressed in this sepulchral publication.

'Soon after the decease of Mr. Brand-Hollis,' says Dr. Disney, there appeared in some periodical publications a captious disposition to sully his memory. But both these attempts were open to refutation. One of them was apparently founded in a double disappointment; or else ordinary words and ordinary reasonings have

lost their meaning, and the doctrine of causes and consequences has no ground to rest upon. In proof of this remark, we will refer to a controversy in the Gentleman's Magazine, originating in an article from the pen of Mr. John Hollis ; to whom a gentleman who had no personal knowledge either of Mr. Brand-Hollis or of Mr. John Hollis replied under the signature of 'Æacus', but whose real name was entirely unknown to me, till after he had volunteered in defence of the parties assailed. Although I took neither 'art nor part' as the Scots say, in that dispute, I could not help observing a very erroneous statement of the Hollis fortune, and not a very correct one of the respect which Mr. John Hollis 'was very certain that Mr. Brand-Hollis entertained for him.' At least, I well remember to have taken no small pains to remove some unfavourable impressions which I thought my friend entertained of that worthy gentleman. In the same ill advised letter before referred to, Mr. John Hollis goes on to say, 'he wishes he could return the compliment' that is have respected Mr. Brand Hollis. I pretend not to account for the expressions of other persons, or for their occasional inconsistency ; but I well recollect to have seen a copy of Mr. John Hollis's 'Reasons for Scepticism,' which he had presented to Mr. Brand-Hollis, in which was written, as is not, indeed, unusual in such cases, 'from the Author, with his respectful compliments.' It was August 7, 1799.'

As Mr. John Hollis had manifested no disposition to continue the controversy which was begun in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1804-5, we do not see why it should have been revived by Dr. Disney by the republication of the correspondence, nor why he should have gone out of his way to insult Mr. John Hollis, by the offensive manner, the affected complaisance, and the real ill-will, which it requires but little sagacity to detect in the passage which we have quoted above.

We make no remarks on the pains which Dr. Disney took to remove the prejudices which, he says, that Mr. Brand-Hollis entertained respecting 'that worthy gentleman ;' for we dare say that they were very great though certainly not very successful. But we cannot help noticing the curious argument which the doctor employs to prove Mr. John Hollis guilty of inconsistency. When Dr. Disney writes to Mr. John Hollis, or to any other gentleman for whom he entertains no very great deference, and signs himself his 'humble servant,' would he think it right to have those expressions quoted as a proof that he is deficient in consistency and truth? Are the common formulæ of compliment to be considered as the touchstone of hypocrisy? But we have done with this subject. We heartily wish Dr. Disney health of body and peace of mind to enjoy the fortune which Mr. Brand-Hollis bestowed, but we wish him to do it without

any farther attempt to lacerate the feelings of a most respectable and benevolent individual.

The only part of the present performance which is likely much to interest the general reader is contained in some letters which were written to Mr. Brand-Hollis by Mr. John Adams, who was afterwards president of the government of the United States. From these letters we shall make some extracts, which we are the more inclined to do as the work is not likely to experience an extensive circulation. Mr. and Mrs. Adams paid a visit to Mr. Brand-Hollis in the summer of 1786 and 1787; and Mr. A. appears to have felt, or at least to have professed, a considerable degree of respect for his host.

In a letter which was written to Mr. Brand-Hollis from Portsmouth in April, 1788, we find the following observations:

‘ It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people; and by a people I mean a common people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen; and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority in one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies, Aristocratia and Democratia, will eternally pull caps till one or other is mistress. If the first is the conqueress, she never fails to depress and debase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher. Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favourable to liberty. Kings and the common people have both a common enemy in the gentlemen, and they must unite in some degree or other against them, or both will be destroyed; the one dethroned, and the other enslaved. The common people too are unable to defend themselves against their own ally, the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is therefore indispensably necessary that the gentlemen in a body, or by representatives, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king I mean a single person possessed of the whole executive power. You have often said to me, that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true. It is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty without some balance; and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people cannot preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do if they had the election of a king, and an house of lords to make, once a year, or once in seven years, as well as of an house of commons? It seems evident, at first blush, that periodical elections of the king and peers of England, in addition to the commons, would produce agitations that must



destroy all order and safety as well as liberty. The gentlemen too, can never defend themselves against a brave and united common people, but by an alliance with a king; nor against a king without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded: they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen, and common people,—all increase, instead of being satisfied by indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow that it is necessary to place checks upon them all.'

In a letter from New York, in June, 1790, Mr. A. says,

'The great and perpetual distinction in civilized societies has been between the rich, who are few, and the poor, who are many. When the many are masters, they are too unruly, and then the few are too tame, and afraid to speak out the truth. When the few are masters, they are too severe, and then the many are too servile. This is the strict truth. The few have had most art and union, and therefore have generally prevailed in the end. The inference of wisdom from these premises is, that neither the poor nor the rich should ever be suffered to be masters. They should have equal power to defend themselves; and that their power may be always equal, there should be an independent mediator between them, always ready, always able, and always interested to assist the weakest. Equal laws can never be made or maintained without this balance.'

The engravings of this work appear to be well executed; but we cannot bestow much praise on the paper or the print. The paper of the copy which is lying on our table, is a sort of oily-white, or whitish-brown. We suppose that Dr. Disney intended this book as a literary tribute to the memory of his friend; and it would have given us pleasure if we could have bestowed on it the praise of ability or elegance. But our respect for individuals must give way to our love of truth, and to the honest impartiality of criticism.

ART. VIII.—*Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Army, through the Revolutionary War and First President of the United States. By Aaron Bancroft, A.A.S. Pastor of a Congregational Church in Worcester. pp. 560. 8vo. Stockdale. 1808.*

MR. Bancroft says that, in the composition of this life of the great founder of the freedom of the United States, he

'has made Judge Marshall his leading authority for facts, and has in some measure followed him in the order of events. The histories

of the war by Doctors Ramsay and Gordon, and several original writings, have been consulted ; but he trusts that greater liberty has not been taken with any of them than is fair and honourable. The few facts which have not before been published, were received immediately from confidential friends of General Washington, or from gentlemen, who, in respectable official situations, were members of his family during his military command.'

General Washington exhibits such a rare instance of ambition, restrained within the bounds of virtue and of patriotism, that we are glad to seize every fresh opportunity which occurs, to narrate the actions of his life, and to propose his character as a singular pattern of military enterprise united with philosophic moderation.

The great grandfather of General Washington had migrated from the north of England; to Westmoreland in Virginia in 1657, when he purchased the estate on which George Washington was born, in 1732. His father died when he was ten years of age ; but his mother appears to have taken care that his education should experience no neglect. He was not instructed in the learned languages ; but in mathematics, geography, and history. During several years of his minority he is said to have been employed as a county-surveyor, in which office he was conspicuous for his diligence, and for the accuracy of his plans. The knowledge which he acquired in his occupation, was turned to account in his future life. His genius early discovered a military bias ; and in the war, which was kindled between France and England in 1747, it was only the affectionate apprehensions of his mother which prevented him from serving as a midshipman in the British navy. At the age of nineteen he was appointed one of the adjutant-generals of Virginia, with the rank of major. In 1753, he was sent on a mission to warn the French against the further prosecution of a plan which they had formed of uniting Canada with Louisiana by a chain of posts. Mr. Washington commenced his journey from Williamsbourg, and had to pass through an unexplored wilderness occupied by tribes of Indians, who were ill-disposed to the English interest. After various obstacles he arrived at the French posts, and delivered his letters to Monsieur le Gardeur de St. Pierre, the commanding officer on the Ohio. On his return an ambuscade was prepared for his destruction by a party of French Indians.

One of them not fifteen steps distant, fired, but without effect. This Indian the Major took into custody, and kept him until nine o'clock, then let him go, and walked himself all the remaining part of the night, without making any stop, that he might be out of

reach of pursuit next day, supposing that the party would then follow his track. The second day he reached the river two miles above the Shannapis, expecting to find it frozen over; but the ice extended only fifty yards from the shore; though quantities of it were driving in the channel. A raft was their only means of passing, and they had but one poor hatchet with which to make it. It cost them a hard day's work to form the raft; the next day they launched it, went on board, and attempted the passage; but before they were half way over they were inclosed by masses of ice, and threatened with immediate destruction. Mr. Washington put down his setting pole to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, but the rapidity of the current threw the ice with such force against the pole, that it jerked him out in ten feet water. But fortunately he saved himself by seizing one of the raft logs. With their utmost efforts they were unable to reach either shore, but with difficulty they landed on an island. The cold was so severe that Mr. Gist, the pilot, had his hands and feet frozen. The next morning, without hazard, they passed the river on the ice, and were received into the lodgings of Mr. Frazier, an Indian trader. Here Major Washington took a horse, and on the 16th January, 1754, reached Williamsburg, and made report of his proceedings.

Soon after this, Mr. Washington had the command of some provincial troops, who distinguished themselves in their rencontres with the French; but a regulation being published in America, that general and field officers of provincial troops should have no rank, when serving with general and field officers commissioned by the crown, Colonel Washington resigned his commission in disgust. But in 1755, he accepted an invitation of General Braddock, who was preparing an expedition to the Ohio, to join his army as his volunteer aid-de-Camp. General Braddock who neglected the precautions which were recommended by Washington, fell into an ambuscade within seven miles of Fort du Quesne. He was suddenly attacked by a party of French and Indians. Braddock received a mortal wound; Washington had two horses shot under him, and four balls through his coat. The frontiers of Virginia were now left open to the invasion of the enemy. The assembly of the province determined to raise a regiment of sixteen companies of which they appointed Washington colonel. He was now placed in circumstances which were very favourable to the formation of a general in a revolutionary war. He had to defend a frontier of three hundred and sixty miles with an incompetent force; and his vigilance, his penetration, and his caution, were constantly exercised in preventing the sudden and rapid inroads, and in guarding against the treachery of the foe whom he had to oppose. He had

at the same time, to encourage the patience and the fortitude of individuals under the ravages to which they were liable from the subtle machinations and desolating ferocity of the enemy. He had to combat the selfishness and the fears of the inhabitants, and, at the same time, to repress the insubordination of his own troops, for the support of which, the province had neither provided money nor magazines. The presence of these difficulties assisted in maturing those virtues and qualifications which were afterwards so conspicuously displayed in the revolutionary war. His motives were traduced, his plans misrepresented, secret calumnies were circulated against him, and his attempts to promote the public good were frustrated by malice, or by ignorance. The letters which he wrote at this period, vividly depict the state of his mind and the difficulties of his situation. In a dispatch to governor Dinwiddie he thus describes the distresses of the province, which he had no resources to alleviate, and the uneasiness and mortification to which he was exposed.

‘ I know their danger, and participate their sufferings; without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises. In short, I see inevitable destruction in so clear a light, that, unless vigorous measures are taken by the assembly, and speedy assistance sent from below, the poor inhabitants, now in forts, must unavoidably fall, while the remainder are flying before the barbarous foe. In fine, the melancholy situation of the people, the little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuses cast upon the officers in general, which is reflected on me in particular, for suffering misconduct of such extraordinary kind, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining reputation in the service, cause me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign, without one hesitating moment, a command from which I never expect to reap either honour or benefit; but, on the contrary, have almost an absolute certainty of incurring displeasure below, while the murder of helpless families may be laid to my account here.

‘ The supplicating tears of the women, and the moving petitions of the men, melt me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would conduce to the people’s ease.’

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‘ Whence it arises, or why, I am ignorant; but my strongest representations of matters relative to the peace of the frontiers are disregarded as idle and frivolous; my propositions and measures, as partial and selfish: and all my sincerest endeavours for the service of my country, perverted to the worst purposes. My orders are dark, doubtful and uncertain. To-day approved, to-morrow con-

demned; left to act and proceed at hazard; accountable for the consequences, and blamed without the benefit of defence. If you can think my situation capable of exciting the smallest degree of envy, or of affording the least satisfaction, the truth is yet hid from you, and you entertain notions very different from the reality of the case. However, I am determined to bear up under all these embarrassments sometime longer, in the hope of better regulations under Lord Loudon, to whom I look for the future fate of Virginia.

‘That I have foibles, and perhaps many, I shall not deny. I should esteem myself, as the world also would, vain and empty, were I to arrogate perfection.’

‘Knowledge in military matters is to be acquired by practice and experience only, and if I have erred, great allowances should be made for my errors for want of them, unless those errors should appear to be wilful; and then I conceive it would be more generous to charge me with my faults, and let me stand or fall according to evidence, than to stigmatize me behind my back.’

In September 2, 1758, in a letter from Cumberland, he thus expresses his gloomy views and his bitter disappointment.

‘We are still encamped here very sickly and dispirited at the fatal prospect before us. That appearance of glory which we once had in view, even that hope, that laudable ambition of serving our country and meriting its applause, are now no more; all is dwindled into ease, sloth, and inactivity. In a word, all is lost, if the ways of men in power, like certain ways of Providence, are not inscrutable. But we, who view the actions of great men at a distance, can only form conjectures agreeably to a limited perception; and, being ignorant of the comprehensive schemes which may be in contemplation, might mistake egregiously in judging of things from appearance or by the lump. Yet every fool will have his notions, will prattle and talk away; and why may not I? We seem then, in my opinion, to act under the guidance of an evil genius. The conduct of our leaders, if not actuated by superior orders, is tempered with something—I do not care to give a name to. Nothing now but a miracle can bring this campaign to a happy issue.’

We have been the more particular in detailing the circumstances in which General Washington was placed at this early period, and the impediments, mortifications, and disgusts, which he had to encounter, in order the better to show how that singularly heroic, patient, cautious, and serene moral temperament had been formed, which shone so resplendent amid the ferment of the revolutionary contest, when from the greater passions which were excited, the greater interests which were endangered, and the more accu-

mulated distress which was experienced, he had greater difficulties to overcome, more imperious necessities to vanquish, stronger jealousies to appease, and more signal mortification to endure. The ultimate triumph of America was owing to that admirable peculiarity of his temperament, which could regulate not only his own passions but calm the impetuous and otherwise ungovernable emotions of the people.

In 1758, Fort du Quesne was abandoned by the French, and the name was changed to that of Fort Pitt, in compliment to the great statesman who now directed the affairs of this country. Colonel Washington saw his country relieved from the carnage and distress of an Indian war, an object which had occupied his attention and excited his exertions for several years. He now resigned his military commission, and retired to that domestic scene which his disposition and his virtues so well fitted him to enjoy.

In 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Curtis, with whom he lived on the happiest terms.

‘On his estate of Mount Vernon, he extensively engaged in the business of agriculture, and was greatly distinguished for the judgment he displayed in the improvement of his lands. Every branch of business was conducted upon system, exact method and economy were observed throughout every department of his household; the accounts of his overseers he weekly inspected, the divisions of his farm were numbered, the expense of cultivation, and the produce of each lot were regularly registered; and, at one view, he could determine the profit or loss of any crop, and ascertain the respective advantages of particular modes of husbandry. He became one of the greatest landholders in North America. Besides other great and valuable tracts, his Mount Vernon estate consisted of nine thousand acres, all under his own management. On which, in one year, he raised seven thousand bushels of wheat, and ten thousand of Indian corn. His domestic and farming establishments were composed of nearly a thousand persons; and the woollen and linen cloth necessary for their use, was chiefly manufactured on the estate.’

From the conclusion of the war on the frontiers of Virginia to the commencement of the revolutionary contest, Colonel Washington represented his district in the house of burgesses of his province. He took an active part in opposition to the right which the British parliament had assumed to tax the provinces; and was elected a member of the first congress which met in Philadelphia in 1774. In 1775 congress unanimously appointed him commander in chief of the American forces.

‘At the commencement of the war, the country was, in a great  
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degree, destitute of ammunition, and of every material necessary to clothe an army, and furnish the men with tents. There were no considerable magazines of provisions, and few tools suitable for the work of fortification. The men who composed the army were raised by different states, on short enlistments, and on different establishments; and they carried into the camp, the feelings and habits formed by their respective pursuits in private life. They were animated by the love of liberty, and possessed the resolution and bravery of hardy yeomanry; but they could not easily be brought to submit to the rigid rules of military subordination and discipline. The authority of congress and of different colonies, was blended in all the arrangements of the army. These causes occasioned numerous and complicated embarrassments to the commander in chief.

The American army was at first composed chiefly of militia or of troops enlisted only for a short period. They were in a great degree destitute of arms and clothing, and endured innumerable privations. When Washington first assumed the command, the British troops were commanded by General Gage, who was posted in the vicinity of Boston, and who suffered many favourable opportunities of destroying the American army to escape. Gage was succeeded by General Howe, whose happy imbecility in conducting the war is well known.

In 1776 General Washington in a letter to congress thus describes the state of his army, which had just experienced a defeat in Long Island.

‘The militia, instead of calling forth their utmost efforts to a brave and manly opposition, in order to repair our losses, are dismayed, intractable and impatient to return. Great numbers of them have gone off—in some instances, almost by whole regiments, by half ones, and by companies at a time. This circumstance of itself, independent of others, when fronted by a well appointed enemy, superior in number to our whole collected force, would be sufficiently disagreeable. But when their example has infected another part of the army; when their want of discipline, and refusal of almost every kind of restraint and government, have produced a like conduct, but too common to the whole, and an entire disregard of that order and subordination necessary to the well doing of an army, and which had been inculcated before, as well as the nature of our military establishment would admit of, our condition is still more alarming; and with the deepest concern I am obliged to confess my want of confidence in the generality of the troops.’

‘On every side there is a choice of difficulties; and every measure, on our part (however painful the reflection be from experience,) to be formed with some apprehension that all our troops will not do their duty. In deliberating on this great question, it was impossible to forget, that history, our own experience, the advice of our

ablest friends in Europe, the fears of the enemy; and even the declarations of Congress demonstrate that on our side, the war should be defensive—(it has ever been called a war of posts,)—that we should on all occasions avoid a general action, nor put any thing to the risk, unless compelled by a necessity into which we ought never to be drawn.’

On September 14, 1776, the American lines near New York, were abandoned to the British by the pusillanimity of the troops who were appointed to defend them. The panic was communicated to two brigades who were detached from the main body to support the troops in the breast-works. General Washington came up with his troops, who were retreating with the utmost precipitation, without paying any attention to the remonstrances of their officers.

‘While the commander in chief was, with some effect exerting himself to rally them, a very small body of the enemy appeared in sight, on which the men again broke, and a most dastardly route ensued. At this unfortunate moment, and only at this moment through his whole life, General Washington appears to have lost his fortitude. All the shameful and disastrous consequences of the defection of his army, rushed upon his mind, and bore down his spirits. In a paroxysm of despair, he turned his horse towards the enemy, seemingly with the intention to avoid the disgrace of the day by the sacrifice of his life: his aids seized the horse’s bridle, and with friendly violence, rescued him from the destruction that awaited him.’

The following reflections which we extract from a letter which Washington wrote at this time to Congress, in order to induce them to put the army, whose term of service was about to expire, on a permanent footing, appear to be the result of sober observation and agreeable to general experience:

‘When men are irritated,’ says he, ‘and their passions inflamed, they fly hastily and cheerfully to arms; but after the first emotions are over, to expect among such people as compose the bulk of an army, that they are influenced by any other principles than those of interest, is to look for what never did, and I fear never will happen; the congress will deceive themselves, therefore, if they expect it.

‘A soldier, reasoned with upon the goodness of the cause he is engaged in, and the inestimable rights he is contending for, hears you with patience, and acknowledges the truth of your observations: but adds, that it is of no more consequence to him than to others. The officer makes you the same reply, with this further remark, that his pay will not support him, and he cannot ruin himself and family to serve his country, when every member in the community is equally benefited and interested by his labours. The few, therefore, who act upon principles of disinterestedness, are comparatively speaking, no more than a drop in the ocean.



Towards the close of the year 1776, the American army was reduced in numbers, depressed by defeat, and exhausted by fatigue, naked, barefoot, destitute of tents and even of utensils with which to dress their scanty provisions. The army of the enemy on the contrary was well appointed and abundantly supplied. But in the more critical exigencies of the revolutionary war the genius of Washington was ever conspicuously displayed in accommodating his measures to his situation, and in extracting good out of evil. The following words of Washington, in his letter to General Schuyler, are no bad representation of the philosophic serenity of his own mind; and the admonitions which they include were forcibly recommended by his own practice in the most trying circumstances.

‘ We should never despair. Our situation has before been unpromising, and has changed for the better, so I trust it will again; if new difficulties arise, we must put forth new exertions, and proportion our efforts to the exigency of the times.’

Washington seems confidently to have anticipated, and in a considerable degree to have foreseen the fate that befel Burgoyne.

‘ I trust General Burgoyne’s army,’ says he, ‘ will sooner or later experience an effectual check; and as, I suggested before, that the success he had will precipitate his ruin.—He appears to be pursuing that line of conduct which of all others, is most favourable to us, I mean acting by detachments. This conduct will certainly give room for enterprize on our part and expose his parties to great hazard.’

In 1777, the conduct of General Washington was the subject of great obloquy and misrepresentation, and a party was formed to supplant him and to raise General Gates to the supreme command of the American armies. General Gates himself appears to have been privy to these intrigues; which were however finally frustrated by the firmness and moderation of Washington, as well as the imbecility and precipitation of his enemies. The army which he commanded was at this time almost totally destitute of every necessary; and it required all the vigilance and address of the commander to prevent their mutiny or dispersion. Few of the soldiers, as Washington himself said, had more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some, none at all. Numbers were confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmer’s houses on the same account. No less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men out of his small force were confined in camp unfit for duty, because they were barefoot and

otherwise naked. Notwithstanding the privations and sufferings of his troops Washington was severely blamed because he did not perform impossibilities, and beat the enemy without adequate means.

‘ I can assure those gentlemen,’ says Washington, alluding to his calumniators, ‘ that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire side, than to occupy a cold bleak hill, and sleep under frost or snow without clothes or blankets.’

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General Washington addressed letters to the executives of the New England states, painting in glowing colours, the condition of the army, and urging these constituted authorities, by every motive of patriotism and honour, to forward provisions to his camp. These applications were ultimately successful; but before relief in this way could be afforded, the scarcity was so great, as to threaten the total destruction of the army. The soldiers were at times without meat, for two, three, and in one instance, for five days.

But such is the force of patriotism, or of the spirit of liberty in a revolutionary struggle, that very few desertions of the native Americans took place even in these trying circumstances. Had Sir William Howe made a determined attack on the American camp at this period, the most disastrous consequences to the cause of the republicans would have ensued.

In 1779, great dissensions prevailed in Congress. The depreciation of the paper money had given rise to a tribe of speculators who fattened on the public misery, and the public good was impeded by the selfishness of individuals. A letter which Washington wrote at this period to a confidential friend, while it shows his sagacity and patriotism, supplies no inaccurate delineation of the interested passions which are often even more agitated in a revolutionary struggle than in any other period.

‘ I am particularly desirous of a free communication of sentiments with you at this time, because, I view things very differently, I fear, from what people in general do, who seem to think the contest at an end, and that to make money, and get places, are the only things now remaining to be done. I have seen without despondency, even for a moment, the hours which America has styled her gloomy ones; but I have beheld no day since the commencement of hostilities, when I have thought her liberties in such imminent danger as at present. Friends and foes seem now to combine to pull down the goodly fabric we have hitherto been raising, at the expense of so much time, blood, and treasure; and unless the bodies politic

will exert themselves to bring things back to first principles, correct abuses, and punish our internal foes, inevitable ruin must follow. Indeed we seem to be verging so fast to destruction, that I am filled with sensations to which I have been a stranger until within these three months. Our enemies behold with exultation and joy how effectually we labour for their benefit; and from being in a state of absolute despair and on the point of evacuating America, are now on tiptoe. Nothing, therefore, in my judgment, can save us but a total reformation in our own conduct, or some decisive turn of affairs in Europe. The former, alas! to our shame be it spoken, is less likely to happen than the latter, as it is now consistent with the views of the speculators, various tribes of money-makers, and stock-jobbers of all denominations, to continue the war for their own private emolument, without considering that the avarice and thirst for gain must plunge every thing, including themselves, in a common ruin.'

The depreciation of the paper currency had reduced the pay of the troops to hardly any thing beyond a nominal subsistence; which caused the greatest dissatisfaction, and the officers of one of the regiments of the Jersey brigades addressed a remonstrance to the legislature of the state, threatening to resign their commissions within three days if their grievances were not redressed. This placed the commander in chief in a very delicate situation. To exert his authority, or to abstain from that exertion might be equally injurious to the public service or to the interests of the army. He adopted the safest, and as the event proved the most effectual, method, of private and friendly exhortation. In a letter addressed to General Maxwell to induce the dissatisfied officers to desist from the rash measures which they had begun,

'Nothing,' said Washington, 'which has happened in the course of the war has given me so much pain as the remonstrance from the officers of the first Jersey regiment. I cannot but consider it as a hasty and imprudent step, which, on more cool consideration, they will themselves condemn.'

The coolness and discretion which Washington manifested on this and on many similar occasions, when the passions of individuals were on the point of taking a direction opposite the public interest, show how eminently he was qualified to conduct the vessel of the state through the revolutionary storm to the haven of freedom and of peace.

The following letter from General Washington to his friend General Schuyler will show the state of the American army on the commencement of 1779; and will serve of itself as an admirable eulogy on the conduct of the com-

mander in chief, who amid such arduous circumstances could preserve his own authority, and finally establish the triumph of his country.

‘Since the date of my last, we have had the virtue and patience of the army put to the severest trial. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread; at other times, as many days without meat; and once or twice, two or three days, without either. I hardly thought it possible at one period, that we should be able to keep it together, nor could it have been done, but for the exertions of the magistrates in the several counties of this state, on whom I was obliged to call; expose our situation to them, and in plain terms declare that we were reduced to the alternative of disbanding or catering for ourselves, unless the inhabitants would afford us their aid. I allotted to each county a certain proportion of flour or grain, and a certain number of cattle, to be delivered on certain days, and for the honour of the magistrates, and good disposition of the people, I must add, that my requisitions were punctually complied with, and in many counties exceeded. Nothing but this great exertion could have saved the army from dissolution or starving, as we were bereft of every hope from the commissaries. At one time, the soldiers eat every kind of horse food but hay. Buck wheat, common wheat, rye, and Indian corn composed the meal which made their bread. As an army they bore it with the most heroic patience; but sufferings like these, accompanied with the want of clothes, blankets, &c. will produce frequent desertion in all armies, and so it happened with us, though it did not excite a single mutiny.’

In 1780 a considerable French force under Count de Rochambeau was sent to the assistance of the Americans, but the wretched state of the republican army prevented, for a time, any effectual co-operation with their new allies. The orders of congress were very little regarded by the thirteen provinces, who exercised a sort of independent sovereignty, and paid no farther obedience to the central government than seemed to suit their convenience or was agreeable to their inclinations. No plan had yet been adopted for placing the army on a permanent footing; the soldiers were enlisted only for a short period, and the majority who returned home were obliged to be replaced by new levies at the end of the year. ‘I hoped,’ says Washington in the year 1780, ‘but I hoped in vain that a prospect was opening which would enable me to fix a period to my military pursuits, and restore me to domestic life.’ ‘But alas! these prospects flattering as they were have proved delusory.’

The treachery of Arnold was fortunately detected or it would probably have proved fatal to the cause of American independence. When André was taken prisoner,

'Arnold had the presumption to write a threatening letter to General Washington on the subject. The general deigned not to answer his letter, but he conveyed to him his wife and his baggage. The merits and the fate of André gave a darker shade to the baseness and treachery of Arnold, and he became an object of public detestation and abhorrence. "André," observed General Washington in a letter to a friend, "has met his fate with that fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man and gallant officer; but I am mistaken if at this time Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He wants feeling: from some traits of his character, which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in crime, so lost to all sense of honour and shame, that while his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse.'

Arnold was the only American officer who, during the war, deserted his banners, and turned his sword against his country.

In 1780, congress, instructed by experience and incited by the repeated remonstrances of the commander in chief, came to the determination of adopting a permanent military establishment. But notwithstanding this the state of the army was one of aggravated wretchedness in the winter of 1781. They were almost destitute of clothing and provisions, and they had remained almost a year without pay.

'Without murmuring,' says the author, 'they long endured their accumulated distresses. But the fortitude of the firmest men may be worn down. Disheartened by their sufferings, despairing of relief, and dissatisfied, that their country did not make more effectual exertions for their support, the spirit of mutiny broke out with alarming appearances.

'The Pennsylvania line stationed at Morristown, with the exception of three regiments revolted. On a concerted signal, the non-commissioned officers and privates turned out with their arms, and announced the design of marching to the seat of congress, there to demand a redress of their intolerable grievances. The mutiny defied opposition. In the attempt to quell it, one officer was killed, and several dangerously wounded. General Wayne, in a threatening attitude, drew his pistol, the mutineers presented their bayonets to his breast and said, "General, we love and respect you, but if you fire, you are a dead man. We are not going to the enemy, on the contrary if they were now to come out, you should see us fight under your orders with as much alacrity as ever; but we will no longer be amused; we are determined on obtaining what is our just due."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

**ART. IX.**—*Remarks on the Frequency and Fatality of different Diseases, particularly on the progressive Increase of Consumption: with Observations on the Influence of the Seasons on Mortality.* By William Woolcombe, M. D. 8vo. Longman. 1808.

IS it a fact, that consumption, which is deemed the scourge of the British isles, is progressively on the increase? This has been strongly insisted upon by Dr. Heberden in his work on the increase and decrease of diseases, founded upon observations taken principally from the London bills of mortality. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the total annual mortality being estimated at 21,000, Dr. Heberden has stated the deaths from consumption at 3000, or in the proportion of 1 to 7; in the middle of the century at 4,000, or as 1 to 5.25; and at the end at 5,000, or as 1 to 42.

Dr. Woolcombe remarks that two objections occur to the increase of the relative mortality, as a measure of the real increase of consumptive mortality.

First it may be said, that the increase of consumption within the bills of mortality is no proof of its general increase in the kingdom at large; since this may be attributed to the operation of local causes; and, secondly, it may be stated, that an increase in the proportion of mortality from one disease to the whole mortality, is no proof of its absolute increase; since the apparent augmentations in the former may have arisen from a real reduction of the latter.

To the first of these objections Dr. W. answers that there are no obvious changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the metropolis, to which this increase can be attributed; it is therefore probable that the variation of proportion which is found to take place in London, may be applied as a measure of increase and decrease to the whole kingdom. The local improvement in the metropolis has probably contributed largely to its general salubrity, and it seems improbable, at first view at least, that this circumstance should occasion an increase of mortality from one disease, and a diminution from all others. Dr. Woolcombe cites the register kept at Holycross and at Ackworth, in confirmation of the evidence of London bills of mortality. In the first the mortality from consumption was nearly doubled in the space of ten years in a small parish, where both the population and the general mortality was nearly invariable. At Ackworth there was an increase of one-eighth in ten years. But we think that in these observations,

the scale of observation was too confined to authorise any general conclusions. In calculations of this nature either very large numbers should be made use of, or if the registers of small parishes be referred to, at least it is requisite to establish an uniformity in a great variety of examples.

But, secondly, is not the increase of consumptive mortality merely apparent, arising from a decrease in the general mortality? This is certainly possible. Let us assume that at the end of the eighteenth century the average mortality amounted to 1 in 40. It may be made to appear from an easy arithmetical calculation, that if we suppose there to have been no absolute increase of consumption, the general mortality in 1700 would have been 1 in 27 nearly.

'It is obvious,' observes Dr. W. 'that no such proportions of deaths as has been stated in these two instances, could have happened without such a corresponding augmentation in the population of the country, as is known not to have occurred, and is altogether extravagant to suppose.'

The following statement gives a frightful account of the ravages of this disease :

'From an examination of two parts of the sixth table it appears, that during the last half century the proportion of consumption to general mortality has been as 1 to 4.2. But as the consumptive mortality may be comparatively less in the country than in town, from which the grounds of the calculation have been chiefly derived, to avoid exaggerations let the proportion for the kingdom at large be stated to be as 1 to 5. If this be admitted as just, and if it be granted that the annual mortality is to the population as 1 to 40; while it is ascertained that the inhabitants of Great Britain amount to eleven millions, it will be found that the *annual victims to consumption in this island* are not less than *fifty-five thousand persons*.'

'It is a matter of some importance to ascertain how far the southern parts of this island are exempted from the disease. On this head Dr. Woolcombe, who is resident at Plymouth, is competent to give very satisfactory testimony. To his work he has prefixed a table of the cases treated at the Plymouth public dispensary for seven years nearly. It appears that at this place the proportion of consumptive mortality is to the whole as 1 to 4.28. The phthisical mortality at Plymouth, it is said, has been of late years nearly one fourth less than in London and less by nearly one half than in Bristol. This last fact is, if true, very extraordinary. But may there not be an error in the construction of the tables? Dr. W. uses his own, in which we presume that he was very

careful to limit the term to genuine cases of *phthisis pulmonalis*. Had he consulted only parish registers, in which it must be presumed that most cases attended with great emaciation are denominated consumption, probably the difference would have been much less.

The evidence then in favour of the southern part of our island is very feeble. Nor do we believe that in fact any change of climate has the power of stopping the ravages of this insidious and cruel foe. But we cannot blame physicians for recommending the trial. Patients under the sufferings of a chronic and intractable disorder are restless; and their friends still more so. We are persuaded also that by removing to a comparatively mild atmosphere the disease is attended with less suffering, particularly from chills and fever. We once remarked this very strongly in the case of a lady, who lived the last months of her life in a cow-house. The disease went on uniformly to its fatal termination, as in other cases. But she almost entirely avoided rigour, and fever fits; and the uniform, tepid, and bland atmosphere was singularly agreeable and soothing.

On the causes of the increase of consumption Dr. W. does not offer a conjecture. If it be true (as indeed it seems probable) that at the same time the proportion of deaths to the whole population is diminished, or in other words that the country is become on the whole more healthy, we have little hesitation in asserting that the two phenomena are connected together as cause and effect. This may at first sight seem paradoxical. But let us suppose for a moment small-pox and all the contagious fevers, which cut off annually such multitudes absolutely annihilated. There would necessarily remain more victims of chronic diseases, the most common of which is pulmonary consumption. To determine the question, the first step is to ascertain to what is owing the improvement of the healthiness of the country. It is probably not the effect of any single cause. The improvement of agriculture, and the cleansing and widening of cities may have had much influence. We suspect too that the extended cultivation and universal use of potatoes has been very sensibly felt. We will not so far contradict the common opinion as to assert that vegetable food imparts as much strength as animal, though we suspect that this, like many other popular opinions is founded partly on prejudice, but it cannot be doubted, that those who are supported principally upon vegetables are less liable to fevers, and that fevers in such subjects are less fatal.

Dr. W. at p. 91, asserts that fevers are excluded from the London hospitals. In this he is mistaken. We believe most



of the London hospitals exclude small-pox; there being a small-pox-hospital. But we do not know that any other fever is excluded from any of them.

Consumption is commonly reckoned to be much confined to the earlier periods of life, from the numerous instances of this kind which real life daily presents, and which fiction continually employs to heighten the scenes of imaginary distress, we are led to confine its influence to an earlier and shorter period than that to which it is in reality extended. To correct this prejudice Dr. Woolcombe observes,

‘From statements of Dr. Haygarth and Dr. Aikin it appears, that one half of those who died of consumption in two years at Chester had passed their thirtieth year; and at Warrington three eighths had passed their forty-fifth year. At our dispensary, the number of those who have died beyond thirty exceeds the number of those who died before the attainment of that age in the proportion of two to one. The period between thirty and forty seems to be most fatal; the deaths within this term being equal to all these, and rather greater than those happening after forty.’

From the consideration of the increasing ravages of consumption, Dr. W. turns his view to the salubrity of the different parts of the year as measured by the mortality which prevails in the different seasons. He has collected several tables illustrative of this subject; and has brought the whole evidence into one point in the following table comprising the aggregate numbers of all the others.

Summer	June	45176	132298	278871	603048
	July	42325			
	August	44797			
Autumn	September	47579	146573		
	October	49489			
	November	49505			
Winter	December	53040	162957		
	January	56166			
	February	53751			
Spring	March	56340	161220	324177	
	April	53898			
	May	51482			

‘From this table, thus comprehensively formed, it appears, that the mortality is greatest in winter; but little less in spring; considerably diminished in autumn; and in summer much further reduced. The difference between the mortality in summer and winter is nearly as four to five; and if the summer and autumn period be contrasted with the winter and vernal portion of the year, it will be as six to seven. Retaining this table as a standard of comparison, in examining the other tables, from which it is formed, a generally prevailing correspondence will of course be

expected. Some variations in degree will, however, be found, and some deviations from the general course. The difference between the winter and summer half year is less in the London table than in any of the others, and greatest in Warrington, Chester, and the country parishes in Devonshire. May it hence be inferred, that, where the relative general mortality is bad, the proportion between the mortality in summer and winter will be greatest? For example, in the district in Devonshire confined to the three towns, the annual mortality is one in twenty-five,\* in the district comprising three adjacent country parishes, it is one in forty-five: in the former, the deaths in the summer half year are to those in the winter, as six to seven, in the latter as five to seven. Or, is the difference of proportion in London to be ascribed to this circumstance, that the metropolis has less than the usual proportion of persons of advanced age, whose deaths happen most frequently in winter, owing to the retirement of many towards the close of life, and the increased proportion of people of middle age derived from the perpetual recruits, which the population is receiving from persons of that description.

‘The deviations from the general inferences are chiefly to be found in the eleventh table. In the country parishes, from the registers of which it is formed, the mortality is greatest in spring, and is particularly excessive in the months of April and May. As in winter it is comparatively less, so in autumn it is rather greater. May it from these facts be induced, that life is more directly subjected to the influence of weather in the country than in towns; and that the diseases of spring and autumn, particularly of the former, are those to which the inhabitants are most obnoxious? If the limited extent of the table forbid the confident adoption of these conclusions, to future observations must be left their establishment or refutation.’

In London the mortality in the winter half of the year, is to the mortality in the summer half, as nine to eight. If on this account an exception be taken to the ratio of absolute mortality deduced from the table we have inserted, an approximation to a fair general average may be obtained, by stating the deaths in the winter half to exceed those in the summer half by one fifth of the whole. But if the London tables be included in the account, Dr. Woolcombe has apportioned the mortality in the different seasons on the following scale; in which it is assumed, on grounds which have been previously stated, that the whole annual mortality of Great Britain amounts to 275,000.

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\* Perhaps the annual mortality is in this instance stated too high; the grounds upon which it is so stated, are mentioned in page 151 *note*. For the purpose, however, for which the statement is here made, it is sufficient that the mortality be admitted to be greater in large towns, than in the country which is undeniable.

Mortality in Summer 60,400	Spring 73,650
Autumn 66,800	Winter 74,150

Of the separate months February appears the most abundant in deaths, making due allowance for its shortness. June, which is classed in the most healthy season, yields in many instances in salubrity to some of the autumnal and even winter months.

Some other instructive matter relating to statistical medicines, and appropriate tables, will be found in this work. Upon the whole it cannot be said that Dr. Woolcombe has brought to light any new facts. He has contented himself with confirming the principal deductions of his predecessor in the same field of inquiry, Dr. Heberden. But in performing the task he had undertaken, he has employed much industry; and we have perceived with pleasure, on more occasions than one, a spirit of candour and attachment to the truth, which is equally creditable to his understanding and his integrity.

ART. X.—*The Bachelor: a Novel, in 3 Volumes. By Thomas George Moore, Esq. 12mo. Colburn.*

LADIES! if it can afford you the slightest satisfaction to find the most extravagant and thoughtless wish of an idle moment realized by an obsequious lover, attach yourselves to none but the most decided enemies of matrimony! Where can you find a soft sighing Mandlebert or Orville, who will perform for you an act of gallantry half so sublimely delicate as that with which Lord Wisely, president of the club of bachelors, surprised his Adriana? Who, when at the pretty age of fifteen she uttered the infantine wish, "Oh, that I were as rich as the handsome Duchess of Devonshire,—then would I have an apartment fitted up as if for the abode of a sylph," the stern misogamist, who overheard her, treasured up the expression as if it had been the saying of one of the Grecian wise men, and, eleven years afterwards, introduced her to a "*mysterious apartment*," which he had expressly fitted up for his own amusement, in which

‘the objects that presented themselves to her view were the following:

‘A grove lighted from above, encircling an enclosure of rose-trees, trained upon espaliers, with pillars of poppies interspersed. Two trunks of aged willows in bronze supported two gold rings, by which was suspended a hammock of white gold tissue. Further on an alcove, the window of which looked into the park, the same that lady Mary had seen with the blind open. Madame d’Azemar had no sooner set her foot within this alcove, than she saw what? a wax

image of herself sleeping upon a sofa. "Ah! how ugly she is!" she exclaimed, "spare her," replied Lord Wiseley: it is to her that I have been indebted for the illusion which you realize. I have here accomplished only one of your wishes. Live then with me to form more, and to see them always accomplished, *if they do not extend beyond the bounds of my fortune and my life.*'

What a pity that my Lord Wiseley should have detracted from so exquisitely refined an avowal by such an unnecessary reservation! *Fortune* may indeed be some check to the gallantry of such a lover; but what has this *life* to do with the question?—In the present publication, Mr. Moore has mistaken absurdity for originality, triteness for wit, and the grossest and most unmeaning caricature for a portrait of life and manners.

ART. XI.—*Institutes of Latin Grammar.* By John Grant, A.M. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1808.

THIS volume shews in every page the indubitable marks of diligence; and though it is, by necessity, a compilation, it is one which evidences thought, judgment, and experience.—We are not prepared to say, that there are no errors, superfluities, and deficiencies, in a work which aims at being an "ample as well as a correct digest of the Latin rules, with a copious enumeration of anomalies and exceptions," but we have no hesitation in asserting that it will fully answer its design as a book of reference for the master and senior scholar.—In page 175, Mr. Grant inserts a long list of verbal adjectives from Johnson and Ruddiman, 'of which, he observes, 'the greater part belong to classes above-mentioned, and some may be referred to other rules:' and in page 280, another list is given of "words having quod, ut, &c. or the infinitive mood after them,"—and then he remarks in a note,

'That the list itself might have been altogether omitted, without much loss or inconvenience: indeed upon a minute inspection, it appears to me both redundant and defective; and in some respects, so likely to perplex a learner, that I would advise him to rely chiefly on the general rule, and on his own observation.'

Would it not have been better to have pruned the excesses and supplied the defects of the two lists, rather than to have given them a place uncorrected?—The consolidation of all the lists now dispersed through the book into the shape of a general index or Catalogue Raisonné of the exemplified words, together with the observations and rules, as far as they are reducible to that form, would make a valuable supplement to this work.

## CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

**ART. 12.**—*Christian Unitarianism vindicated; being a Reply to a Work by John Bevan, Junior, entitled, a Defence of the Christian Doctrines of the Society of Friends. By Verax. 8vo. pp. 324. Johnson. 1808.*

WE feel no inclination to enter at length into the discussion which the opinions of Hannah Barnard have occasioned in the society of friends, or into the polemical matter of a more general nature, which is dispersed through these pages. Verax appears to be a writer of considerable ability and information; but the topics which have on this occasion employed his talents are not likely to interest the majority of our readers.

**ART. 13.**—*General Redemption the only proper Basis of general Benevolence: a Letter, addressed to Robert Hawker, D.D. Vicar of Charles, Plymouth, suggested by his Defence of the London Female Penitentiary, recently established in the Vicinity of Islington. By John Evans, A.M. Morning Preacher at Worship Street, and Afternoon Preacher, Leather-lane, Holborn. 8vo. pp. 44. 1s. 6d. Sherwood. 1809.*

MR. Evans does not in this pamphlet profess to appear either as the opposer or the advocate of the London Female Penitentiary; but he writes in order to show the discordancy between the theological creed of Dr. Hawker, and the practical support which he gives to this benevolent institution. It affords us great pleasure to find that the practice of the Doctor is, in this instance, at variance with his creed; and if Mr. Evans had consulted us before he had published this pamphlet, we should strongly have dissuaded him from assailing the Doctor on this occasion with a charge of inconsistency. Whatever may be the notions of the Doctor, respecting the future happiness of any portion of mankind, it is with uncommon satisfaction that we behold him the kind-hearted and glowing advocate of such an institution as the London Female Penitentiary, whose object is to administer solace and instruction to an unfortunate class of human beings, who are in a most peculiar manner, the objects of sympathy and beneficence. We are glad to find that general benevolence is not in this instance excluded from the theological scheme of the Calvinists, and we should be very sorry to make them the object of animadversion or reproof because their conduct is imbued with a degree of universal charity which is not to be found in their speculative opinions. We shall not quarrel with Dr.

Hawker, for not assenting to the notions of Mr. Evans, respecting redemption, while he makes the benevolence of Jesus the pattern of his conduct in the path of life. One man may be benevolent upon the principle of sympathy, another on that of an enlightened selfishness, one from the force of habit, another from the impulse of sentiment; one may think benevolence metaphysically the perfection of virtue, another may regard it theologically as the most sacred injunction of Christ; one may practice it as a source of the sweetest internal satisfaction, another as the condition of future felicity and recompence,—but while the good is done, let us not endeavour to look with argus eyes into the bosom of the individual, and vainly endeavour to scrutinize the invisible spring which causes the sensitive pulsation of the heart, which fills the eyes with tears, and the hand with gifts of love.

## POLITICS.

ART. 14.—*Observations on the National Debt; with a Plan for discharging it, so as to do complete Justice to the equitable Claims of the Stock-holder, and be, at the same time, highly advantageous to the Nation at large; with Hints towards a Financial Measure calculated to yield a net Revenue of more than Five Millions annually, without the smallest additional Charge to the Public.* 8vo. pp. 90. Mawman.

THE author proposes that every individual should give up one fifth of his property in order to extinguish the national debt, and he argues that the stock-holder, as well as every other species of proprietor, ought to contribute his share towards the accomplishment of this important object.

‘Certain taxes,’ says the author, ‘are laid upon the necessities of life for the purpose of paying the interest of the national debt. The stock-holder pays these taxes in proportion to his funded property and expenditure, exactly the same as any other person; he therefore contributes like any other proprietor, to pay a part of the interest which he himself receives; his funded property is mortgaged, the same as all other property, to pay this interest. Should the national debt be paid, he ought, of course, to pay from his property in the funds the same proportion of that debt which he now does of its interest. In this case he would have to pay part of the capital which he himself would have to receive, in the same manner as he now pays a part of the interest which he himself does receive.’

This is certainly true, as far as respects the measure of making the stock-holder contribute an equitable proportion of his property towards the payment of the debt; but, we much doubt, whether the plan itself, which the author recommends, would, if carried into execution, be productive of all the advantages which he details. The immediate discharge of the debt, supposing it possible in this or any other way, would cause a great quantity of superfluous

capital, which the necessities of trade, of commerce; and of agriculture could not readily absorb. Numerous annuitants on the funds, who now live on their interest, would then be obliged to live on their capital. The quantity of circulating medium would be increased beyond all due proportion to the necessity of exchange. The interest of money would sink much below its present standard, while the necessities of life would experience a still more exorbitant rise. The scenes of distress and confusion that would ensue would baffle description. Bitter, indeed, would be the result of the sudden and immediate annihilation of that debt, which is still an evil, but an evil which could not be abruptly removed without the production of greater ills. It may be compared to an unnatural excrescence which has so completely identified itself with the habit of the body politic that great peril would attend the sudden extirpation. The slow, the silent, and gradual extinction of the debt by means of a sinking fund, seems preferable to this, or any other plan for the immediate annihilation of the whole which has come under our examination. By the operation of the sinking fund, a certain portion of the debt is gradually discharged and the capital absorbed in the vortex of mercantile or other speculations. We think that the prosperity of the country would have been much greater if the debt had never been contracted, but we are not friends to any sudden or violent change in the physical or political system of man.

ART. 15.—*Strictures on the present Government, civil, military, and political, of the British Possessions in India; including a View of the recent Transactions in that Country, which have tended to alienate the Affections of the Natives. In a Letter from an Officer, resident on the Spot to his Friend in England.* 8vo. pp. 124. Hatchard 1808.

THESE Strictures appear to be the result of great good sense, sagacity, and moderation. The author develops the numerous abuses, which prevail in the civil and military administration of the company in the east: and shows the danger to which our possessions in that quarter are exposed. Some change of system is certainly expedient; and, if it be not soon adopted from choice, will ere long be compelled by necessity. The present system is compounded of the most discordant materials. The government in all parts, says the author, seems to have been formed by a chemist rather than a legislature. The author analyses the jarring mechanism of the Madras government, and shows the incoherence of its elementary principles. The governor is a distinct person from the commander in chief; and no small pains are taken to prevent them from acting in unison. The first coolness soon settles into implacable hostility. The supposed rights of the one are incompatible with the assumed dignity and importance of the other. The author says that the principal recommendation in the character of a commander in chief, is that 'he should have served in the guards,' that 'he should be in debt, or at least in needy circumstances,' and 'that he should never previously have performed any military exploit.' This officer usually

endeavours to strengthen his party by some crafty adviser, 'who has enjoyed the confidence of former commanders in chief,' and whose head is 'well stocked with the formulæ of protests and dissentient minutes,' to enable him to thwart the measures of the governor. Much is done by cabals in the government at home, but the web of intrigue seems to be more complicated in India than in Europe.

'In these realms, we never hear of your Portlands, your Bedfords, or your Richmonds; but, whether you are acquainted or connected with the wife of the private secretary to the governor or commander in chief—of the adjutant or quarter-master-general of the army—the chief secretary to government:—but, above all, should you have been at a country dancing-school with the wife or daughter of any person in power, your fortune is sure of being made. In short, we have as many families and compacts as you have; and with as many petty and local interests, continually playing into each other's hands, or wrangling for the loaves and fishes. And indeed, there is little prospect, under the present regime, of seeing any stop put to these cabals; for, whilst every ship from Europe brings out an investment of sisters and female cousins, to supply recruits to the fading branches of each family interest, you have only the option left you, of marrying into a league of Bond-street *versus* Leaden-ball-street, or of remaining an insulated bachelor, without an appointment: for, since the days of the old court of France, no part of the world has been so famous for petticoat interest as India is at this very moment.'

The author notices the always latent and often palpable animosity which subsists between the troops of the king and of the company. The original cause of jealousy which consisted in the inferiority of pecuniary advantage, has been removed, but a king's officer cannot readily bring himself to think that he is not a superior being to an officer who is *not* in the *regulars*. 'An officer in the company's service has 'a certain provision secured to him at the end of twenty-two years; but no honours, which are so much coveted by military men are held out to stimulate his courage and his zeal. During the conquest of India,

'Out of 2,500 officers, the smile of royal favour has not deigned to alight, upon one single or solitary instance of the many recorded brilliant actions of the company's officers, in the shape of the lowest degree of honour; although, within the same period, so plentifully displayed upon the shoulders of lord-mayors and sheriffs.'

The author investigates the real cause of the mutiny at Vellore, which he does not think to have been instigated by the princes of the Mysore family, but principally by the pertinacity of certain persons in causing a new turban to be worn by the native troops which, from its resemblance to a drummer's cap, excited their aversion to a degree bordering on fanatical abhorrence.

The impolitic attempt to christianize the Hindoos provokes the



animadversion of the author, who says that the proseliting zeal of Dr. Buchanan was instigated by his ambition to be 'the mitred head of an ecclesiastical establishment in India !!!'

## POETRY.

ART. 16.—*The Senses, an Ode ; in the Manner of Collin's Ode on the Passions.* pp. 15. 4to. 1808. Ridgway.

THE author expresses his surprize that no poet since the time of Collins should have attempted a subject so like his own as the present. Now really we cannot perceive the poetical connexion between the senses and the passions ; that it exists most closely in nature no one can be ignorant, but so does the connexion between the teeth and the gums, or the nails and the fingers, and yet they are most matter-of-fact associations, utterly destitute of any capacity to be adorned, illustrated, or dignified by the brightest imagination. And we conceive, if Dr. Reid's inquiry into the five senses (the best which was ever instituted) was turned into verse, the only connexion it would have with the passions, would be with the violent passion of anger excited in the mind of the unwary purchaser. The æra of metaphysical poetry is gone by—praised be the power of good sense ! and in vain would this author attempt to revive the dull and exploded rhapsodies of Cowley and his forefathers. Besides, correctness is indispensable when philosophical truth is the object even a poet aims at ;—but what shall we say of an incorrect, cold, and insipid rhymers ? We are sorry to use such epithets. The author seems modest and well meaning, but the call of our duty is imperious. He is not, and never will be a poet. Are we harsh ? rather ask if we are unjust ; and to the author's own second thoughts we submit the following remarks upon some passages of his ode.

Page 10. 'First Hearing pour'd her tuneful tongue.'—

Is not this strange confusion ? can the author say that in this passage :

— Cynthius aures.

Vellit, et admonuit? —

Page 10. 'Comic stole,' is surely wrong. 'Togata,' are comedies, the matrona stolata is more appropriated to tragedy. But to return to the confusion of the senses. The eye, perchance, may be correctly allowed to speak. But what shall we say of the nose ? Page 11. Do we not immediately think of the court of China, where every mandarin sneezes upon the signal given by the emperor ? Do we not fancy we hear the bassoon and the trumpet ? Do we not snore ourselves over the author's five senses ; et omnis copia narium ? Taste 'addressing her voice to an admiring crowd,' page 12 ! Taste, considered as one of the senses, is downright rank absurdity. Taste never opens the mouth but for purposes of inglutition, ex-

pectoration &c. &c. Of feeling (page 13 and 14.) we choose to say nothing, the properties of the sense are more properly imagined than described, yet if a writer will describe them he is sure to succeed. Imagination in this case is truth, and we do not find any fault with our author's description.

We must conclude by observing that the repeated and unmeaning capitals (and even an adverb, page 15,) printed throughout this poem, together with the dashes and bad stops, do not contribute to lessen our disgust at the whole performance. Do let the author have recourse to some creditable employment in the hardware line, or other convenient business.

ART. 17.—*The Ladies Poetical Petition for a Winter Assembly at Newport in the Isle of Wight.* pp. 19. 4to. Ridgway, 2s. 6d. 1808.

THIS pamphlet purporteth to be sold by the *different* booksellers in Hampshire. We fear it has had but an *indifferent* sale, and yet it may be truly called an emphatic production; every other word being printed in italics, and doubtless containing some recondite meaning, as there is none obvious to the reader.

The metre of this petition, most facetiously denominated poetical is that of the Bath Guide; but the following couplet, which is a fair specimen of the whole, and consequently quite enough for quotation, will speak for itself and its companions. Heaven is supposed in the line before to have endowed the authoress and her fellow petitioners with wit, (a bold hypothesis enough) and it is then asked, whether heaven did for no purpose,

‘Give us—*genius*—and *feeling*—and *beauty*—and *tongues*,  
*Airs—graces—attractions—hearts—mouths—ears—and lungs?*’

We may just add——‘and sides and back,  
 And all the places in the almanack.’

ART. 18.—*The Family Picture, or Domestic Education.* 8c. 8c. 12mo. London. 1808.

THIS poem seems to us a mere echo of Cowper's *Tirocinium*; yet we cannot but remark one very striking difference between the copy and the prototype. Cowper with honest anger, whether properly directed, we shall not inquire, inveighs in strong and perhaps coarse language against the vices of school-boys at public seminaries, and against their impudence, their debaucheries, their impiety. The present author professing the same intencion has acted in a very different manner. In a man-millinery, gossamery, meretricious stile, he weaves out his feeble animal diversions against the lasciviousness of boys; and some of his descriptions are so glowingly composed, that we cannot help thinking that our Mentor is some man of pleasure cloaked in the venerable guise of a preceptor; see particularly the fifty-third page beginning,

‘Such were the *Aspasias*, when to young delight, &c.’

and indeed the whole tenor of the poem appears to us in the same *luscious* stile.

We could point out numerous imitations of the *Tirocinium*, one shall suffice : Cowper says honestly and coarsely that waiter Dick has the school-boy's first praise for teaching him to drink deeply and sing bacchanalian catches, and, ' he continues,

' Some street-pacing harlot his first love.'

The author before us says :

' And say, your breasts while full potatoes move,  
Say, striplings, what is Bacchus without love,  
Ere adolescence o'er the blooming skin,  
Yet glistens in its downy sprinklings thin ;  
Behold the boy of Busby's tribe adore,  
With his first amorous incense a town-whore ;  
With spotless lips approach the harlot's breath,  
And poor unpleasured victims suck in death.'

ART. 19.—*England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism. By Felicia Dorothea Browne. 4to. Cadel and Davies. 1808.*

WE cannot felicitate Miss Felicia upon her admission into the sanctuary of divine poesy, but we think that she is a zealous and ardent proselyte of the outer court ; and with such a ' theme she should o'er mount the lark.'

The following lines are spirited; but the poetical presage has not yet been verified by the event.

' Go bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,  
Go stay the lightning in its wing'd career.  
No, tyrant no, thy utmost force is vain,  
The patriot arm of freedom to restrain :  
Then bid thy subject bands in armour shine,  
Then bid thy legions all their power combine ;  
Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,  
Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,  
E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,  
E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn ;  
—————Ye British heroes may your trophies raise,  
A deathless monument to future days ;  
Oh ! may your courage still triumphant rise,  
Exalt the ' lion banner' to the skies.  
' Transcend the fairest names in hist'ry's page,  
The brightest actions of a former age ;  
The reign of freedom let your arms restore,  
And bid oppression fall—to rise no more !  
Then soon returning to your native isle,  
May love and beauty hail you with their smile ;  
For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,  
And fame and glory's voice the songs of rapture breathe.'

## MEDICINE.

**ART. 20.**—*Essay on Warm and Vapour Baths: with Hints for a new Mode of applying Heat and Cold, for the Cure of Disease, and the Preservation of Health. Illustrated by Cases.* By Edward Kentish, M.D. Physician to the British Dispensary. pp. 114, 4s. 6d, Mawman. 1809.

IN this work the author exhibits a brief sketch of the baths which were in use among the Greeks and Romans, and of those which are still used by the Russians, Turks, and Indians. He shows how heat may be applied with advantage to the surface of the body in rheumatism and gout; and he expatiates on the superior advantages of the vapour bath.

‘In the vapour bath,’ says the ingenious author, ‘the heat being applied to the skin in an aeriform state, unites with the insensible perspiration as it arises by the exhalants—condenses upon the surface in sensible perspiration, and drops from the body by its own weight, meeting with no resistance from the elastic vapour which is in the bath. Thus perspiration is more effectually induced by the vapour bath, than by the warm bath, at a lower temperature; and if perspiration is not induced, in a variety of cases, all the symptoms are aggravated. This consequently, is no small advantage of the one over the other. As a detersive, or cleanser of the skin, it acts more powerfully, and pleasantly than the warm bath.’

‘In all diseases of the skin, from the slightest shade of diseased secretion, to the most confirmed leprosy, I have found the vapour bath of the greatest utility.’—One advantage which the vapour bath possesses over the warm bath, and one of the greatest importance is, ‘its application to the whole internal surface of the chest.’—Dr. Kentish remarks that by accustoming the body to great vicissitudes of heat and cold, we may render ourselves insensible to those smaller variations of temperature, which are so frequent in the atmosphere, and from which no small portion of our maladies is derived.—‘The frequent use of hot and cold baths, at the intervals of one, two, or three days is a practice attended with the most beneficial effects; the habit, which the system thus acquires of accommodating itself to the impressions of a high and low temperature, renders it less susceptible to morbid torpor, from the frequent vicissitudes of our humid and variable climate, than it otherwise would be.’—The Doctor says that his method is that of an alterative plan, that he uses the vapour bath ‘to remove obstructions and that he alternates the cold bath to prevent debility.’

**ART. 21.**—*A practical Materia Medica, in which the various Articles are fully described, and divided into Classes and Orders, according to their Effects, their Virtues, Doses, and the Diseases in which they are proper to be exhibited are fully pointed out. Interspersed with some practical Remarks, and some select Formulæ, to which is added a general nosological Table, intended principally for the Use of Students and junior Practitioners.* pp. 301. 5s. Highley. 1808.

A PERFORMANCE well calculated to be useful to students and practitioners.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 22.**—*The complete Angler, or contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse on Rivers, Fishponds, and Fishing. In two Parts, the first written by Mr. Isaac Walton; the second by Charles Cotton, Esq. with the Lives of the Authors; and Notes, historical, critical, supplementary, and explanatory. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 7th Edition. 8vo. Chosen Impressions 17, 7s. boards, many Plates. Bagster, 1808.*

WE have only to notice this new and beautiful edition of a work which will be interesting, as long as any relish for pure and simple nature and just sentiment survives, for the purpose of pointing out the particular improvements, which it exhibits on the preceding impressions; these are sufficiently marked in the advertisement of the publisher, and consist in the incorporation of some additional observations of the late editor found in his hand-writing on the margin of his own copy of the last edition; in the restoration of the original engravings, (or rather the substitution of new ones in the place of those which had been so worn out in long service as to have been omitted altogether in the sixth edition;) corrections of erroneous punctuation and other faults of typography in Walton's text; a few supplementary particulars in the life of the author; and a few additional notes taken from precedent and subsequent writers on the subject of angling.

The plates are very admirably executed by Audinet.—Those of the different sorts of fishes are much more numerous than in the former editions, and are spirited and faithful delineations from nature.

In short, we think that great credit is due both to the editor and publisher, for the care they have taken to decorate honest Isaac Walton in a manner suitable to what his merits appear to demand from an age of such superlative decoration and finery as ours.

**ART. 23.**—*Scappetaria; or Considerations on the Nature and Use of Rifled Barrel Guns, with Reference to their forming the Basis of a permanent System of National Defence agreeable to the Genius of the Country. By a Corporal of Riflemen. 8vo. pp. 251. Egerton. 1808.*

THE judicious and patriotic author has condensed into this useful work all that is known respecting the history, construction and properties of the rifle.—The English formerly excelled all nations in the use of the bow, which, in their hands, was a most powerful instrument of destruction, which constituted the terror of their enemies and the security of their friends.—If our countrymen were at present as preeminent in the use of the rifle, as they formerly were in that of the bow, an invasion would be an object of much less dread to them than to the enemy.—It is not improbable that the rifle will in time in a great measure supersede the use of the musquet.—The rifle takes a longer time in loading; but the loss of time in this particular, is more than compensated by the much greater number of balls which take effect. A rifle in skilful hands is almost certain of killing or wounding at the distance of two hundred and fifty

yards; but no dependance is to be placed on the common musquet at the distance of only two hundred yards; and, all distances taken together, not more than one shot in two hundred is supposed to kill or wound.—The use of the rifle, too, must cause an immense saving of ammunition; and this is a matter of no small moment when we consider the value of a cartridge on its arrival in the East or West Indies, the expence of ammunition-waggons and the inconvenience and delay which a numerous train of carriages must cause in all military operations.

ART. 24.—*A Practical Treatise on Brewing, founded on Experiments, made with the Thermometer and Hydrometer, wherein is shown the Use of those Instruments in real Examples; to which are added plain and concise Directions for conducting each Process without them, illustrated by two small Brewings: with an Appendix, containing Directions for making Ginger Beer, Norfolk Punch, and a few made Wines. By A. Shero, who has been Butler to the Rev. Sir J. Broughton, Bt. upwards of Twenty Years.* pp. 76. 3s. Longman. 1809.

AN improved edition of a useful work. But three shillings is too much for seventy-six pages in 12mo.

ART. 25.—*A Companion to the Countess of Huntingdon's Hymns; being an Arrangement of Tunes and Music, adapted to all the Hymns collected by her Ladyship, and the Supplement authorized by her Trustees. By William Green, Clerk of Silver-street-Chapel.* Peck, Lombard street.

WE do not suppose that many of our readers will repair to the tabernacle to hear these hymns sung by the voices of the saints; but by those who love this kind of music, some tunes might be selected which are pleasing, simple, and well suited to aid devotional sensibility.

ART. 26.—*Introduction to an Examination of some Part of the internal Evidence respecting the Antiquity and Authenticity of certain Publications said to have been found in Manuscript at Bristol, written by a learned Priest and others in the Fifteenth Century; but generally considered as the supposititious Productions of an ingenious Youth of the present Age. By John Sherwin, M.D. Member of the College of Physicians, also of the College of Surgeons, and corresponding Member of the Medical Society.* 8vo.. pp. 137. Longman. 1809.

WE thought that the Rowleyan controversy had been for ever laid at rest; and it was not without some surprise that we perceived the present attempt to force it again on the attention of the public. The question itself appears to have been completely decided, in favour of Chatterton by the taste of Wharton and the sagacity of Tyrwhitt.—Dr. Sherwin, however, thinks otherwise; and though his book displays considerable reading and penetration, we have not discovered any remarks which carry conviction to our minds that the poems ascribed to Rowley were not written by Chatterton. Dr. Sherwin appears to possess talents which we should be happy to see employed on some literary topic more likely to interest general curiosity.

ART. 27.—*Quid Nunc ? Selections from the Poems of the late W. Comper, Esq. contrasted with the Works of Knox, Paley, and Others ; on Fashion, Cards, Charity, Clergy, Priest, Pulpit, Duelling, Slander, Lying, Duplicity, Domestic Happiness, Vice, Seduction. Price 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1809.*

A SELECTION of the most beautiful parts of various English authors, both in prose and verse, is very desirable, and would prove of much utility to our rising generation ; but the work before us, though very good in its way, is put in such a shape, and so limited, that it will not be found useful for schools, and we trust that grown children can repeat by heart all that is in the present selection without tripping. If, however, they act up to the good lessons that are laid down in this little selection they may exclaim with the poet, ' Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.'

ART. 28.—*The French Student's Vade Mecum, or indispensable Companion : in which are displayed the different Cases of Persons and Things, as required by all the French Verbs and Adjectives, the different Propositions which they govern, those required by the Substantives, and the different Moods which must follow the Conjunctions. By the Rev. P.C. Le Vasseur, a Native of France, and Chaplain of the Cathedral of Leuven. Longman. 1809.*

WE do not think that the title-page promises more than will be found in this little work itself, which is a useful book for reference, and will be of much assistance to the memory, particularly in writing French. We find many who speak this language fluently, and even elegantly, yet are very deficient in writing good French. This work is well adapted for the improvement of those who are desirous both of writing, and of speaking the French language correctly.

ART. 29.—*The Ecclesiastical and University Annual Register for the Year 1808, with an Appendix, containing an Index to the English Rectories, Vicarages, Curacies, and Donatives ; with the Valuation in the King's Books, the Names of the Patrons, and the Number of Parishioners in each Parish. 8vo. 16s. Baldwin. 1809.*

THIS work does not contain much matter for criticism, but our clerical friends will find it a storehouse of very valuable information. It contains an account of all the ecclesiastical proceedings in parliament, in the different dioceses, of the two Universities, of the several clerical institutions, with biographical notices of deceased clergymen, &c. during the preceding year. The review of ecclesiastical books, which is to be found in numerous other works had better be omitted, and the biographical department enlarged. This volume contains a most useful index to all the ecclesiastical preferments in the kingdom, with the valuation in the king's books, the names of patrons, &c.

ART. 30.—*Primitiæ, or Essays and Poems on various Subjects ; religious, moral, and entertaining, by Conop Thirkwall, eleven Years of Age ;*

*dedicated by Permission to the Lord Bishop of Dromore. The Preface by his Father the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M.A. 12mo. pp. 230. Printed for the Author, by T. Plummer, Seething-lane. 1809.*

IF this work be, as the Rev. T. Thirlwall asserts, exclusively the production of him whose name it bears, we must say that it exhibits an extraordinary maturity of intellect. The first essay in the collection was written when the author was only seven years of age, and in many of the pages which were composed between that and his eleventh year we behold Master Conop Thirlwall discussing scriptural and moral topics with all the solemnity of a theological sage. We are informed that this surprising youth,

‘At a very early period read English so well that he was taught Latin at three years of age, and at four read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him. From that time he has continued to improve himself in the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, French, and English languages. His talent for composition appeared at the age of seven, from an accidental circumstance; his mother, in my absence, desired his elder brother to write his thoughts upon a subject for his improvement, when the young author took it into his head to ask her permission to take the pen in hand too; his request was of course complied with, without the most remote idea he could write an intelligible sentence, when in a short time he composed that which is first printed, ‘On the Uncertainty of Life.’ From that time he was encouraged to cultivate a talent of which he gave so flattering a promise, and generally on a Sunday chose a subject from scripture. The following essays are selected from these lucubrations.’

As a curiosity we will quote the first essay ‘On the Uncertainty of Life;’ which is mentioned above.

‘How uncertain is life! for no man can tell in what hour he shall leave this world. What numbers are snatched away in the bloom of youth, and turn the fine expectations of their parents into sorrow! The young man may die by evil habits: what a grief to the parent! what a disgrace to the child! All the promising pleasures of this life will fade, and we shall be buried in the dust.

‘God takes away a good prince from his subjects, only to transplant him into everlasting joys in heaven. A good man is not dispirited by death; for it only takes him away, that he may feel the pleasures of a better world. Death comes unawares, but never takes virtue with it. Edward the sixth died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign.’

We are informed that Master Thirlwall did not discover a taste for poetry till a later period; but this volume exhibits some poetical pieces composed when he was eleven years old. But these, as well as the essays of the author in prose, display talents far beyond



his years. We shall extract a specimen of his poetry. It shall be the character of Colax, from the last piece in the volume, entitled 'Characters often seen but little marked, a satire.'

Colax has not a single grain of pride,  
But cannot bear of friend or foe to chide ;  
See what he will, detest whate'er he see,  
His neighbours' words and his are sure to agree.  
Comes up an artful knave, to Colax hies,  
Joyful to meet an all complying prize ;  
Colax submits, an unopposing prey,  
And has not heart to drive the rogue away.  
Colax has seeds of virtue in his breast,  
And there for Colax will they ever rest ;  
His fear of saying what he thinks offends,  
Makes ev'ry rogue and him most constant friends.  
That Colax has good parts no doubt is true,  
If Colax would but call them out to view.  
His casting vote a worthy friend desir'd,  
He gladly gave the easy boon requir'd ;  
Another soon appears—the same request,  
He hates the man, his principles detests ;  
To sooth him yet, he blames the man he loves,  
And disavows the choice his heart approves.  
'Tis thus a false mistaken sense of shame,  
Impairs his fortune, and destroys his fame ;  
To ev'ry rogue he bends a servile tool,  
And all desire a mild compliant fool :  
And thus will Colax sink into the grave,  
The friend of truth, but error's greatest slave.

Though it is always with delight yet it is never without trembling apprehension that we behold such premature display of intellectual strength. We fear lest such excellence, like a flower which blossoms in the morning, should frustrate the hopes of the beholder, and wither before noon ! We know besides that the warm and vivid praise which is bestowed on the exhibition of such juvenile talent, is apt to produce subsequent neglect. We hope, however, that this will not be the case with Master Thirlwall, and that the precocity of his talents will not accelerate their decay, nor the eulogies which are passed on his first attempts relax his subsequent exertions.

## ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

*Of Books published in April, 1809.*

**Agriculture**—The Utility of Agricultural Knowledge illustrated; with an Account of an Institution formed for Agricultural Pupils in Oxfordshire. 1s. 6d.

**Allison**—A Discourse preached in the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh, Feb. 9, 1809, being the day appointed for a General Fast. By Archibald Allison, L.L.B. &c. 1s.

**America**—Correspondence between the Governments of the United States of America and Great Britain. 1s. 6d.

—A Poetical Picture of America; being Observations made during a Residence of several years at Alexandria and Norfolk, in Virginia. 12mo. 4s.

**Baillie**—A most interesting Case, in a Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, on the Bankrupt Laws. By George Baillie, Esq. 1s.

**Baynes**—A Sermon, preached Feb. 8, 1809, in the Church of Loughton, Essex. By the Rev. R. Baynes, L.L.B. 1s.

**Belfast Literary Society**, Select Papers of. 2 vols. 4to. 4l.

**Bell**—Rules and Instructions respecting the Use and Management of Guns, &c. particularly adapted to the Service in the East Indies. By Lieut. Col. Robert Bell, of the Madras Establishment. 6s.

**Bianchi**—Levity and Sorrow; a German Story. By M. A. Bianchi. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

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THE  
APPENDIX  
TO THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. XVI.

No. V.

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ART. I.—*Commentar über das neue Testament. Von H. E. G. Paulus.* 8vo. Lubeck. 1803.  
*Commentary on the New Testament, by H. E. G. Paulus.*  
4 Vols. 8vo.

THE celebrated author of this commentary was formerly professor of eastern languages at the university at Jena, and is now professor of theology at Würzburg, and president of the consistory. He has long been known in the learned world as a most profound oriental and classical scholar. In 1780, he edited, at Tübingen, Abdollatiff's Arabic compendium of the history of Ægypt. In 1790, he published at Jena, an Arabic translation of Isaiah by Saadiah Haggaon, (a *Clavis ueber Jesaius* was added, we believe, in 1793) derived from a manuscript in the Bodleyan library at Oxford, which had been described by Pococke, and edited by White. To the high value of these editions, Michaelis bears strong testimony in his *Orientalische Bibliothek*, No. 125 and 135. We had also occasion to notice a later publication by this same writer in the *Critical Review* for 1804, (vol. 2, p. 556); nor is this by any means the sum of his literary exertions. But the most important, the most comprehensively learned, and critically discriminating, of all his works is unquestionably the commentary which we are now about to examine. The bold originality of its views will require an accurate and copious analysis.

In the prosecution of this arduous task we know that we shall incur the malicious hostility of the bigot; but we trust that every impartial and disinterested votary of truth will do justice to the purity of our intentions and the phi-

lanthropy of our views. We are not exclusively devoted to the dogmas of any sect. We respect, we venerate the TRUE CHRISTIAN ; but Trinitarians, Arians, and Socinians, are alike indifferent to us. We love none of their invidious distinctions, their sectarian and unbrotherly names. They have too long distracted the world with their vain and senseless logomachies :—it is time to quit the perturbed forum of brawling polemics and to seek for mental tranquillity where alone it is to be found—in the hallowed sanctuary of universal charity and unvitiated truth.

In his preface, Professor Paulus very properly observes that it is essentially requisite for the theologues of all sects clearly to know the precise basis of historical truth on which ALL CHRISTIANITY rests. The attention of this most able scholar, therefore, has been uniformly directed to this common end, which is the main concern of all sects, the correct appreciation of what are the *real historical* contents of the New Testament. The plan which he has adopted for facilitating the evolution of the true *primary* fact, and for separating the adventitious matter in which it has been occasionally enveloped by the opinions of the age, or of the individual relater, has been to print every particular incident in chronological order, and in all the forms which that incident assumes in the several canonical evangelists ; and then to subjoin the substance of the parallel passages, copiously interspersed with illustrative quotations, and other proofs. Thus the work greatly resembles, in its outward form and general construction, Priestley's *Harmony of the Evangelists* ; except that in the latter the text, but in the former the commentary, constitutes the larger part of the volume. Dr. Priestley throws all his evangelists at once into the same sieve ; but Professor Paulus attempts in one process to bolt to the very bran the historical matter of the *three* evangelists, who appear to have derived their narrations from a common source. He then proceeds to examine the account of John with the same critical nicety and to reconcile it to that of his predecessors. In the three first volumes of this commentary the author examines conjointly the gospels of Luke, of Matthew, and of Mark, which he arranges in an order analogous to the priority of time in which he supposes them to have written. The fourth volume of the commentary is consecrated exclusively to John.

In a metaphysical introduction the author discusses the fundamental principles of biblical criticism. In the choice of readings, that text is to be preferred, whose antiquity can with most probability be established. To this leading principle all others are referable, or subordinate ; criticisms about the purity, the genuineness, the fitness, the grammatical correctness, or rhetorical propriety of a passage, are totally

insignificant, unless as far as they tend to the restoration of the original reading.

The professor then proceeds to subdivide, in a very dry and scholastic manner, the various forms of proof which are usually employed, which in many cases can amount only to a greater or less degree of probability. Six several gradations of authority are discriminated, accordingly as texts can be traced back (1) to the Alexandrian recension, (2) to the occidental recension, (3) to the Constantinopolitan recension, (4) to the copy inferred to have been used by the author of the Syriac version, (5) to the eclectic, or mixed, revision of Chrysostom and others, (6) to the hasty and inaccurate copies of early transcribers. The theory and practice of interpretation, or the hermeneutic arts, are next defined; and every possible caution and precaution is enumerated, for bringing out the precise meaning of the original expression, accompanied with all its minutest ramifications of associated sense.

After thus delineating the model of a perfect critic, Professor Paulus begins his own attempt to realize it. His first section analyzes the preface to Luke's gospel (c. i. v. 1—4): he does not suspect, as some conjectural commentators have done, that this preface is posterior to the gospel, or a dedication by a later hand; on the contrary, he considers it as authentic, and extracts from it an analysis of the sources of the gospel history. These he makes to be (1) traditional accounts of contemporaries (*ἀπὸ ἀρχαίων*); and of such (*οἱ*) as were friendly to the cause (*ὁ λόγος*), and willing to promote it, rather than of those who lived at the same period but were hostile to it; (3) collective and fuller accounts which many had undertaken to *set forth in order*. But whether these more complete relations, compiled from scattered individual tradition, were written, or only oral; whether these earlier evangelists, went about, as rhapsodists, like Homer with his poems, repeating from memory those particulars which they had collected concerning the history of Jesus; or whether there were earlier *written* biographies, is not definitely proved by the text: *ἐπεξηγήσαντες* does not necessarily suggest the idea of written information. Theophilus, apparently a man of eminence, seems to have had recourse to oral instruction (*κατηχηθὴν περὶ . . .*). In Ephesians (iv. 11.) in Acts (xxi. 8.) there is an allusion to some of these oral evangelists; perhaps also in a Timothy (iii. 6.); for in the language of the early christians *συγγινώσκουσαι* was to go about and relate to collected audiences the life, the acts and lessons of Jesus. Probably Luke, in order to oblige Theophilus with a more formal and less fugitive narrative, had recourse to several of these itinerant evangelists, that, by a comparison of their testimony, his own account might come the nearer to certainty.



Professor Paulus thinks it possible; though he does not seem to favour the hypothesis, that some *vernacular* written narrative was possessed by the rhapsodical, or travelling evangelists; and there may be an allusion to this narrative, when mention is made of the gospel *according to the Hebrews*, or *according to Matthew*; and it may have supplied those memorandums which the three first gospel-writers employ in common. But in any case, he adds, that the *diurnal* of Luke; is a *private rescript from, and for, a private person*. This purpose, or destination of the narrative ought not to be forgotten in the course of the perusal.

The preceding observations occur in what may be called the paraphrase; this is succeeded by numerous notes; among which the most generally interesting would be that respecting the quality of Theophilus. Was it Theophilus, son of the high-priest Channas, and himself for a short time high-priest at the period of the death of Tiberius? Or was it Theophilus, known by a citation from Bar Bahlul (Castell. in *Lex. Heptaglot.*) as *primus credentium et celeberrimus apud Alexandrienses*? To this latter conjecture the preference is given, for reasons which are supported by various authorities. It is inferred that the curiosity of the Alexandrians, occasioned the composition of the Greek gospels.

The second section is a comment on v. 5—25. of the first chapter of Luke. The whole narrative from i. 5. to ii. 40. strikes Professor Paulus as written in a more Hebraistic style than the preface, or than the other parts of the gospel. He ascribes this not to its coming from another hand, but from another source. He thinks that, in the family of Zacharias, some notices were likely to have been written, and preserved, concerning John the Baptist: and that Luke had consulted these notices in order to procure some information respecting the early years of Jesus, whose turn of mind was influenced by that of his kinsman and companion. Zacharias, being a priest, would naturally employ a biblical phraseology; and while Luke was translating, or selecting *his* memorandums, a more Hebraizing style might be expected, than when Luke was composing more freely, and from personal information. The mode of narration which was adopted in this family memoir of Zacharias is next analysed. Thus much may at once be discerned, that Zacharias, who was rather advanced in years, was, while burning incense in the temple, seized with a paralytic stroke, and returned home unable to speak; but that, after the birth of his son John, excited by the feeling of joy and eager to give the boy a name, he recovered the power of articulation.

All nations in the early stages of civilization, and above all the oriental nations, may be observed to think with ideas of the eye, and not with ideas of the ear;—they think in pictures, not

in words. But when persons, who so think, attempt to develop their thoughts in writing, they are often obliged to have recourse to an enormous circuit of words, in order to give to others an idea of a very rapid succession of pictures in their own imagination. If an European is suddenly impressed with a consciousness of declining health, and of approaching decay, he says, *I have had a warning*. If an oriental be alarmed by a similar feeling of impending privation, he says, *I have seen a messenger*. While the supposed European is revolving in his mind the causes of his temporary weakness, he may be led to suspect that he has indulged too liberally in the duties of conjugal love; but if an oriental, putting the same case in his own picture language, has to describe such a surmise, he will represent the messenger, or angel, as talking with him, and saying, 'Fear not, thy wife shall have a son.' If the thoughts of the oriental incline him to devote his expected child to some monastic profession (superstition often suggests such vows, as an implied condition of recovery from sickness) his fancy will proceed to paint the messenger of fate, as continuing to give directions concerning the dress and diet of his child. Thus a narrative, *circumstantially* similar to that of Zacharias, may easily have afterwards grown out of the attempt to give a minute description of all the particulars relative to the birth of a son, who had become so remarkable as John the Baptist. Those prospective trains of thought which the event realizes, are considered as prophetic, are selected for distinction, and are eagerly ascribed to the suggestion of a superior power. The probability of the whole series of phenomena which are here imputed to the mind of Zacharias, leads us to place an unhesitating reliance on the authenticity, originality, and authority of the document, in which the narrative occurs.

This is a specimen of the manner (though we have abridged, transposed, and omitted much, for the sake of a necessary condensation) in which what may be called the psychologic part of the commentary is executed. The archæologic part is not less curious, reflective, and profound. The plan and construction of the temple, the ritual which was used during the burning of incense, the orderly services of the priesthood, are eruditely investigated and accurately explained. The arguments are enumerated and refuted, which the Socinian commentators have produced for supposing this first chapter, and much of the second chapter, to be an after-addition to Luke. A long metaphysical treatise on the limitations of historical credibility intervenes, which is succeeded by a chronological enquiry into the date of the birth of John the Baptist. In the note to the 15th verse, Professor Paulus paraphrases *πνευμα ἄγιον* by the words *force of mind devoted to God*, (in German *gottgeweyhte*

*goistekraft*); as if he considered the expression to be nearly synonymous with sanctanimity, or holy-mindedness. In the note to the 19th verse, it is observed that the Jews imported the names of their angels, as well as of their months, from Babylon: that Gabriel signifies *man of the mighty one*; that, of the four angels who stood about the throne of God, the situation *in front* was assigned to Gabriel: that Zacharias, being intent on the holy of holies, when he was seized with paralysis would refer the appearance of the messenger to the central situation in front, and might hence be led to give him the designation Gabriel. A further intimation is given, in a subsequent note at p. 59, that the orientals appear to have considered the angel Gabriel as *presiding over generation*, perhaps from the etymology of his name; and this opinion might contribute to individualize the internal apparition. Consult, on this subject, the comments on the nineteenth sura of the koran, especially those of Al Beidawi.

The third section discusses the paragraph extending from the 26—38 verse of the first chapter of Luke. As this fragment throws new lights on a question, which has in our own country occasioned great differences of opinion between the Trinitarian and Socinian churches, we will translate the prefatory paraphrase.

‘ In the sixth month of the pregnancy of the priestess Elizabeth, at a time when she was already sure of her maternal felicity, which she had made known to her acquaintance (v. 24.), one of her Galilean relations who was then on a visit at the house, whose name was Mary, and who was betrothed to Joseph, a descendant of David, discovers also a hope, through the mediation of the same throne-angel, of whom so much had been mentioned in the family (for Zacharias had used his writing-tablet previous (v. 65.) to the circumcision of his son) to obtain a pregnancy which should be eminently blessed and holy.

She, too, anxiously desired a son; but she would give him a name of higher significance, and call him after Joshua, the saviour of the people. The old prophets were mostly born of priestly families. The highest (i. 76.) expectation which was cherished by the wife of a priest, was to bear a prophetic son. But, as a descendant of David, Mary might entertain more elevated and magnificent hopes. She might expect the highest good fortune, which could happen to a Jewish mother, and to bring forth the Messiah himself, the future restorer of the kingdom of David, which was to be subverted no more. Compare H. Stephani on the component parts and progressive evolution of the idea of a Messiah.

As it was esteemed uncertain, in the time of Mary, whether the Messiah was to be begotten in the usual human manner; and as, in this sense, the betrothed might enquire *how* the hope that the

fostered could be fulfilled when she was not married; the conclusion is soon identified with her hopes, that in the production of this son there would be *something unusually Godly*; an energy divine, the true efficacy of the Most High, which was to make her the mother of a child, who, in this sense, might be called a son of God.

The parallel with her aunt (i. 36.) the priestess, who had so long borne the opprobrium of barrenness, gives a pious assurance to the prophetic anticipations of the virgin: 'With God nothing shall be impossible.' One unusual expectation has, as often happens, many still more extraordinary consequences. In futurity lay the result of both.

The most remarkable note is attached to the 34th and 35th verses: *πῶς* is equivalent to the question: by human generation? or how else? Is it to happen when I marry? or without my marrying? seeing I know not a man. The angel of generation answers: *πνεῦμα*, a breath, a holy, invisible, animating force, shall come upon thee. And the sense is that the conception of the Messiah shall be produced in a *sinless* manner, in a way agreeable to God. In the apocryphal gospel *De Nativ. Mariae*, a like idea occurs: *Virgo, sine peccato concipies*. But how? Without all mediate interposition? In the relations of the evangelists no direct answer is given to this question. Still in the 25th verse, where the human interposition is admitted, the narrative is analogous. According to the ideas of many of the old Jews, pure parents attracted, as it were, the Holy Ghost, so that their offspring might be called sons of the Most High. Sohar Genes. ed Sulz. f<sup>o</sup>. says: *Omnēs illi qui sciunt se sanctificare in hoc mundo, ut par est, ubi generant, attrahunt super id spiritum sanctitatis, e loco omnis sanctitatis, et exeuntes ab eo illi vocantur filii Jehovæ*. Again the same Sohar in a comment on Leviticus: *Ed horâ quo filius hominis (homo) se sanctificat ad copulandum se cum conjuge consilio sancto, datur super eam spiritus alius plene sanctus*. See also E. C. Schmidt's *Bibliothek für Kritik et Exegetik* (p. 101.) where there are many similar passages, which illustrate what is meant by the Jewish idea of a conception by the Holy Ghost. Several oriental framers of legends have been fond of excluding the idea of carnal interposition from the generation of their saints. Thus the Sabians taught, concerning John, that he was produced by the mere kiss of Zachariah. And the Egyptians taught (Mela I. 9.) *Apim raro nasci, nec coitu pecoris, sed divinitus et caelesti igne conceptum*. Justin relates (XV. 4.) *Mater Seleuci Laodice, cum nupta esset Antiocho, visa est sibi per quietem ex concubitu Apollinis concepisse*. After these and other quotations, the professor concludes by a significant pas-

sage from Livy : *Datur hæc venia antiquitati, ut miscendo humano divinis primordia arbum augustiora faciat.*

The result of the exposition is left indefinite by the writer ; but it amounts to this : that the doctrine of an *immaculate* conception which is so strenuously asserted by the catholics, is more countenanced by scripture, than the doctrine of a *miraculous* conception, which is so zealously vindicated by the protestants.

With an equitable impartiality which is rarely evinced in the theological world, professor Paulus proceeds to consider the hypothesis of an anonymous popular writer among the Germans who has published "a natural history of Jesus of Nazareth." This novel, or conjectural biography, attempts to explain by bold fictions, and without the hypothesis of supernatural interposition, the successive incidents in the life of Christ. The adventure of Mary is, in this book, parallelized with a relation of Josephus contained in the *Archæology* (xviii, 3, 4.) respecting an imposition which was practised on Paulina. The author with characteristic temerity, ventures to designate Joseph of Arimathea, the Mundus of his ideal narrative. Others have had recourse to a conjecture, which as they think, derives more support from scriptural intimations, but which we shall not at present explain.

The fourth section comments on Luke i; 39—56. The professor dwells chiefly on the palm of Mary, 46—55, which he considers as definitive of the idea which Mary had cherished of the expected Messiah ; and consequently as supplying information about the notions which she was likely to impress on the tender mind of her son. Her ideas, he adds, are very earthly ; but the spiritual application enhances the merit of the son. If Zacharias be confessedly the author of this whole family-memoir ; and if he occasionally imparted something of his own devotional taste in paraphrase to Mary and Elizabeth ; still the trains of thought which are obvious in his writings, would be likely to accompany and to cloud the education of his near connections.

The fifth section considers v. 57—80. The 65 verse is especially brought out as containing an appeal of the author to his neighbours for the notation of the facts which he was detailing. The 67th verse gives occasion to an elaborate definition of the verb to *prophecy*, which often meant no more than to hold forth, to speak extempore in an exalted strain upon religious topics. Jeremy Taylor uses the word in this sense, and so does Lord Bacon.

The sixth section shifts the scene of commentary to Matthew and considers the verses 13—25 of the first chapter. Matthew

like Luke, had taken pains to obtain original and authentic intelligence concerning the early years of Jesus: but the account, which he procured, evidently comes from Joseph, whose motives of conduct are detailed (i. 19.—and ii. 22.) in a way that no stranger could have detailed them. Yet it is not probable that Joseph drew up this account *in writing*, for Matthew's use; for it is not all from the same mint. Some of it was *thought* in the language of Palestine, as verse 21, where the words *Jesus* and *save* would suggest one another in the Aramæan, but not in the Greek. Some of it was thought in Greek as verse 23, where the Alexandrian version was likely, and where the Hebrew text of Isaiah was not likely, to excite such a perception of parallelism as could occasion the application of the passage. This change of pen announces an individual, who draws his materials partly from the dictation of another, and partly from his own mind. It may therefore be presumed that Matthew took down the testimony of Joseph, but that he interpolated it. It is Joseph who thinks in Aramæan; it is Matthew who thinks in Greek. One conspicuous feature of the memoir is a regard to dreams; i. 20, ii. 12, ii. 13, ii. 19, ii. 22; which, except in the case of Pilate's wife, xxvii. 19, does not pervade the rest of the gospel, though it is very observable in the Acts. This account, though independent of that of Luke, corroborates it. Their differences prove the absence of conspiracy; their agreement, the exactness of the facts which are common to both. There is nothing irreconcilable in the two accounts.

Some persons have doubted (among ourselves, the editors of the "Improved Version,") whether this narrative, and the connected pedigree of Joseph, always formed a part of the gospel of Matthew, or whether they were a subsequent addition. Professor Paulus thinks that they always formed a part of it: (1.) because they are not omitted in any manuscript: (2.) because Cerinthus and Carpocras, gnostics by inclination, and not favourable to the terrestrial symptoms in the history of Christ, had inferred from the genealogy, that Jesus was Joseph's son; they therefore regarded the genealogy as authentic, and knew that it was so considered by their adversaries: (3.) because the dialogue with Trypho quotes certain passages of scripture with variations from the Alexandrian and from the Hebrew text, but exactly as they occur in the second chapter of Matthew, and therefore probably from this very source: (4.) because, according to Clemens Alexandrinus, several fathers of the church held the gospels which had the genealogies to be the more antient: consequently Matthew and Luke already had the genealogies, in the time of those fathers; (5.)

take part in the ceremony; so the Jews sometimes made a domestic private circumcision, and reserved the appointment of the godfather and godmother, until the purification, or churching, of the mother. This seems to have happened in the case before us. Who the Simeon and Anna were, who acted as godfather and godmother, is not known: yet Lightfoot and Michaelis conjecture that Samai, the son of Hillel and the father of Gamaliel, is the venerable priest employed. His wife Abital was of the family of David, and may therefore have been related to Joseph; but it is more probable that the protection of Zacharias, so conspicuous in the early years of Jesus, had solicited this distinguished interference.

The tenth and eleventh sections profess to comment on the two segments, excluding the 12th and 13th verses of the second chapter of Matthew. From the account of Luke, (see especially the 39th verse of the 2nd chapter,) one would suppose the parents of Jesus to have returned strait from Jerusalem to their home at Nazareth; and there to have passed twelve quiet years, without any other journeys, than their yearly visit to Jerusalem in the passover week. There is no symptom of omission in the account of Luke: there is every reason to suppose that Zacharias, the fountain of that account, must, as a neighbour, have known the exact truth. The relation in the second chapter of Matthew, is, on the contrary, encumbered with improbable circumstances. It is true that in an age, when astrology was generally credited, there might well be at Jerusalem some strolling Babylonians, who made a profit of their pretended science. A carpenter and his wife might send for such persons (as we should now express it,) to tell the fortunes of their child; might accept from them presents of trinkets, and reward them according to custom. Such magicians might discover in the mother a notion that her child was to become a saviour of the people; and might corroborate her expectations by their flattery. But that Herod, already too old to incur the competition of an infant, should take alarm at the horoscope, that he should order a massacre of all the children in Bethlehem, and that Josephus should not mention this remarkable insanity of cruelty, is indeed very surprising! And that Joseph should have foreseen this proscription; and, without warning the other inhabitants of Bethlehem, should have undertaken a journey into Egypt, in order to save his foster child, has something in it of legendary improbability! Add to this, that the scriptural quotations, occurring in the second chapter of Matthew, do not appear to be derived from the same versions which were familiar to the author of the first chapter; and some doubt must arise, whether this document be derived from the same source;

and if not, whether from so authentic a source, as the pen of Matthew, or the dictation of Joseph. But the zeal of professor Paulus, for defending the minutest particular recorded in the sacred books, transcends our praise. However willing to solve the marvellous naturally, he is never willing to part with the natural that is marvellous; and he is more willing to suppose an *hiatus* in the second chapter of Luke, an interruption in the narrative of Zacharias, and an improbable omission in Josephus, than to question the story of this migration into Egypt. The tradition of such a migration, preserved by Matthew, but strangely accounted for by his informant, is more likely to respect a period, when the cares of education attracted the foster-child of Joseph to the colleges of Alexandria, than the period to which it is here assigned. The notes on this chapter are in many respects admirable, particularly the elaborate and erudite dissertation on the death-year of Herod I. On the whole, Professor Paulus assents to the inference, that the birth of Jesus certainly preceded the vulgar era by nearly four, and possibly by about eight years.

The twelfth section analyzes Luke ii. 40—52. We think that the editors of the Improved Version have shown more critical discrimination than Professor Paulus, in considering this fragment as of the same fabric with the preceding, and in printing the whole of the two first chapters of Luke, as a distinct but uniform document. Professor Paulus, in order to make room for the journey into Egypt, terminates Zacharias's gospel of the infancy, at the fortieth, while the unitarian editors continue it to the end of the fifty-second verse. There is a continuation of one feeling throughout the whole narrative; this part of it like all the preceding, clearly exhibits the honest pride of a father exulting in the celebrity of his race. It was perhaps composed about the time of the baptism of Jesus, when both he and John were in the bloom of a tranquil popularity; and was intended to illustrate the seed-bed of plants, which Zacharias had himself nursed into progressive eminence, and which were become such lofty cedars of God. Perhaps the mournful catastrophe of the elder abridged the father's toil, and broke his heart; and thus closed his eyes to an event yet more terrible and distressing. But while he yet wrote, he yet rejoiced in his descendants. He narrates the examination of Jesus before the doctors in the temple, which no doubt he had commissioned the lad to undergo, and which was to pave the way for a reception into the free schools of the priesthood, with the warm delight of a sympathising relative, who feels that his affectionate endeavours are now recompensed, and that he has inspired a taste for learning and for piety, similar to his own. Kindred sensibility attracts him towards the ingenuous



youth, and puts in the mouth of the boy this sentiment of filial obedience and regard ; *ὡς ἄδωκε δὲ τῷ τοῦ πατρὸς μου δὲ ἐναι με* ;

‘ How many commentators,’ says an ingenious critic, ‘ have passed over this interesting passage without any attempt to penetrate beyond the surface of the sense !!!’

The ‘ gospel of the infancy’ by Zacharias, (for so unquestionably it ought to be named,) which is included in the two first chapters of Luke, deserves on every account a more minute examination than it has hitherto received ; and a higher degree of authority than it has lately obtained. In fact, it is a more credible document than the remainder of Luke’s gospel ; because Zacharias was intimately acquainted with the events which he describes, and in which he acted a conspicuous part ; but Luke was not at Jerusalem during the mission of Jesus, and relates it entirely on the authority of others. The one is a relation at first, and the other at second hand. This ‘ gospel of the infancy’ is, in point of time, many years anterior to the composition of the other gospels ; and *has obviously served as a model for the mode of narration adopted in them* ; so that it has proved to christianity itself, what it is to the biography of Christ. It has been the cradle of the whole system. The genuine worth, the ardent piety, the devotional pathos, the scriptural eloquence, and the prophetic erudition of Zacharias, are accompanied by one distinct and prominent personal peculiarity—the characteristic zeal of his anticipations respecting the Messiah. His whole soul seems concentrated in the realization of those hopes of the **ELEVATION OF A SECOND DAVID**, which were then so fondly cherished and so widely diffused. He looks at the minutest event, as if it were ominous of the expected deliverance ; and both the purity and the philanthropy of his enthusiasm, rendered him worthy to form the redeemer of the people, and to nurture the future author of the salvation so dear to his hope.

The thirteenth section considers the two genealogies, Matthew i. 1—17, and Luke iii. 23—38. Although the names Salathiel and Zerubbabel occur in both, these must be different persons. As one of the genealogies respects the father and the other the mother of Jesus. It appears that the father of Mary was called Eli. A note to the 16th verse starts the question : whence it comes that the Rabbinical writers have, from the earliest times, assigned to the father of Jesus the name of Pandira ? Passages to prove the fact are cited from the Talmud, and the Toldos Jeschu ; but the cause of the opinion is unascertained. There are many gaps in the genealogies, some of which can be filled up from the book of Chronicles : segments of fourteen names were studiously made, and subordinate

names were often dropped in order to fortify the relation. In the genealogy preserved by Matthew, several women, in whose history there was something of equivocal delicacy, are named, as Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, Bathsheba; an indirect, but cogent proof, that this is a *family document*, not copied merely from public registers. Yet the concluding words of the pedigree: *Jesus who is called Christ*: look more like an official than a family designation. Josephus uses the same expression concerning the same person.

The note to the 23d verse of the third chapter of Luke remarks, that the age of Christ is here left very indefinite. It was not customary for a Jew to undertake the office of a public teacher before thirty years of age. Any age between thirty and forty may reasonably be inferred from the expression which is employed, and which, by a customary euphemism of civility, probably understates the fact.

With the fourteenth section begins the missionary life of Jesus; in which, Matthew iii. 1—12, Mark i. 1—8, and Luke iii. 1—20 are examined.

Professor Paulus greatly laments the wide vacuity between the termination of the preceding and the commencement of these later notices. He attributes this deficiency to the existence of an anterior gospel concerning John the Baptist, which was familiar to the original disciples, and which carried on the narration, from the point where Zacharias breaks off, to the death of John. Hence the author of the first gospel of Jesus, which is probably best preserved in the narrative of Mark, thought it needless to repeat what was known from the biography of John; but begins the history with the recognition of Jesus by the Baptist.

As some indemnity for the loss of specific notices, Professor Paulus attempts a sketch of the general state of sects and parties in Judæa, at the time of the baptism of Jesus. He directs the attention especially to a passage in Josephus, at the beginning of the eighteenth book of the *Archæology*, which relates the rise of a 'fourth philosophy,' or religious sect, founded by Judas of Gamala, and by a pharisee named Saddok. Michaelis calls this sect the new pharisaic, but has not displayed his usual industry in its illustration. By its almost seditious zeal for liberty and independence, by its impatience of taxation and of Roman sway, and by the incitements which it held out to the people to redress their own wrongs, this sect resembled the jacobinism of modern times. But it had other features, which bore a closer resemblance to the millenarians of a century and half ago. In order to foster a spirit of insurrection against the Romans, the Jewish priesthood had very generally introduced in their sermons, those passages of the scriptures, which

promised an everlasting sceptre to the house of David, and a wide-spreading dominion over the contiguous nations. These passages were indeed originally only the flatteries of the hour, the incense of eastern adulation to beings long since extinct, which the revolutions of time had completely falsified, but which national vanity, popular ignorance, and priestly imposture, still believed, or caused to be believed as prophetic, and on the point of fulfilment. The writings ascribed to Daniel were especially in favour. A great party had insensibly been collected of these votaries to a temporal deliverer, of these sanguine zealots for the kingdom of God on earth, of these fond expectants of a conquering Messiah, of these political christians, these ambitious devotees to the gorgeous vision of national redemption. Had a man like Josephus, flourished at that time, who to great military knowledge and conduct united a familiarity with the writings and views of the Jewish priesthood, it is not improbable that he might have realized the public wish, and have separated Syria from the dominion of Rome; as Joshua divided it from that of Egypt, or as Washington redeemed America from the British empire. The want of a suitable chieftain seldom fails to frustrate the success of a cause: and disappointed factions, like disappointed individuals, often take a devotional turn.

There is a clue of circumstances which induces us to suspect that this Messiah-party was regularly organized, and had a conference (to borrow from our methodists the designation of a parallel, oligarchic, over-ruling synod) habitually sitting in Jerusalem, and employing about seventy itinerant preachers. Within this party *pure* christianity had its first germ. Among the adherents of this sect are found the primitive converts to that revolution of opinion, which substituted the hope of a spiritual kingdom, a dominion not of this world, to the previously prevailing hope of a temporal monarchy; which taught that the redemption of souls, not that of the living Israelites, was the office of the Messiah; and which proclaimed that the Christ was no longer to be expected, but was already come in the person of Jesus. This spiritualization of the old faith was calculated to draw off the quiet, the prudent, the orderly, the virtuous, and the despairing members of the party, and to leave the turbulent, the rebellious, and the unprincipled, to the natural consequences of their violence. This moral revolution was highly useful and meritorious; it was begun and it was completed by the effect of the discourses of Jesus.

Some tincture of the traditional opinions of this Messiah-party may be traced in the canonical gospel writers. The announcement of a Messiah, and of the kingdom of God among men, is the cardinal point of their zeal, the pivot and the

spring of their whole narration. No particulars of the life of Jesus, but what related to this end, were, in the first instance, thought worthy of being narrated. Nor is John the Baptist, characterized any farther than as the harbinger of the Mésiah.

Professor Paulus draws, from the abrupt commencement of the narrative of the mission, an inference that it is copied, with little change, from the middle of some antecedent book, some life, no doubt, of John. But he observes, that Luke, in his chronological introduction, appears not to have been accurately informed respecting, or sufficiently attentive to, the general history of Judea. Lysanias (iii. 2.) was no longer tetrarch of Abilene, but had been murdered many years before; and there is no opportunity afforded by Josephus for inferring that another Lysanias occupied his place. Annas and Caiaphas were not high-priests in the same year.

On the subject of baptism, much rabbinical learning is displayed. Boys were named at the time of circumcision; at the time of naming girls, a partial baptism was (p. 281) the Pharisaic ritual. Hence probably our form of baptizing children. Adult baptism was, in the opinion of the professor, not borrowed from any previously habitual form of receiving proselytes among the Jews: but was first introduced by John the Baptist, as a public pledge in the convert that he would from that time observe a virtuous and pure course of life. This adult baptism was never conferred on women. The baptism of Jesus took place after the 19th August, of the 28th year of the Dionysiac, or vulgar, era.

In a note to the 15th verse of the third chapter of Luke, the question is discussed, whether certain zealous disciples of John had not, for a time, mistaken him for the Christ, and proclaimed him accordingly. From the recognitions of the Pseudo-Clemens a passage is adduced; *Sed et ex discipulis Johannis, qui videbantur esse magni, segregarunt se a populo, et magistrum suum, veluti Christum, predicarunt*: and afterwards a disciple of John is introduced *qui affirmabat Christum Johannem fuisse, et non Jesum*. We think that the professor undervalues this hint. If the gospel concerning John were drawn up by a zealous disciple of this kind (and is not this most likely?) it would contain many applications of scriptural passages respecting the Messiah to John. These applications would afterwards be found irreconcilable with similar applications of the same, or of like passages to Jesus. Hence the Christian church might find it expedient to put an end to the use of the gospel concerning John; and this furnishes an obvious reason for the disappearance of the document.

The fifteenth section investigates the phenomena, which accompanied the baptism of Jesus; and discusses conjointly

Matthew iii. 13—17, Mark i. 9—11, and Luke iii. 21—22. The paraphrase runs thus :

‘As so many had been consecrated for the approaching kingdom of God, by the baptismal symbol of purification, Jesus also departs from Nazareth to the Baptist, who had already many Galilean disciples. John i. 35—45. John already knew so much of his kinsman Jesus, that he does not keep back his personal conviction, that he himself ought rather to apply to Jesus for consecration than to confer it on him ; although John did not yet definitely acknowledge Jesus for the holiest of all, (*αγιος τε θεος*) for the Messiah.

‘The transcendent merit of Jesus was therefore already recognised among his relations. What concert was it between two young energetic men, which could have induced the elder, the more impetuous, the more austere, the Judæan, the son of a priest, to make himself subordinate to the younger, the milder, the more reserved, the Galilean, the layman ? Was it not the intellectual superiority of Jesus, which was too palpable not to be seen ? John evinced no common magnanimity in becoming the inferior associate of the greater man, for the more effectual accomplishment of their common patriotic views.

‘It is on this very occasion too that Jesus appears on the highest step of disinterested self-appreciation. Often as he must have heard from his parents, that he was born to be the Messiah ; much as had occurred to encourage his confidence in the truth of the assertion ; such as the uncommon faculties of his mind, the early maturity of his genius, his sublime thoughts, his comprehensive views, the wonderful combination of the most delicate sensibility with the most heroic firmness—his devout acquiescence in all that is morally fit, his cheerful, his sympathetic humanity, his popular courtesy of demeanour, and the singular union of these talents and graces, with such transcendent sanative powers as are historically inscrutable. Though all this seemed to invite him to assume the character of Messiah, his self-esteem is so small, he is so lowly in heart as to avoid every the slightest suspicion of presumption, and of haste in adopting a title, which was the highest to which any Jew could raise his projects or his hopes ; a title which implied that he was the envoy of Jehovah, and the chosen saviour of the nation. So true is it, that though already approaching the purity of the divine nature he did not eagerly grasp at the resemblance to God. Compare Phil. ii. 6. with John v. 18. It becomes him and his worthy harbinger thus to fulfil all that ceremonial or moral righteousness could require. Matthew iii. 15. He offers himself therefore to receive the form of consecration for the divine kingdom : and on this occasion it was to appear, whether the Deity would vouchsafe any decisive intimation of his Messiahship.

‘Full of these sublime expectations, and already worthy of the supreme place in that future kingdom, by this very proof of his religious humility and self-denial—he descends into the waves of the

Jordan. His head is dipped under the water, and when he lifts it up again in devout contemplation (*προστυχομενος*) the serenity of the clear open sky beams on his countenance, and a dove, distinctly visible, (*σωματικῶς ἰδῆς*) inclines towards him from above.

‘To such *symbolic language of-the godhead* all the prophets were accustomed. They heard not indeed in words, but in signs, to which circumstances furnished the interpretation, and in which a pious heart placed unshaken confidence, whether what they had devoutly sought was really the will of Him, without whom no sparrow falls to the ground, and no dove moves her wings in the air. Jesus knew what he had asked. To him after profoundly meditating on what he had seen—to him, the Lord of nature had now given an answer by a living symbol. What a decisive moment for Jesus! At length he had received a confirmation of the hope which had been indulged for thirty years, yet never proclaimed with juvenile presumption. At this moment—who that can feel, would subtilize in physical or psychologic distinctions? at this moment, heaven proclaims, all surrounding nature proclaims, to Jesus, with the voice of God: Thou art he! This is he! The heir of the kingdom! The beloved son!

‘The great question is now determined! For the rest of his life, Jesus remains certain, both in weal or in woe, that he is internally and externally, the declared Messiah of God. This conviction, this certainty, pervades his confidential friends, when they perceive that it had been caught by the Baptist himself. Upon this unquestioned persuasion it eventually depended, whether the doctrine of a crucified unfortunate should overthrow judaism and heathenism, and bow before it the thrones of sovereigns and the theories of philosophy. The fate of worlds hangs on instants. But what is the signal for the conquest of worlds, but a courageous, undoubting reliance on the will of the Supreme Being? *καὶ αὕτη ἐστὶν ἡ νικηὶ ἡ νικησασα τὸν κόσμον, ἡ πιστις ἡμῶν.* 1 John v. 5. Compare John xvi. 13.’

In the notes attached to particular verses of this segment, professor Paulus more minutely vindicates his peculiar theory of this incident.

‘The *inference*,’ says he, ‘in one place, that the spirit of God became visible in the form of a dove, is in all the three evangelical historians exhibited as a *fact*, and so as to precede the relation of the visible appearance. But, in order to designate the real order of the event, it should first be stated that Jesus saw something like a dove; and next that he judged, inferred, or became certain, that it betokened the spirit of God. That which men think about an event is more important, and even more certain, than the visible part of the event itself. The internal experience makes a deeper trace in the memory, than the cotemporary external experience. Hence, imperceptibly to themselves, they often assign the foremost station to their own inference. Jesus saw, what, strictly speaking, he saw only in his own inference, the spirit of God.’

And then follows the description of what had been really visible, the inclination toward him of a hovering dove. Luke is anxious to exclude the idea of a real dove; according to him, it had only the *bodily form* of one; but neither he, nor any person, who could not know whether it were tangible, can bear testimony to its immaterial existence. The phenomenon appeared like a dove; in this all the evangelists are agreed, as well as the Baptist (John i. 32.) That it was a mere phantasm is again an inference; natural enough indeed among Jews, who thought that Jehovah was in the habit of commissioning his spirits to assume temporary forms, which, when they had effected their purpose, were again laid aside.

Many historic anecdotes are cited from the Greek and Latin writers, in which similar omens were analogously interpreted. A fortunate illustration is the consecration of Romulus, as described by Ennius.

*Exin candida se radiis dedit icta foras lux  
Et simul ex alto longe pulcherrima præpes  
Læva tolavit avis; simul aureus exoritur sol.*

Elegant passages from the poets describing the *heavens opening*, as it was phrased, or depicting the flight of doves, are produced in luxuriant abundance. Buffon, Fischer, and other natural historians, and topographers, are called in; and at length it is inferred that the *columba gyatrix*, or *paloma volteadora* of the Spaniards, is the sort of pigeon, whose habits of flight accord best with the description of the evangelists.

This whole chapter seems to be happily laboured; we shall leave it to theologues by profession to determine whether it be entirely satisfactory. While the conflict lasts, between the ancient regard for the former exposition, and a hesitating fondness for the proposed substitution; the oscillation of doubt cannot but be felt. But it is probable that this will become, among ecclesiastics,\* the prevailing form of expounding the passage; at least among such, as are inclined to question the personality, or materiality, of the holy spirit.

The sixteenth section analyzes the narrative of the temptation, and expounds the whole as an ecstasy, a dream, a vision, which passed only in the mind, or imagination, of Jesus. As this plan of explanation is current in our own literature, it may be conveniently passed over.

The seventeenth section comments on Luke iv. 14—30; and here we find nothing very new.

The eighteenth section respects Matthew iv. 12—17, and Mark i. 14—15. Minutiæ of order in the incidents are here,

\* The editors of the improved version in a superfluous note to John v. 38, very inconsistently admit the appearance of the spirit in a *corporeal form*; which, according to their views, is like admitting that *fear* could assume the form of a hare, or *courage* that of a lion.

as in the preceding section, curiously ascertained. The observation occurs that Matthew, a Galilæan, willingly dwells on what passed in Galilee; and that John, a Jerusalemite, willingly dwells on what passed at Jerusalem. Pliny's description of the lake of Tiberias is corrected by the gospels.

The five sections numbered xix. to xxiii. are intimately connected with each other; and relate instances of the great popularity which attended Jesus, after he had taken up his residence at Capernaum. According to the Mosaic institutions, the practice of medicine was a part of the office of a priest. The Essenes especially cultivated this branch of science, and were in high repute among the country-people, as successful practitioners. In some *Midrash*, or convent-school of the Essenes, professor Paulus thinks it probable that Jesus had received his elementary education. Whether he completed this discipline at Alexandria is unknown; but, as the metaphysical opinions, which are advanced in the gospel and epistles of John, have much affinity with those of Philo-Judæus, the author says that it is probable that the instructor of John had availed himself of the lights of Ægyptian erudition. To great accomplishments of science the superstitious vulgar have often attributed a sort of magical power; and being ignorant of the limits of nature, have often described the sensible operations of human skill, in such a manner as favours the suspicion of supernatural agency. If, to acquired arts of healing, was superadded the opinion of that holy efficacy, which had attended the prophets of old, whose mere presence was believed incompatible with the activity of evil spirits and pernicious dæmons, a faith in the wholesome influence of the man of God might rise to enthusiastic vehemence, and produce all the medical effects of confidence in a tenfold degree greater than is possible where the scepticisms of rationality are entertained. Some of the cures, especially those of paralytic and demoniacal affections, may, according to the professor, be accounted for in this way; those of the latter class, which are very numerous, are peculiarly likely to yield, for a time at least, to strong mental impressions. But there are instances, which, if not exaggerated in the narration, are incapable of solution by the same causes. Such are the instantaneous cures of inveterate dumbness and blindness: long habits of experience are necessary to associate with the sound of words their respective meanings, and with the hue and shape of objects their respective distances. If the organic defect had been removed, the mind would still have years of apprenticeship to serve. There are no unequivocal symptoms of concert and arrangement: the cures are not confined to avowed friends, whose concurrence might be conciliated; or to indigent strangers, whose conspiracy might be purchased. The same effects every where follow the arrival of the physician: nor has a partial selection been made of the lucky cases



only ; for a comparative failure (Mark vi. 5.) is as honestly recorded as a triumphant accomplishment. Professor Paulus however observes, that Peter's mother-in-law does not appear to have been ill, when the physician arrived, or he would have been then called in. She falls very sick, while they are in the synagogue, and is soon after with much publicity restored.

Some interstices are indicated in the narration. As Jesus was coming from Cana along the road to Capernaum, he meets four fishermen, who according to John's Gospel, were, by no means, so unknown to him, as from the narrations of Matthew and Mark would be inferred. They were not merely Galileans, living in the neighbourhood of Nazareth, but were long since disciples of John, and had been present at the baptism of Jesus. Probably they had accompanied him to the passover at Jerusalem, where he had disciples with him (John ii. 17 and 23). Numberless minute particulars of this kind are evolved with such curious care as in a manner to diminish the marvellousness of that sudden ascendancy which was apparently exerted over several individuals. It is surprizing that a narration in Luke (v. 1—11), which is strongly marked by idiosyncrasy should be peculiar to a gospel-writer, who was not a party concerned.

Before professor Paulus proceeds to the twenty-fourth section, he inserts a most elaborate dissertation, on the chronological order of the incidents which intervened between the first passover after the baptism, and the second passover; for he is among those who assign the greatest length to the duration of the ministry of Christ. These incidents are about thirty in number; they are placed in a different order by different evangelists, whence it may be presumed, that one narrative is derived from an *apomnemoneuma* made in Galilee, another from notes taken in Judæa, and that one evangelist classed his memorandums by their topics, and another by their sources. Matthew is more copious in his accounts of the discourses of Jesus, than Mark or Luke, which renders it probable that he himself was accustomed to note down the most remarkable sayings of Jesus on distinguished occasions, and that the possession of this gnomology, or collection of the sentiments of Jesus, led him to compose a third gospel.

The order here assigned to the successive parts of the progress is this. 1. The return home from the first passover after the baptism. 2. Journey about seed-time into the country in Judæa. 3. Return in winter through Samaria to Galilee. The anecdotes are then severally attached to the different parts of the progress; and are discussed in twenty-one sections numbered xxiv. to xlv.

In a note to Matthew viii. 21,—22, professor Paulus understands the passage; 'suffer me to *stay* and bury my father,'

that is, to remain at home until I shall become my own master; my father being yet living. To this indefinite procrastination an answer is given which partakes both of the serious and jocose. 'There are persons enough who are *dead* to my doctrine, leave it to them to linger and bury their *dead*.' This and other passages, adds Professor Paulus, must appear strange to those, who picture Jesus as a solemn dogmatist, who spoke only words of a pound weight; the convivial gaiety of his character, as he himself represents it, (Matthew xi. 19, and Luke vii. 34) is often seen in an endeavour to excite agreeable emotions and pleasurable trains of thought.

The twenty-sixth section explains the storm described Matthew viii. 23—27, Mark iv. 36—40, and Luke viii. 22—25. The paraphrase runs thus:

'As they were crossing to the opposite coast, accompanied by many boats which were hired by the admirers of Jesus, a sudden gust fell upon the lake, and a concussion (Matthew) perhaps the result of an earthquake, was felt, during which the boats were covered or filled with water: whilst he, tired of preaching, was fallen asleep on a bolster. 'It is only because he sleeps that misfortune befalls us;' think the good people. They awaken him. 'The holy man will be able to help us;' such is the natural hope of persons in danger. Jesus requires, from all, courage and confidence, for pusillanimity, *ολυγοπιστια*, is the precursor of destruction, it prevents all practicable remedy. With a presence of mind resembling that of Cæsar, he asks the pilot? 'How can you be so faint-hearted! do you not carry the Messiah?'

'Nor had he been long awake, long attentive to the vehemence of the wind, before he drew the inference and expressed it, that it would soon be over. On lakes, and in sultry atmospheres, especially where the contiguous district is mountainous, such tempests are of very confined and fugitive operation. This was speedily at an end. Those, who had escaped, agitated between terror and astonishment, ascribed their preservation to the happy consequences of the presence of Jesus. 'Even the storms, even the waves, not merely the *kakodæmons*, give way before him.' Thus they whisper to one another. That Jesus knew, or that he approved, *the inference*, is no where stated.'

In this way, as if he were restoring epic poetry to the basis of history, professor Paulus endeavours to resolve the marvellous turns of the narration into inferences of the bystanders. In the twenty-seventh section he considers the history of the Gerasene (not Gergesene, as is most learnedly demonstrated (p. 495); this prevalent spelling having grown out of an erroneous conjecture of Origen) demoniac; and explains it as a case of insanity, in which the madman, believing himself

possessed, puts himself in the place of the imaginary kakodæmon, and stipulates that his superfluous soul may transmigrate into some other frame. It is shown that the narrative of Matthew, who introduces two Gerasene demoniacs, must be inaccurate; and that the narration of Mark, who introduces only one, is to be preferred. Two distinct insane persons would not have concurred in attaching confidence to so singular a mode of cure; as that which the unfortunate man requests. Jesus let the madman hunt the swine, as a mean of assisting his imagination to believe itself dispossessed, but did not design that they should perish in the lake.

The twenty-ninth section analyzes the cure of a paralytic, described Matthew ix. 1—8, Mark ii. 1—12, and Luke v. 17—26. Professor Paulus compares this incident with various modern facts; as *relation verifiable de la guérison miraculeuse de Marie Maillard: Amsterdam 1694*. This was the daughter of a blacksmith; she was born in 1680, and limped from the time she began to walk. The disease appeared to be seated in the left hip, which exhibited a hollowness; afterwards a swelling appeared above the *cavitas ischii*.

The growth of her left thigh did not keep pace with that of the right, but at twelve years of age was four inches shorter than the other; the knee of the same leg was thicker and the ankle crooked. The parents, who were calvinistic refugees from France, consulted eminent surgeons at Lausanne, where they had resided some years, and afterwards at Amsterdam, where they finally settled. The medical men gave it as their opinion that no cure was practicable. Debat was one of the more famous surgeons to whom they applied; he ordered friction with oils, but in vain. Things continued in this state until the 26th November 1693, on which day as the young person was walking to the French protestant church, some Dutch boys in the street loudly ridiculed her limping, and mimicked it. The second chapter of Mark was the lesson of the day, and this story of the paralytic made a very strong impression on the girl. She said to her mother as she came back: 'I am sure, mother, I should not want faith if such a thing were to happen to me.' While the mother was giving her a consoling answer, she felt a great pain, and a disposition to stretch out her leg, and while she heard it crack, a voice seemed to say to her: 'thy faith hath made thee whole.' From that time forward she could walk like other people, though with some remains of debility; the ankle became straight and the knee lost its swelling, and the thigh acquired the length of the other. This fact is indubitably attested, as well by medical men as by the pastor.

Another fact is produced from the archives of the Lutheran church in the duchy of Wurtemberg *Leonbergæ, oppido Wurtembergico, patrum memoriâ, mulier ita membris capta, ut*

*fulcris vix spithamæis reperet, dum decanus pro suggestu miraculosam vim nominis Jesu tractaret, repente erecta est.* This case though not medically described is not less satisfactorily attested than the preceding. Professor Paulus concludes as if he had recently been reading the case of Winifred White :

‘ Thus from every country, and from every religious communion, some contributions to a thaumatology, some unexplained wonders can be collected which prove that unexpectedly rapid excitements of long interrupted corporeal functions have occasionally occurred in all countries and at all times.’

What has Dr. Isaac Milner to oppose to these calvinistic and Lutheran miracles? We advise the Socinians to keep a good look out for some of these special interpositions, so testificatory of the faith of the communities in which they occur.

In the thirty-first section the case of the hemorrhoidal woman is admirably explained. It is related in Mark v. 22—35. The professor considers it as an unworthy and unfounded idea, that the garments of Jesus possessed a power of curing diseases, independently of his knowledge or volition; yet some commentators have deduced such an opinion from the thirtieth verse. This supposed power, professor Paulus resolves into an inference of the by-standers, which afterwards became a part of the narration. He compares the account given of this incident in Eusebius (Eccles. Hist. liv. viii. c. 18) on the authority of a tradition which was preserved by a public monument, erected at Cesarea Philippi, by the gratitude of this lady, who was a heathen of that city. The monument represented a woman pulling the cloak of a Jew rabbi, in an attitude of asking relief. He points out to her a plant distinctly sculptured on the pedestal, and rising above his feet, up to the border of the diplois, or mantle, in which he was clad. Professor Paulus infers, that the confidence of the woman in her physician had, in the first instance occasioned a constriction of the relaxed blood vessels; and that this recovered state was perpetuated by the use of some specific vegetable prescription. It does not appear that this lady embraced the religion of Jesus, or was invited by him to do so; on the contrary the character of the monument implies that she continued to be a Pagan, and proves that she was in opulent circumstances; it also shews that her benevolence was intent on transmitting to posterity a knowledge of the medicine by which she had been saved.

In a note (p. 583) to Mark v. 40, professor Paulus complains of certain commentators for maintaining the opinion of the Jewish vulgar, in opposition to the declared opinion of Jesus; the authority of Jesus himself is to give way when hostile to a marvellous interpretation!!!

In a note (p. 673) the word Gehenna is derived from the old Persian; the professor thinks both the word and the idea

to have been brought from Babylon, after the captivity ; the Mosaic religion ' includes no such place of doom.

In the thirty-seventh section the curious observation occurs, that Luke (influenced probably by his attachment for Paul, who valued, and in some degree imitated, in the solemn austerity of his own precepts and manners, the Pharisaic sect) has often omitted the anti-pharisaic allusions and directions in the speeches of Jesus, who held exterior severity in aversion. We may select instances in Matthew v. 17—43, and vi. 1—13.

Section thirty-nine contains learned remarks upon the police of leprosy ; the office of ordering an infectious person into *quarantine* was devolved upon the high priest, as well as that of terminating his social exile. Under the name leprosy the Jews confounded several transient cutaneous disorders analogous to small-pox, and some chronic distempers which result from the vices of the east. The case of the leper (Matthew viii. 3.) was, in the professor's opinion, one, where the disease had attained that maturity at which it ceases to be infectious. The language of Jesus therefore means : ' as far as the physician may permit, I do permit you to return into society ; but go and show yourself to the priest, and obtain a legal permission.' The priest having confirmed the opinion of the physician, the man was legally cleansed.

The fortieth section compares Matthew viii. 5.—13. with Luke vii. 1.—10. Matthew puts into the mouth of the centurion himself, what according to Luke was a message transmitted by others. The maxim '*quod quis per alium facit, &c.*' is quite sufficient to account for a variation, which hardly amounts to a dissonance ; still it is of some consequence to the critic to know, that these writers are not restricted by the anxious niceties of historical precision, by any scrupulosities of accuracy in the minutiae of events ; and that they sometimes describe that as done by a person himself which he employed others to do for him. So again Mark x. 35, assigns an enquiry to the sons of Zebedee, which Matthew xx. 20. refers to their mother. Professor Paulus expounds the message of the centurion to mean, that Jesus needed not to come in person, but might send one of his pupils. On this occasion, if our narratives are complete, Jesus for the first time did not go in person to see the sick slave, but sent deputies, who were no doubt some of the twelve. Their visit brought a good omen.

The forty-first section relates to the widow's son at Nain. Curious facts are stated concerning the premature burials so customary among the modern as well as the ancient jews. Thierry, and all the late writers are quoted on the subject. Among the more recondite sources of analogical information here laid under contribution is the Arabic physician Abu-Oseiba. In

his *Vitæ celebr. Medicorum* (c. xiv. s. 3.) this anecdote occurs. *De medico, qui funeri obviæ factus inclamavit, eum vivere qui efferebatur, reddiditque ei vitam. Rogatus causam conjecturæ, dixit, id se collegisse ex situ jucentis, non enim eum habuisse cura in directum porrecta, sed reducta versus femora.* Celsus de re medicâ (lib. 2. c. 6.) is also quoted, *quosdam fama prodidit in ipsis funeribus revixisse, . . . . . Asclepiades funeri obviæ intellexit eum vivere qui efferebatur.* The erudite industry, and the comprehensive grasp, with which the literature of the world is thus ransacked for parallelisms to every individual miracle is truly astonishing; yet, if each particular case could be paired with one similar, how would this account for the extraordinary accumulation of such cases in the practice of a given individual?

The forty-third section is interesting; and throws great light on the civil history of Judæa. It respects Matthew xi. 2—19, and Luke vii. 18—35. Jesus had directed his progress toward Machærus, evidently for the purpose of holding some communication with his friend and kinsman John the Baptist, who was imprisoned in that fortress. To John his own confinement was naturally become irksome; and the longer it lasted, the more reason he had to fear that it would ultimately terminate not in pardon, but in punishment. The disciples, whom he deputed to Jesus, complain, therefore, of the delay of the latter in declaring himself to be the Messiah. It is not stated that any seditious movements, the object of which was the rescue of John, resulted from these communications. On the contrary, the answer of Jesus (Matthew xi. 6:) "Happy whosoever shall not offend because of me:" rather tended to repress the interference of his own followers. Yet, as Joanna, the wife of Herod's steward, appears from this time to have attached herself, probably as a spy to the devout bevy which surrounded Jesus; there is room to suppose that tumultuous movements of the people, were apprehended. And as the daughter of Herodias, famed for her skill in the dance, asked soon after this for the head of John,—which must have been done as a demonstration of her loyalty, rather than her cruelty, it is evident that the spies had excited the alarm of an insurrection. The candour of Professor Paulus makes the conduct of Jesus on this occasion, as on all others, the subject of the most elaborate analysis and the most cordial approbation,

It is the cause of mankind in which he is engaged (John xii. 27,) rather than that of his friend, or of himself, which occupies his thoughts; and interests his soul. The most difficult of the virtues, self-immolation, was his, in a higher degree than was ever before, or has been ever since, exemplified in the history of man.

In our judgment, the forty-fourth section is the most carelessly

finished of any in the first volume. It comments on Luke vii. 36—50, in which is contained the relation of a dinner given by Simon the Pharisee to Jesus.

Professor Paulus first endeavours to show that this Simon the Pharisee is a different person from Simon the leper, whose hospitable reception of Jesus is described in Matthew xxvi. 6—13, and in Mark xiv. 3—9. His chief argument is that Simon the Pharisee dwelt *εν τη πολει* (v. 37.) whereas Simon the leper resided in Bethany. But *εν τη πολει* does not necessarily mean *in Jerusalem*; it may as fitly be construed *in the town, in that place*. Now the sister of Lazarus (John xi. 1 and 2,) of whom this expression is used, did reside in Bethany. It follows that Simon the Pharisee resided in Bethany. And surely it is impossible that the very unusual incident of a woman bursting into a dining-room, in order to clasp the feet of Jesus, and perfume him with nard, should have occurred on two different occasions. Professor Paulus further says that there is no authority for calling this fair penitent by the name of Mary; but he forgets the express authority of John. The catholic tradition that this Mary is the same with Mary the Magdalene, cannot perhaps be absolutely proved from scripture; but is on every account highly probable. Lazarus might well be a Galilæan of Magdala.

Professor Paulus conjectures that this dinner in Bethany, at the house of Simon, had an important influence on the fortunes of Jesus; because all the evangelists seem particularly solicitous to preserve this single and solitary anecdote, respecting the stay of Jesus at Jerusalem, during the *second* passover after the baptism. He asks: was this proud pharisee offended by the expostulation of Jesus, and did he from that time labour to excite that Pharisaic persecution, to which Jesus fell a victim?

It appears to us that the story of this feast is inserted, not for the part which Simon, but for that which Mary took on the occasion. Her heart-felt sentiment of warm and affectionate veneration, is admirably portrayed.—We shall not state an inference which has been drawn from the expression which Mary employs when she asks for the supposed defunct. (John xi. v. 13.)

In a note to the forty-eighth verse, the doctrine of forgiving sins is curiously discussed. Many diseases originate in the abuse of the bodily organs, in intemperate and improvident sensuality. Such diseases, and indeed many others which ought to have been exempt from reproach, were considered by the Jews as punishments for sin, inflicted by the special interposition of the Almighty. Until the cause of these diseases was removed, until, in their phraseology, their sins were forgiven, they considered the forms of penitence, and the prac-

tices of expiation to become them. The physician prayed with his patients; and his assurance that the sin is forgiven, that the cause of the malady is removed, constituted a duty of his profession, a rule of his art, for removing apprehension, for restoring hope, and accelerating recovery.

The forty-fifth section analyzes Luke viii. 1—3, which describes the return of Jesus into Galilee, after having attended the second passover subsequent to his baptism. Professor Paulus is laudably anxious to remove, what, in our manners, and in the manners of the east, might be thought indelicate, in this social journeying of so many young disciples with so many young women, some of whom (to borrow the equivocal term of the received version,) were *sinners*. A description is undertaken of those caravans, (called *ovvodiai*, Luke ii. 44.) which went from the provinces to the paschal fair, and returned at the expiration of the festival. 'It was thought,' says the professor, 'that rabbies were above many punctilios of decorum, to which less holy men would have paid deference.'

This forms the concluding chapter of the first volume. If we have been less minutely particular in the analysis of the latter than of the former sections, it is not to be attributed to any weariness in the perusal, or to any impatience of toil, so much as to the circumstance, that they bear a closer resemblance in the turn of explanation, than the incipient sections. There is the same endeavour in all to ascertain, by a minute comparison of the several narrations, the precise natural fact in which all the observers are agreed; and to separate from this basis of description, whatever, was only the inference of the bystander, or the comment of the narrator. 'Such inferences,' Professor Paulus somewhere says,

'A man who is living now, is as much entitled to draw for himself, as a man living then, and it may happen that his knowledge of nature being more extensive, and his range of comparison, owing to that and to the accumulations of subsequent experience, more comprehensive—he may be capable of drawing inferences which are more correct.'

The value of these latter sections, as far as respects the chronological arrangement of the anecdotes, and, in a few cases, the circumstances of the incidents themselves, is somewhat diminished by one strong theoretical prepossession. Professor Paulus has become convinced that the narration of Mark is wholly derived from the gospels of Luke and of Matthew, is subsequent to them, and of inferior authority. Hence he pays less deference to the testimony of Mark. Notwithstanding what Eichhorn, what Griesbach, and what our learned countryman Herbert Marsh, have published on this subject, we



still deem it right to suspend our acquiescence in this *marked* depreciation.

The dissertation of Griesbach in the *Commentationes Theologicae* fully proves, that all Mark, except about a score of verses, is contained verbatim in Luke or in Matthew. But this phenomenon admits of an easy solution, on an hypothesis diametrically opposite to that of Griesbach.—Why should we not suppose the gospel of Mark to be first composed; that Luke had the use of Mark; and that Matthew had the use both of Mark and Luke, and systematically transcribed into his own gospel, whatever Luke had omitted to relate? This is Mr. Herbert Marsh's *sixth* case (*Origin of the three first gospels*, p. 6.) and, as far as we have yet proceeded in our investigation, solves all the phenomena with simplicity and ease.

Eichhorn is very unfriendly to the opinion (*Kritische Schriften* vol. v. p. 558) that Mark had the assistance of Peter in the composition of his gospel. Yet Mark was certainly in the society of Peter at an early period (Acts xii. 11—13) and Peter carried about with him a gospel (1 Peter i. 12) which opened with the descent of the Holy Ghost. Now the gospel which is called after Mark, does in fact begin with the baptism of John; and is therefore likely to be a Greek translation of the vernacular gospel, which was drawn up by Peter. The success of this original vernacular gospel, among the baptists of Galilee and Judæa, accounts for the curiosity of the Jews of Antioch, which according to Storr, stimulated the translation of Mark; and for that of the Jews of Alexandria, which, according to Paulus, occasioned the more complete redaction of Luke. A strong argument for imputing to Peter the vernacular original of Mark, may be drawn from a comparison of the twelve first chapters of the Acts of the Apostles with the gospel of Mark. A most analogous character of sentiment and of narration pervades both. Now these Acts of Peter must have originated with himself.

If therefore we were critically to re-examine, the arrangement of incident, and the selection of circumstance, preferred by professor Paulus, we should, in all cases of collision, ascribe an originality and authenticity to the record of Mark, which we should assign, but in a secondary degree, to the more literate labours of Matthew, and of Luke. We should MARKIZE in our narration. We should be persuaded that the primary source of the evangelical biographies, the original gospel of the Hebrews, lay before us, unaltered in Mark, translated with conscientious fidelity, and with the knowledge and approbation of Peter, its first author, who for that reason was truly called the foundation-stone, on which the church of Christ was to be built.

As this work of professor Paulus is too extensive speedily to find a translator, we shall continue to expatiate upon it in considerable detail, persuaded that our theological readers, if occasionally startled by his heroic freedom of opinion, will still be glad to learn what progress biblical criticism is making, among the most enlightened scholars of the continent. Even those persons who are most willing to confound liberal with licentious opinions, to put an extinguisher on the torch of truth, and by pains and penalties to repress the ardour of rational inquiry, may be essentially benefited by the information.—It may serve to abate their propensity to intolerance by showing them *where* a breach is most practicable in the walls of the temple of faith; it may contribute to this important conclusion that whatever may become of subordinate points of belief, the MORAL DOCTRINE OF CHRIST which is in strict unison with the moral government of God, is that which *alone is requisite* to improve, to perfect, and to perpetuate our social system, and our political institutions.

In the present critique we have candidly stated the novel opinions, or carefully epitomized the scriptural expositions of the most learned theologue which Germany can boast. We have comparatively inserted but little matter of our own.—And we think that we may fairly lay claim to the gratitude of all our English divines of every denomination, for furnishing them with such ample materials for theological discussion, such powerful incitements to fresh vigour of intellectual industry, and a more comprehensive scheme of biblical research.

ART. II.—*Leontine de Blondheim. Par Auguste Kotzebue. Traduit de l'Allemand, avec Notes, Par H. L. C. 3 Tomes. 12mo. Dulau. 1803.*

THE heroine of this tale is the only child of the old Count de Blondheim, an Esthonian nobleman. She is, of course, all that is amiable and attractive; but her most distinguishing quality is the affection which she bears her father, for whose happiness alone she appears conscious of existing. Moreover she possesses excellent sense, and has received the best of education from a Mademoiselle Warning, who had lived in the family ever since the death of Leontine's mother, and who, at the commencement of the novel has just quitted it to become the wife of a Mr. Lindau. This proves to be a every unfortunate circumstance for Leontine, who has but just attained her fourteenth year, and in spite of her beauty and accomplishments, knows nothing

of the world, and is a mere child (as well she may be) in the science of human characters. At this critical period, an old plotting aunt, a sister of her father's, arrives on a visit at the castle of Hullida, and fixes her eyes on Leontine, whom, as a rich heiress, she immediately determines to be the fittest instrument for restoring the fortunes of her family, shattered by her own extravagant pride, and by the follies and vices of a debauched son. Accordingly Major Arlhoff is sent for from Petersburg, and being acquainted with his mother's intentions, lays close siege to the heart of the simple Leontine. This Major Arlhoff is a mere Russian bear, a man totally devoid of principle and feeling, narrow-minded and ignorant, addicted to no one honest pursuit except hunting, and abandoned to the lowest and most profligate debaucheries, which have ruined his character and greatly impaired his health. He is moreover forty years of age, and vastly ugly, although vain of his personal attractions.

A common plotmaker may imagine that Madame Arlhoff would have acted more wisely in keeping this monster out of sight till it became absolutely necessary to bring him forward as the husband of Leontine, especially since in the opinion of all parties, it was of little importance that any real attachment should precede the marriage-ceremony. A vulgar observer of nature may conceive that a girl of fourteen, gifted with the sense of Leontine, and fortified as she was by the excellent instructions of a very intelligent woman, might (without having seen much of the world) be apt to entertain some disgust or some feeling of repugnance for such a lump of iniquity. A general reader, ungifted with the German power of setting all contradictions at defiance, may think it probable that the old Count de Blondheim, a man of the world, a man of honour and probity, a man passionately fond of an only child, whose welfare had been recommended to him with the last tears of a wife tenderly beloved, might not have listened very readily to a proposal for bestowing her on one of whose moral character he knew nothing, whose mind he could not but perceive to be contemptible, and whose circumstances he was well aware to be at best far below what he might reasonably expect for his daughter. Nevertheless this grave old man, this experienced courtier, this doting father, has not the slightest objection to offer when Madame Arlhoff proposes the union, but very good-naturedly assures her of his consent provided she can obtain the acquiescence of Leontine. The interested match-maker, (as may be expected) oversteps the bounds of her commission, and fixes the determination of Leontine (which there appears even otherwise to have been no reason for her to despair of obtaining) by telling her that her father's happiness really depends upon her accepting

the major, although he has too much delicacy to exert the slightest influence over her resolution by any interference of his own. Upon this intimation, Leontine, nothing doubting, declares her readiness to become the wife of Arlhoff; and, so impatient is she to oblige her dear papa, that he can hardly persuade her to wait a little longer and see whether her mind may not change upon a further view of the world. The proposal of this ordeal puts Madam Arlhoff, as may be imagined, to a sad perplexity and we must confess, we were rather surprised ourselves, seeing how very smoothly all things had gone on in her favour, that any delay or impediment should be started at so late a stage of the negotiation. Papa, however, is resolved on the experiment, and sets off for the annual assembly of the states at Revel, accompanied by his daughter and her amiable betrothed. Here Leontine makes her entrance into the world, and dances about at every ball, waltzing it and rigadooning it with half the young noblemen of Esthonia, not one of whom has sufficient charms to make her waver in her resolution. One Captain Wallerstein indeed, appears to her very amiable, especially when he begins to be rather particular in his attentions to her: but being informed that he is a 'Jacobin,' (a term which, although profoundly ignorant of its meaning, she readily conceives to include every thing that is diabolical in the human character) she ceases to view him any longer but with abhorrence, and very soon after her return to Hullida, bestows the hand long promised upon Arlhoff.

Meanwhile it should be observed that good Madame Lindau, hearing of the intended match, has written a letter to old Blondheim, stating some very sage and matronly reasons why it is not altogether wise to throw away a simple heiress of fourteen upon an old impoverished rake of forty. The count looks grave upon this advice for a day or two, calls Leontine into his closet, and requests her to say (ere it is too late) whether her mind is altogether made up on the subject. But Miss not having found all this time the least reason for altering it, her father asks no farther questions, and Madame Lindau's advice is laid by on the shelf. The castle of Lindenholt having been settled on Leontine by the marriage articles, the bride and bridegroom resort thither soon after the ceremony, and there for two or three years they reside together in uninterrupted peace and harmony. We hear no more of Arlhoff's debaucheries, except the very delicate information, as delicately expressed, that the consequences of those to which he had devoted himself before marriage, become prejudicial to the health of his wife, and prevent her from having children; as to every thing else, he appears to be uniformly well-behaved and domesticated, having entirely resigned all his old employments (except that

of hunting) and substituting a quiet game at piquet in the evening to the pipe or bottle—and *she* is just as comfortable as a vegetable can well be, having nothing (except her ill state of health) to make her uneasy, and nothing (except the absence of care) to make her happy.

We have mentioned the Jacobin, Captain Wallerstein. This personage is a nobleman whose principal estate lies in the neighbourhood of Lindenholm. Being of an ardent mind, and well cultivated understanding, he early imbibed sentiments and opinions much too enlarged for the narrow-minded body of men to which he belonged, and, on coming into possession of his paternal estates, had introduced certain reforms into the condition of his tenantry, which exposed him to the charitable imputation of jacobinical principles, an imputation which it was just as easy to fix, and just as difficult to get rid of then in Esthonia, as it is now in England.

Placed at a distance from general society, as much by the superiority of his intellect as by the singularity of some of his opinions, his disposition and manner had assumed somewhat of a satirical or misanthropic cast. He despised the follies of men, and was not very complaisant to those of women. In this frame of mind, he thought of paying his addresses to Leontine de de Blondheim in conformity with the wishes of his mother; but when he sought her company at Revel, he was unable to distinguish in her any thing beyond a good tempered, cherry-cheeked country girl, and the repulse which he received neither affected his happiness nor even mortified his vanity. Meanwhile Leontine had become the wife of Arlhoff, and a year or two passing over her head had made an incredible alteration both in her mind and person. She visits the mother of Wallerstein, and views with astonishment and admiration the improvements made by his *jacobinical* system in the state and condition of his tenantry, and the many unequivocal marks of an enlightened and benevolent mind which are displayed in the arrangements of his favourite residence. She begins to apprehend that a *Jacobin* is not quite so monstrous a production, and conceives for the first time an idea that she is not well suited in a husband. Soon after, Wallerstein himself comes into the country, meets Leontine, and wonders at his own folly in not discovering sooner the beauties of her mind and person, in pursuing her with so little ardour and losing her with so little regret. Leontine on the other hand convinces herself that Wallerstein has two eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a chin, like other men, and that the old ladies were much mistaken who told her that a *Jacobin* always walked on all fours and carried a tail behind him like Lord Monboddos *Αυτοχθονες*.

Thus prepared, the reader will not at all wonder (especially if well read in German literature) that both parties fall seriously

in love with each other, and that after mutual sighing, and thinking, and wondering what it could mean, they evince such unequivocal proofs of the tender passion as neither can avoid noticing in the other. The generous and noble-minded

Wallerstein affects a violent friendship for Arlhoff (whom he both despises and hates) in order to obtain free and unsuspected access to Lindenholtm castle; and the good husband (with a facility of character of which there are few examples in domesticated debauchees) is very well pleased to find his wife and his new acquaintance on such good terms with each other. Leontine, notwithstanding her simplicity, forms some vague ideas of a connection not altogether consistent with her marriage vow. She takes care, therefore, to come to an early explanation with the captain; and being persuaded that his passion is merely platonic, she then resigns herself to the imagination of a *pure, elegant, and spiritual* intercourse, by which she would secure to herself two husbands, one for the visible outward woman, the other for the invisible and immaterial soul.

This scheme, it seems, would have answered remarkably well, but for two of the three parties to the intended contract. Arlhoff, the first, would be contented, in all probability, with the share assigned him, but from the apprehension (which *even he at last* begins to entertain) that his friend may interfere and claim a sort of joint tenancy, a participation (as the lawyers say) *per my et per tout*, in the rents and profits of the demised premises. The virtuous Wallerstein too, entertains some rebellious thoughts not entirely consistent with his metaphysics, some floating suspicions that (to veil the gross idea in the *delicate* language of *le Pasteur Gruber*), '*quand la nature a placé en nous le germe de l'amour, la conservation de l'espace a été son unique but.*' A few fraternal kisses awaken in the breast of Leontine some other passions than that of anger, and embolden the daring tenant of her soul to make certain proposals for eloping with her body, which Leontine (most christian-like!) forgives while she rejects, assigning as the main reason for her rejection, her father's prejudices, which she is not quite philosophized enough to wound without repugnance. At the same time, however, that she treats the *egaremens* of her cicisbeo with so much lenity, she displays a very proper spirit of high-toned resentment against the presumptuous Arlhoff, who (in representing to her *at last* his fear lest Wallerstein might eventually engross more of her affection than was quite consistent with the opinion of the world) good-humouredly adds, '*tout s'arrangera, j'espere, avec le tems, et ton imagination finera par se calmer: tu as lu beaucoup de romans depuis quelques années; et Wallerstein, au fait, est un vrai héros de roman.*' The cool *tout s'arrangera* of an impertinent husband effectually rouses (to use her own expressions) all the bitterness

of contempt in the mind of the wife; for what married lady of sixteen can endure to have the soundness of her sense and discretion questioned for an instant? Arlhoff, however, succeeds in getting the cicisbeo forbidden a repetition of his familiar visits,—but, poor man! little does he think that he succeeds only to his own loss! The captain represents to Leontine (in the same tone of delicacy which pervades the work) how unhappy it makes him to lie alone and reflect that she is in the arms of another; and requires from her as a condition of his banishment, that she will contrive some method of satisfying his delicacy on this point; to which she frankly answers by a solemn oath that she will never let her husband approach her again. How this domestic arrangement was afterwards effected we are not informed, although we are repeatedly given to understand that from that time forward there were separate apartments in Lindenholt castle.

Soon afterwards, old Blondheim opportunely dies; Wallerstein resumes his suit for an elopement, and proceeds very systematically with his advances, which, on one occasion, are carried to such lengths that the unexpected entrance of a maid-servant alone prevents the completion of a very fashionable catastrophe.

Meanwhile, Arlhoff is obliged to join his regiment under orders to march into Switzerland. Leontine assumes a sudden fit of heroism, and declares her resolution to see nothing of the dear captain during his absence, upon which the dear captain thinks fit to despair (certainly without any reason) and volunteers his services in the same regiment with Arlhoff, hoping to meet with a glorious death on the bayonets of the enemy. Leontine remains behind at Lindenholt with a female confidante lately introduced by her husband into the family under the name of Juliet Lamm. They have not been long left together ere Miss Lamm proves with child, and confesses to Leontine that the wicked major was her seducer. Leontine, who perhaps reflects on herself for the iniquity of separate beds adopts the resolution which in Germany may be esteemed generous, but in England would certainly have qualified her for Bedlam, of saving the reputation of her husband's strumpet by passing the child for her own. She instantly gives out to all the world that she is herself pregnant and has a fancy for Petersburg as the place of her accouchement. Upon the news of this event all the bells in Esthonia fall a ringing, and all the old women's tongues in Revel go at a wonderful rate, universally assigning to captain Wallerstein the parental honours. But when the poor captain hears the report in Switzerland, he immediately runs like a madman all about the camp, getting drunk with the common soldiers, and damning himself to twenty thousand devils because his faithless

Leontine had, contrary to her vow, committed adultery with her own husband. He also writes to the lady a letter full of cutting irony, and resolves to get knocked on the head as fast as possible. In this hope, however, he contrives to be disappointed. Peace is signed and the regiment recalled; but before they go back Arlhoff is killed off in a duel about a young lady of the description of those who usually follow in the train of a camp.

To vulgar comprehension there seems now to exist no longer a reason why all matters should not be explained, and why Wallerstein and Leontine should not legally conclude the transaction which had been illegally begun and broken off so mal-a-propos by the entrance of a chamber-maid. But Mr. Kotzebue, has not yet advanced more than fifty pages in his last volume. Accordingly, Wallerstein returns to his Esthonian villa only to take leave of it for ever, disdaining to seek an interview with a woman who has been so depraved and abandoned as to suffer her husband to have a child; while Leontine herself, though dying by inches from the cruelty of the constraint, is prevented from rectifying the mistake only by a vow which she made to Miss Lamm (on the death bed of that unfortunate girl) to preserve her reputation unsullied, although the same vow did not restrain her from disclosing the awful secret to two or three indifferent persons.

In this *natural* posture of affairs, Wallerstein flies away, in company with a young Swiss protégé, to the house of his tutor and correspondent, the venerable *Pasteur Grüber*, situated in the deepest retirement of the woods of Galicia; and here he forms the extraordinary determination of *making the old man happy* by marrying his daughter. Old Gruber, who was the confidant of Wallerstein during the whole of his intrigues with madame Arlhoff, who knew the present state of his mind, and the irradicable nature of the impression that had been made on it, might naturally have been supposed to hesitate a little at this strange proposal. But no, nothing could delight him more.

In short, all things are arranged for the marriage, notwithstanding an ardent love which had lately sprung up between Miss Gruber and the young Swiss, but which the one resolves to conceal *out of regard to her papa's happiness*, and the other *out of gratitude to his patron*, and thus, owing to the meally-mouthed sentimentality of these German *Platonists*, another match is on the eve of being cooked up just as disproportioned and as full fraught with evil as that between Arlhoff and Leontine, when the last mentioned fair one, travelling, the Lord knows whither, in company with one Madame Thimen, (whom she has made acquainted with the very secret which *her vow* forbade her to divulge to the only person concerned in it) the postilions are kind enough to lose their way and benight



them in the very wood where M. le Pasteur resides. It happens, fortunately, that the young Swiss, unable to bear the sight of his patron's *felicity*, yet unwilling to interrupt it by the gloominess of his presence, has on that very evening taken the resolution of *running away*: and his heels carry him precisely to the place where Mesdames Arlhoff and Thimen are sticking. Have we brought the story far enough for our readers to guess the conclusion? not quite, for although they will readily conjecture that, 'change sides and back again,' forms the figure of the concluding dance, we do not suppose that any one of them will be truly German enough to imagine that captain Wallerstein had *long before* heard of the mistake in which he was involved about Leontine's infidelity, and that he was actually on the point of consummating the wretchedness of himself, of his mistress, of poor Louisa Gruber, and of his friend Wattewyl, because . . . (why in the name of sensibility?) because . . . he thought it would be ungentlemanly to retract after making an offer!!!

We have been thus diffuse in our summary of a story, which many of our readers may perhaps think hardly worth the pains, because we conceive that the mischiefs of German morality can only be effectually opposed by a plain matter-of-fact exposure of its absurdity, and because we think that some fair readers, who might otherwise glow and sigh over the pages of Kotzebue, may by the help of such a key be enabled to view, with merited ridicule, the idiotism of his sophistry. In preaching, at this time of day, against the vices of what has been technically called the new philosophy, we shall perhaps be laughed at. But there is a species of cant which has survived the exploded phantasies of Godwin and Anarcharsis Klotz, which we believe to have nothing to do with revolutionary principles, but to be the child of general corruption and the parent of every mental disorder. It is that which has filled the columns of our newspapers with *interesting law intelligence*, and fixed the indelible stigma of disgrace on half of the most noble families in Great Britain. It is that which has involved in all the miseries of shame and ignominy, so many of the loveliest ladies of our land, who might have been kept in the paths of virtue, happiness, and fame, by the timely perusal of an *Anti-Leontine*.

ART. III.—*Bragur. Vol. I. to VIII. 8vo. Leipzig.*

IN referring our readers back to the last Appendix, for the previous portion of this article, we especially wish to recall their attention to the poem (p. 519). which it contains. *The death-song of Hacon*, is the triumph of the Scandinavian muse.

Tyr, the God of war, sends the Valkyries, or strippers of the

dead, to invite Hacon to visit Odin, the god of death. His reluctance to heed their beckon, how natural! Their consolations how beautiful! His reception by the gods of eloquence and poetry, how appropriate for a hero who was to be immortalized! Buried in his arms, he is represented as choosing so to present himself in Valhalla; that is, the hall of the dead. The victim of an attack by surprise, he is full of the important lessons, that 'tis well to keep one's armour on. The superiority of fame to wealth, to rank, to empire, how impressively taught, by the poet in the concluding stanza! The correctness of the allegory is nowhere forgotten, to increase the splendor of the mythologic imagery. Not only the thought or conception, is throughout simple, natural, just and lofty, but the style is admirably descriptive. In some places, as where a banner is called *the hider of heaven*, it perhaps borders on bombast; but, in general, even through the medium of an imperfect version, it is apt, new and grand.

We return to the proper business of this article; but have at present room only for the *introduction* to the second and concluding book of the history of the sword Tyrting.

\* Thus were the dwarves avenged on Swafurlam, for the insult of compelling them to redeem their lives with the gift of a sword. Dwalin's prophecy, that the first owner must first beware, had but too exactly been fulfilled by the event of the late combat. Far greater misfortunes seemed however to be portended by the motto on the blade; and as the curses of dwarves, like those of the Nor-nics, eventually take effect, even if a whole generation has to await their fulfilment, a degree of uneasiness about them often afflicted Eyfura. After the first tumultuous enjoyments of marriage, she began to tremble for the life of her husband, and often begged him to give away, or to bury underground, a weapon which had been so fatal to those she cared about. But Arngrim was too much the warrior, and too proud of his trophy, to let the timorousness of a woman alarm him into putting it aside. Am I a miggard? he would ask: can the motto be addressed to me? At other times he would repel her intreaties, by relating old stories about the dwarves, which showed that their curses were seldom fulfilled on the living generation.

\* The all-despising courage and confidence, with which Arngrim related these traditions, insensibly caused Eyfura to drop the subject, and as her husband habitually returned from his numerous cruises with glory and success, and brought home the spoil of powerful and distant chieftains, many of whom had fallen by the blade of Tyrting, her fears at length subsided; and were forgotten in other cares. She lived much at her ease, and had the satisfaction year after year of becoming a mother, and always of being delivered of a son. She bore in all twelve sons; but the two youngest were twins, and their birth cost her life. The eldest was named Angantyr, the second Heerwart, the third Seming, the fourth Yorward,

the fifth Brami, the sixth Brani, the seventh Barri, the eighth Reit-per, the ninth Tunder, the tenth Bui, and the eleventh and twelfth were both called Hadding. But these twins, the last efforts of the now ageing Arngrim, were but half as strong as their brethren.

Angantyr on the contrary, who was the first-born, was a whole head taller than any of his juniors, and could do alone as much as any two of them with united force could accomplish. The warlike spirit of their father had descended to them all. In their boyhood they already delighted to wrestle and to box, and as soon as they were so far grown as to know the use of a sword, they went out to seek their fortunes, and assisted in many an inroad both by land and water. In these joint excursions their fraternal enthusiasm acquired great strength, and they swore to one another reciprocally everlasting fidelity and friendship. Each was to consider the other's cause as his own; and if one was injured, or had any important undertaking to carry through, all the others were to take part in it. No one was to go on adventures of his separate account; no one to abandon the rest; but *all for one, and one for all* to stake life to its last blood-drop.

And this bond they kept. Where one was, all were. Each fought for the rest, and would defy the greatest danger for his brother's sake. If a champion proposed to any one of them an island-meeting, he had to sustain successively a combat with the whole twelve. Added to this, they observed the custom of their father, always to appear without helmet or mail; and hence they inherited the name of the Baresarks. No less inherent in them was his rage in fight: but this fury was in them more frequent, more violent, and often ill-timed. Hence if they were on board ship, with only their own people, and felt an attack of this animosity coming on, they were in the habit of landing, in order to vent their insanity on rocks and huge trees; for without something to hew and hack, until tamed with effort and fatigue, they were not masters of themselves. Once the misfortune had happened to them, in a fit of this kind, that they fell upon their own crew slew every man of them, and cut into chips the masts and rigging of their ship. They spared no man: whoever withstood them they went against, and destroyed: and the marks of their daring and desolating spirit were scattered over a vast region. Hyndla sings truly,

Manifold are the evils  
Which the rage of the Baresarks,  
Like storm, or flame,  
By sea and land,  
Have hurled on men.

But these evils operated to produce submission to their will: so that princes and kings of the north cared not to refuse any request of the Baresarks, fearing to expose their lands, their people, or their homes, to the ravages of these formidable sea-kings.

Once the brothers had laid by for the winter, and were come to pass, at their father's house in Bolmey, the yule feast, which suc-

ceeded to the shortest day. On these occasions, it was customary, after the Braga-full, or third cup of ale, to make peculiar vows to the honor of the god Braga. One of the vows thus made by a son of Arngrim has, on account of its eventful consequences, been recorded by historians, namely, the vow of Yorward, the fourth son.

‘He had waited until his elder brethren had staked their pledges, and, when the great cup came to him, he held it up in his right hand and said: “By this cup, brothers, I swear to get Ingburg, the daughter of the great Yngwin for my wife, or perish in the attempt: Braga blast me, if I do not.” Thereupon he emptied the cup. Now the princess Ingburg was the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman of her time; and was daughter to the king of Swithiod, a land of the Swedes.

‘In the ensuing spring, therefore, the twelve brothers set off together for Upsal; and, as soon as they were come to the palace, they entered straightway at the men’s door, and placed themselves at the table of the king. All the present persons were startled at this unexpected intrusion of the Baresarks, and looked at one another wondering. The king was sitting on his high seat, and the princess at his left hand. At table, were the two famous champions and guardians of the kingdom, Hialmar the bold, and Oddur the far-travelled, also surnamed Dart-Oddur. The former had his place next the princess, whom he long had loved in secret, and for whose sake probably he had forsaken his father’s court, and entered into the service of Swithiod.

‘Yorward now began, and all listened eagerly for what he meant to say: King, I am come to win thy daughter for my bride: I have sworn, over the cup of Braga, to take Ingburg, or death: tell me soon, O king, what is to be the doom of my prayer?

‘When Hialmar heard what was the errand of the Baresarks, and perceived that the king was somewhat irresolute about an answer, he arose from his bolster, and standing close to the king’s table thus spoke.

‘You know, prince, that since I came into this land I have brought it honour and praise, and have fought many a successful combat to keep the kingdom safe for you and your’s, abroad and at home. I have been, under the gods, the mean of extending your realm, and of bringing into your hoards much booty. I therefore ask a boon, such as my efforts and my birth have a right to claim. Give me your daughter; I have long hoped for some occasion to make the prayer. I am better entitled to her than these Baresarks, who are strangers in your land, and propose to carry her afar off, and who are besides harsh and bad men.

‘This speech put Ingwin in still greater embarrassment. On the one side he reflected how powerful and how over-bearing the twelve brothers were; of how famous a stem they were sprung; how decorous, and even useful, might be their alliance, how formidable and destructive their hostility. On the other hand he felt how much gratitude was due to Hialmar, the champion and protector of

his kingdom, and how much the personal friendliness, which prevailed between them, would contribute to make him a welcome kinsman. Thinking to avoid the odium and risk of a decision between the rival claimants, the king said: You are both great men and well-born: to neither would I have refused my daughter, if only one had applied; as you have both spoken, let *her* decide.

‘Since the choice is left to me,’ said Ingburg, rising with inexpressible dignity from her seat, and awing into stillness by the full display of her beauty, the rising anger of the rivals, I will declare that choice. Hjalmar whose great and good deeds have been done here and for us, Hjalmar, for so many years my father’s friend and mine, I shall prefer to the stranger, in whose land no one knows me or cares for me.

‘I shall have no words with you,’ said Baresark to the princess, for I see you love him: but you, Hjalmar, meet me at Midsummer on Samsey: you are a niggard, if you fail to come; or if you wed before you have fought. Hjalmar swore by Odin, that he would come at the appointed time.

‘Then the brothers returned back to Bolmey, and related to their father the event of their expedition. Arngrim seemed dissatisfied, and said that Hjalmar was a brave and a strong man; and that he wished their visit to Samsey was well over. The brothers were too proud of their prowess to heed much such apprehensions. They staid all the winter with their father, and in the spring began to prepare for a trip, which was no short voyage from their father’s home.

‘The old Arngrim, who began to feel that he had not a great many nights in store, observed with grief the preparation for an enterprize, which his inklings led him to fear would be disastrous for his sons. When the time for their departure came, he said to them. Go, my sons, since you will go, and take your fate. If the Nornics please you shall be lucky: at least, you have my good wishes, and my blessing. I wish you to win the battle, and come back to your father safe and sound, as many of you as may. But, my sons, I feel as if I should never see you more. My days are wintering apace: however, I will fetch you out of my hoard, the best gift I can, to each a good sword. Angantyr shall take my Tyrting, it has long rested, but never rusted: perhaps he may win with it the king’s daughter for his brother, and so use it as to escape the curses inscribed by the Dwarves upon the blade. You have heard me talk of this sword, which was never drawn without killing its man, and which I always reserved for great extremities. Farewell, and come again.

‘Such were the parting words of the anxious old man: he accompanied his sons in silence to the ship; took a sad leave, foreboding evil; and returned to his lonely dwelling, brushing the tears from his white eye-lash.

‘The Baresarks set off with a fair wind; they sailed in a southerly direction, along the rocks of Norway, and after having passed the coast of Jutland, turned eastward into the bay, called the Skagerrak;

which is the entrance of the Baltic. Here they could not behold the dwelling of their faithful friend, earl Biartmar, without resolving to land and to visit him. This earl, the lord of Aalburg, had always been the confidant of the sons of Arngrim: he was a great warrior, and had many times lent aid, as well as shelter, to the Baresarks, when danger, or need, drove them to seek refuge in his hospitable home. They were now not far from the place of appointment, and had some weeks to spare before its date would arrive: but they had chosen to set off before their time pressed, lest adverse winds should prolong, or intercept, the earlier part of their voyage. This interval they determined to pass with their old and valued friend.

Earl Biartmar was heartily glad of the arrival of his young guests. He caused a great meal to be prepared. His only daughter Swafa presided at the board: she was now of a marriageable age, and her complexion was compared by the skalds to red northern lights reflected upon snow. Angantyr, in the course of his frequent visits, had often seen this young heroine with delight, and probably had long harboured the thought of asking her hand of the father. To-day, when the ale was circulating, and his heart felt warm, he took the opportunity, just after Swafa had withdrawn, of applying for her formally to Biartmar. To the earl this was a welcome offer: he called for the love-cup, which was next in turn, and insisted that the names of Angantyr and Swafa should be uttered in union by every guest; and the cup was emptied by each to their honor. He himself withdrew, under pretence of pointing out the chosen beverage, to whisper the incident to Swafa; and he returned, full of satisfaction, to urge the ceremony of the toast. He determined that the marriage should take place at once, and announced the dinner of the very next day as the wedding-feast.

On the morrow, the meal was doubled, the union declared; and Swafa removed to sleep in the bed of Angantyr. The festivities lasted fourteen days, after which Yorward reminded his brothers, that the time for the appointed combat was now at the door; and that it became them to prepare for immediate embarkment.

O that ye could for ever have remained with the friend of your heart, sons of Arngrim; misfortune would not so early have fallen upon your heads! How will your old father groan, when he hears the fate of his sons! Your fall will be his fall! O Biartmar, you have feasted your friends for the last time: your daughter has tasted the joys of love; but she has tasted them for the only fortnight. Lonely henceforth shall be the life of Swafa! O that ye could for ever have remained with the friend of your heart, sons of Arngrim; misfortune would not so early have fallen upon your heads.

The last night before their departure Angantyr had a foreboding dream, which he related the next morning to the earl, after he had left the side of his grieving Swafa. 'I thought,' said he, 'that my brothers and I were in Samsey; and that a vast flight of birds came against us, which we utterly destroyed; but we saw, following

these birds, two eagles, and the one of them pounced successively at all my brothers, and left them stretched upon the field, and the other struck at me with its beak and its talons, and rose on its wings, when I aimed at it with my sword, so that I fell wearied to the earth, 'Tis not a dream hard to be guessed,' replied Biartmar, 'it announces the fall of many men, and I fear some of you are meant!' The Baresarks did not agree to the earl's interpretation, and thought they had nothing to apprehend. 'All must go when the Nornics call;' said the earl, and thus ended their talk.

'The Baresarks now got ready, took their good arms on board, and set sail. Swafa begged to accompany Angantyr, but suffered herself to be detained by her father's intreaties. Biartmar led her back from a high promontory, which she had climbed to take a last view of the vessel. The wind was brisk, and lifted the streamers, the sun was bright, and the ship, with its twelve heroes, scudded hissing along the waves toward Samsey.'

#### ART. IV.—*Le Physionomiste, &c.*

*The Physiognomist, or the Observer of Man, considering the Relations of his Manners and Character to the Lineaments of his Face, the Forms of his Body, his Gait, his Voice, his Laughter, &c. &c. with Observations on the Resemblance of Individuals to certain Animals. By F. B. Porta. Freely translated from the Latin. Paris. 1808.*

IN a state of society where men are chiefly occupied about the means of simple subsistence, the connection of individuals with the other individuals of the species is slight and transitory. The man who depends upon his own limbs to procure his daily food is little concerned about the thoughts or characters of his fellow beings. Their actions cannot affect him, unless they proceed to deeds of open violence; wherefore then should he study their disposition, or attempt to dive into the secrets of their heart? But as he emerges from a state of simplicity; as he becomes tormented by a croud of artificial wants, he becomes more and more connected with the beings that surround him; his welfare is no longer in his own hands; his independence is gone; every one that approaches him is regarded as a friend or an enemy; and experience having often too totally convinced him of the little confidence that is to be placed in words, he scrutinizes with anxiety the voice, the gesture, the very looks of those with whom he converses, and attempts from external signs to penetrate into the most secret movements of the soul.

It was the wish of Socrates that a window should be placed in the bosom of every man. Such a window is often found upon the face, which betrays the thoughts, and designs which the

tongue would fain varnish over or conceal. Those who are deeply versed in the wiles of the world may attain such a command of countenance as to bid defiance to suspicion or curiosity. But observe the features of the young and unhacknied culprit; mark his averted eye, his blushing countenance, and his faltering tongue; and we must confess that nature has placed formidable barriers against artifice and hypocrisy. The study, then, of the human countenance is not founded on the shallow basis of fanciful conjecture. Nature has made us all physiognomists to a certain degree; though we never have studied physiognomy as an art, nor know a single rule of the adepts.

But we cannot be surprised that at all times many should have professed to teach what it is so interesting to all to know. We find then in the writings of the classic authors of antiquity many traces of the high pretensions of physiognomists by profession. It cannot be doubted that these pretensions have been frequently carried to an absurd and extravagant height. Nor do we even think that the defence set up in palliation of their blunders has been always a very good one. Zopyrus, a famous physiognomist, (the story is related by Cicero in the Tusculan questions) pronounced, from the traits of the face of Socrates, the philosopher to be inclined to many vices. The philosopher defended the judgment of the physiognomist, by avowing such to have been his original propensities, averring that he had conquered them by the force of reason. This was good natured at least. Ought not, however, we may ask, the strength of his reason to have been as strongly characterized, as his original vicious propensities?

But the extravagances of ill-founded pretensions afford no solid grounds for discrediting an art which has its foundations in the nature of things, and which it is probable is susceptible of improvement by study and cultivation. Not only are the passions of the moment depicted on the countenance, but there may be seen in the same mirror the outlines of the character of the whole man; the moral and intellectual features which so strongly diversify the individuals of the human race. In this point there is an alliance between physiognomy and medicine. The doctrine of *temperaments* is among the most ancient of those which have descended to our own times; and though the notion of their being founded upon the excess of this or that particular humour has been discarded by a more correct philosophy, it has never been doubted that the distinctions themselves have been drawn from observations of human nature. No man who looks around among his acquaintance will find much difficulty in pronouncing that one is of a sanguine temperament, another melancholic, a third phlegmatic, and a fourth choleric. The physician knows the importance of these distinctions as pointing out to him the tendencies to peculiar diseases, which are associated with each habit; the moralist, that each temperament



has its proper character ; that the heart, temper, and morals are strongly influenced by them, M. Cabanis has illustrated this subject in his essay on the relation between the physical structure and moral character of man. He has observed that those who perpetrate great atrocities are strongly marked by a peculiar physiognomy. Our own immortal poet Shakespeare, the most accurate observer of human nature perhaps that ever lived, has expressed the same conviction when he makes Cæsar express to Mark Antony his apprehensions of " that spare Cassius."

' Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleak-headed men, and such as sleep a nights :  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.'

We have lately seen a strong illustration of the truth of these principles. Looking over a series of portraits of men distinguished in the French revolution, we met among many others with those of Carrier and Marat. Two more villainous countenances never struck our eyes. We do not pretend to skill enough to analyze them. But we are confident that no timid person could have met Carrier in a solitary place without shuddering.

To those who are acquainted with the laws of the animal economy, there can be no difficulty in explaining the principles which are the foundation of physiognomy. Every passion or emotion, however transitory, has its corresponding internal change and its external expression. Now the different organs are in different individuals in various degrees of natural and habitual excitation. This gives to each individual both his ruling passion and his peculiar expression. Can we doubt that some are constitutionally amorous, do not the eyes, the gestures, the smile, the voice, all betray the secret propensity of the heart? does it not burst out in spite of reserve, and shame, and almost of virtue itself?

But if there be a genuine science of physiognomy, founded on the real principles of human nature, there is also a vain, false, and futile art, founded on no real principle whatever, and which has as little pretensions to be called a science. Nature tells us to observe the eyes, the colour, the gesture, or the countenance, but these adepts say, mark the hair ; thin hair denotes fraud and malice ; strong hair shews a ferocious disposition ; those who have straight hair are timid, rustic or stupid ; but cowards too have curled hair ; that is to say if the hair be too much curled : but to have hair curled only at the ends is a sign of courage and energy. So says M. Porta, and so says Aristotle. Mighty discoveries may be made from the fingers. Thick short fingers, says one, are a sign of folly ; says

another, they denote envy, cruelty, and boldness. The ingenious have simple fingers (*les doigts simples.*) The man whose fingers are bent backwards is liberal, officious, and intelligent; whilst those who have the fingers bent inward, are greedy and rapacious; because, truly, the eagle, falcon, and hawk, have crooked talons. Even the toes contribute their share to determine the *intellectual and moral character*. Those whose toes are crooked are like crows, starlings, &c. which are impudent. Such men are therefore without shame. Those whose toes are adherent and conjoined, are timid like water-fowl, which are web-footed. The man whose toes are at a small distance from each other, is light-minded, and talkative. Short and thick toes denote a man rash, improvident, and inclined to cruelty. Toes of a moderate size and well-proportioned, bespeak a man of excellent manners. Such is the opinion of Polemon, of Adæmantius, of Conciliator, and of Albert.

In these examples we have exhibited a specimen of the sort of information to be derived from this volume. It professes to present an epitome of the doctrines regarding physiognomy, which may be found in the writings of the ancients. It might with sufficient propriety be termed a specimen of the absurdities, incongruities, and unfounded assertions, which might be supported by the authority of antiquity, or sanctioned by the weight of powerful names.

The work is divided into two books; the first treating of the exterior parts of man, and of the signs which are presented by them. In the second, the qualities of the man are assumed; and, the physiognomical traits attached to them are annexed. In the first we have a grave and solemn enumeration of every part which makes up the human form, and so minute that though the volume is but a very moderate octavo the summary of the contents of this part fills no less than twenty pages. Our opinion of its general value we have already given, let the reader judge for himself from a longer specimen. On the size of the head we find the following remarks:

‘Aristotle says, in his writings on physiognomy, those who have the volume of the head rather larger than ordinary, for example like the dogs we call setters, are like them, intelligent, full of sagacity, and possessing a very delicate smell.’

‘Polemon pretends that heads which are a little above the ordinary standard, are filled with good sense and *illiberal*; but the text is defective. Adæmantius corrects him and attributes *illiberality* only to heads still more voluminous than these last; they being, according to this author, sensible, strong, and magnanimous. Albert says that a head rather larger than ordinary, indicates intelligence, energy and magnanimity. The Egyptians painted their god Anubis, which some take for Mercury, with a dog’s head, assigning for a

reason that no animal has so much sense as the dog. Among birds, parrots have a large head; they learn likewise to speak. Galen says, in his book entitled '*the Art of Medicine*,' that the judgment drawn from the size of the head is often erroneous, because attention is paid only to its volume, which, considered abstractedly is not a certain sign of its being well constituted; but when to a large head is joined an agreeable countenance, perfect eyes; when the head is supported by a solid muscular neck, divided properly by the vertebræ, and proportioned to its size; such a head, says Galen, is a very good sign: and we read in his book, on *Popular Diseases*, as a large chest, containing in its ample cavity, well formed lungs, and a heart whose functions are freely exercised, are a sign of vital energy, in like manner, a large head, and a cavity for the spine in proportion, containing, the one a brain of extraordinary magnitude, and the other a spinal marrow of a large diameter, are very proper for the separation of the animal spirits; whence proceeds the energy of the intellectual faculties.

'Avicenna repeats after Galen the same assertion.

'John of Alexandria, in his commentaries upon Hippocrates expresses himself thus. "We look for a head of large capacity, because it is the receptacle of the sensitive faculties, and the source of the grand movements of the body. If the brain is large in proportion to the head (qu. the body?) it is evident that much heat will be generated in it. If the vertebræ are large, as well as the bones of the chest, the vital forces, and the nutrition of all the parts of the body are energetic." We may see in the statues of Plato, that his head exceeded a little in proportion the other parts of his body, which answers very well to the perspicacity and force of his genius.'

One of the most beautiful of the ancient statues (if we remember right, the Apollo Belvidere) has the head remarkably small; and we are persuaded that whatever be the proportion of the head to the body in a perfectly-formed man, in us Englishmen the proportion is habitually exceeded. The large quantities of animal food which we habitually use, causes an habitual turgescence and excitation of the vessels of the brain. Whether this is attended with quickness of intellect or with hebetude, depends, we believe, upon accident, or to speak more correctly upon internal causes, with which we are unacquainted. But much depends upon the time of life. It has been often remarked that those, who in the decline of life are lethargic, and finally apoplectic, were at an earlier period remarkable for their vivacity and acumen. The powers seem exhausted by previous over excitement.

The man of probity and his opposite we find thus characterized.

'*The Man of Probity.*'

'His figure is fine, his shoulders wide, his chest large, his respiration

ration easy and tranquil; the nose large enough, and well proportioned to the rest of his face; the eyes are large, and a little sunk, or much open, having the expression of softness: it sometimes happens that the eyes have a small degree of melancholy, and that the eye-brows advance upon them, whilst the forehead from this circumstance is a little severe; but all this is in moderation.

*'The Man without Probity.'*

'The man without probity is remarkable for the ugliness of his face. The ears are long and straight; the mouth small, projecting forwards, the canine teeth directed outwards and hard; his manner of speaking, quick, abrupt; and disagreeable, particularly when the voice is harsh, or when he speaks through the nose, and with difficulty; his neck is bent forwards, and often the back is so too; the legs are thin, his feet badly formed; his eyes are placed almost in the length (qu. the *axis*?) of the face, or they are turned towards the upper eye-lid, and directed one towards the other, shining like polished marble and dry. There are men without probity whose eyes vibrate as if they were coming out of the head, pale, or of a red colour and dry.'

It would be well for human society, if it were so easy to distinguish a knave from an honest man. But, we fear that many a pleasing countenance is but a mask to a perverse mind, and we know too that a rough and homely outside may cover a warm and honest heart.

We think that the author of this collection has taken much trouble to prove that the ancients were as great adepts as the moderns in professing what they did not understand; that no absurdity is so gross that it cannot be defended by the authority of some great name, and that some men are so perversely industrious as to spend their lives in attempting to perpetuate follies, which ought to be suffered to sink quietly into the tomb of oblivion.

ART. V.—*Hieropolis von J. C. Greiling. 8vo.*

*Greyling's Hieropols. Magdeburg. 1806.*

THIS is a curious, though not a popular book. It undertakes to examine the relation which ought to subsist between the clerical order and the state. In organizing a system of public instruction, *three* different bases may be adopted as the criterion of legitimate preference. I. *Truth*. The magistrate may enquire for himself into the validity of the pretensions of contending religions, and may institute for the use of others that which he has discovered to be right. II. *Prevalence*. The magistrate may assume, that for any religion to be efficacious, it must be credited by the people: now he has no other

gage 'of faith, no other method of ascertaining the relative credibility, in his own time and country, of different opinions, but the prevalence of their profession. III. *Utility.* The magistrate may entirely neglect to concern himself about the relation between man and superior beings, between man and post-existence ; and only provide for the institution of so much public instruction, as conduces to the benefit of the people in *this* life.

The relative operation of these bases of decision on learning, tolerance, liberty, and morality, and their relative operation on the shapes of public institution, form interesting subjects of speculation.

'I,' says the author in his introduction, 'am a worshipper of the holy trinity of Truth, Religion, and Virtue : but I do not believe that mankind would educate themselves to this worship, without the assistance of the state. They have need of many a Prometheus to fetch from heaven the torch of wisdom, or they will not be cheered and enlightened by its rays. If six days in the week are given to selfish pursuits, to bettering, each for himself, his own condition in life ; it is not too much to spend the seventh in examining and recommending our common interests, our reciprocal duties, our means of mutual, and public beneficence.'

It is evident, the author thinks, that without the higher sort of education among the clergy, no good can arise from an order of public instructors. They will neither be able to discern the morally beautiful, nor to apply with eloquence and efficacy, the arguments of learning in its behalf. The cost of such an education should be indemnified by a salary, sufficiently liberal to maintain, with some elegance, a married couple ; else the more exemplary domestic virtues, the art of scattering the graces and refinements of taste over habits of strict family economy, will rarely be realized. The chief cause of the civilization of country-places is the residence of an order of lettered men, who are constantly exemplifying in their families the habits and manners of accomplished life, and exhibiting specimens to the rustic of the art of living wisely.

But, in proportion as these finer sensibilities are evolved, which scatter the perfume of benevolence over every part of conduct, will also prevail that conscientious irritability, that scrupulous sincerity, which disdains even to conceal, far more to disguise, its interior persuasions. Hence it happens, that, wherever formularies of orthodoxy are imposed, some cases occur, in which men of high excellence for principle, disinterestedness, culture, and learning, are obliged to desert the clerical duties, and to seek in pupilage, or in lay-industry, a livelihood, which pays no income-tax of prevarication. Mr. Greyling much inclines to the notion, that a church might be so

constituted, as to leave opinion free as air; and yet to secure all those benefits to learning, to morals, and to public obedience, which the ecclesiastic order has been instrumental in conferring. In England a mere repeal of the Act of Uniformity would produce this effect.

The magistrate, who presumes to think himself in possession of the *truth*, will eventually perceive, that he has much intolerance to commit, before he can drill others into *his* conviction. If Constantine to-day has a right to legislate for the religion of his subjects, Julian has the same right to-morrow. Queen Mary and queen Elizabeth are alike entitled to murder the teachers of another catechism. The risk of innovation is as great on this basis, and the probability of intolerance is greater, than on the basis that prevalence is the binding principle: yet the sovereign is surely entitled to believe that he is a better judge of truth than the people.

Suppose him to take *prevalence* for his basis.—We are obliged, in order to render sensible the ideas of our author, to translate, not his words, but his train of sentiment, into analogous combinations, derived from our own laws, and localities.—The magistrate will then find himself at liberty to establish Bucerism in England, Calvinism in Scotland, Catholicism in Ireland, Judaism in Guiana, Idolatry in Hindostan. On the basis of *truth* he must universalize in his empire the given religion which he prefers; on the basis of *prevalence*, he may confer on each province the patronage of its own peculiar creed.

‘Far be it from me,’ says our author, ‘to maintain with cant that our religion has an *esoteric* and an *exoteric* doctrine; that its *exoteric* tuition is to consist of those opinions, which can be rendered common to the pastor and his flock; and that its *esoteric* creed is to consist of those opinions, which can be rendered common to the pastor and the philosopher.—In this case, however, the inferences of the higher literature will be diffused as rapidly as the public can bear. The oar will not be heard to dip; but the course of the tide will remove the boat. And, when the waters seem to settle at a new level, the magistrate can change his conditions of anchorage.—But, on this principle, there is always a sacrifice of parishes to shires, of shires to dioceses; the inclinations of the more instructed are subjected to the average inclinations of the multitude; the wisest, whom it is most an object to conciliate, and the most foolish whom it is most an object to reform, are alike repelled from the fountains of instruction. Add to this, stability of opinion, which favours ignorance, is encouraged, and fluctuation of opinion, which favours instruction, is discouraged; and it will appear very doubtful, whether any temporary preference, in a given community, of a particular creed; can justify the legal establishment of that creed.’

There is a further danger in establishing the prevalent religion. The state must in that case obey the church. The tortoise (to adopt the singular simile of our author, p. 36) will be able to walk off with the elephant upon its back. The independence of the magistrate is best consulted by the multiplication of sects. The interests of tolerance are best consulted by it. Where each particular sect is less numerous than a coalition of the rest, all have a permanent interest in defending each other's privileges.

The author quotes 2 Corinthians i. 24, to prove that the priest ought to have no dominion over the faith of the people, nor the magistrate over the faith of the priest. The practical teachers of the church, says Melancthon, represent Christ; not the individuals formally entitled and impowered. The idea of a perfect doctrine is not to be ascertained by the votes of councils; but by the writings of men strong in mind and pure in heart. Yet the wisest schemes are not to be precipitately executed; some experience in the magistrate, some habitation in the people is requisite, for the erection of an expedient church.

If the magistrate takes *utility* for his basis, and carries his institution no further than his own wants require; it may be doubted at first, whether enough of public instruction would be provided, to deserve the name of a national church. Yet a great portion of our extant religion would even so be commanded.

'(1.) The magistrate has need of a sacrament of nomination. For the purpose of ascertaining the descent of property, the proportion of fighting men, the multitude of the people, &c. for the purpose of preventing secret births, irresponsible parentage, infanticide, &c. the subject must be called on to register, with the priest, the birth and name of every child. And it is highly expedient that at the time of such registration, the parents should indicate those individuals, to whom, in case of their own decease, they wish to transfer the superintendence of their orphans. This is accomplished by appointing a godfather and godmother. Perhaps the ancient union between the medical and priestly office is too much dissolved, and might expediently be restored in country-places; in which case instructions concerning the physical education of young children, the time for administering vaccination, &c. might conveniently be disseminated at the period of baptism.'

'(2.) The magistrate has need of a sacrament of confirmation. When the age of adolescence approaches, it is expedient to muster the juvenile population; to examine how extensively the arts of reading, writing and cyphering have been acquired; in what proportion the resources of subsistence are enjoyed; and how many await, unapprenticed, for the interference of some overseer in their behalf. At this age, much instruction ought to be given to the young, about

the care due to the health and perfection of the body, about the importance of neatness, temperance and exercise, about the inconveniences to be apprehended from premature, solitary, promiscuous or impure indulgence, and about the various precautions requisite to preserve throughout life the power of useful labour. Some constitutions wisely require of the subordinate clergy the distribution of tracts on these topics, indicated by the medical boards. The Augsburg confession properly teaches *potestas ecclesiastica non impedit politicam administrationem: nam politica administratio versatur in aliis res quam evangelium.*

‘(3.) The magistrate has need of a sacrament of marriage. On the sanctity of that institution depends principally the domestic happiness of the people, the expedient education of the younger part of the community, and the prevalence of that degree of parental affection, which operates as the purest and most permanent motive and reward for general industry and frugality. To adultery, especially to adultery in the female parent, every obstacle should be opposed which public opinion, and which religion, so extensively the reglatrix of public opinion, can supply. The exact registration and formal avowal of marriages is important, not only to the regulation of conduct, but to the distribution of property; not only to morality but to justice. Hence the solemnization of matrimony has in most countries been surrounded with appropriate and august ceremonies and instructions.’

‘(4.) The magistrate has need of a sacrament of burial. To prevent the secret interment of persons whose decease has been accelerated, and to ascertain accurately in whom vests the property left behind, a public funeral is wisely appointed for every citizen. Many wholesome moral admonitions are efficaciously circulated on such occasions.’

Beside these sacraments Mr. Greyling thinks that public festivals are essential in all forms of religion; and recommends particularly *the harvest home*, as that feast of exultation, which it is most convenient to celebrate with grateful hymns and hospitable concourse. The German churches have appropriate services for such occasions.

Having thus provided for the wants of the magistrates, and assented to the establishment of the requisite political formularies, the author proceeds to show, that to the voluntary concert of the pastor, and his parishioners, duly represented by elective elders, may safely be left the choice of liturgic books on ordinary occasions; and thus is to arise—a priesthood of truth, teaching wisdom, and practising virtue—a holy city on the heights of Zion—a new Jerusalem within the church, shining with glory, and peopled with angels.



ART. VI.—*Malvina: par Madame Cottin, Auteur de Claire d'Albe, Elizabeth, &c. Précédé de Mémoires sur la Vie de l'Auteur.* 4 Tomes. 12mo. Colburn. 1809.

THE name of Madame Cottin had scarcely been heard in England before the publication of her *Elizabeth*, which at once deservedly fixed her reputation in this country and created a desire to become acquainted with those other works which had previously obtained for her celebrity in her own. It was not then generally understood that the amiable writer had already ended the race of literary fame which, on the contrary, she was supposed to have only begun. *Elizabeth* was the last effort of her genius, she survived its publication no more than a twelvemonth, having died at Paris at the early age of 35 in the month of August 1807.

The memoirs of her short career of existence which are prefixed to this London edition of one of her earlier performances, are not interesting for variety of incident or strong delineation of character, yet, simple and unassuming as the sketch will appear, it may in some degree satisfy the curiosity of those readers who wish to be informed who was the person from whom they have derived amusement or instruction.

Sophie Ristau was the only daughter of a rich merchant of Bourdeaux, a director of the French East India company, and of the reformed religion. Her life, it may be presumed, passed in uniform ease and tranquillity till her eighteenth year, when she was induced to bestow her hand on M. Jean Cottin, a banker at Paris, a young man whose prospects in life were every way answerable to her own, whose character was respectable, whose connections were amiable and well suited to the disposition of her who thus entered among them—Madame Girardot, the youngest of the two sisters of M. Cottin, was her equal in age; and in taste, in temper, in inclination, another self—accordingly an intimacy of friendship took place between them, such as has been seldom witnessed in real life since the days of Helena and Hermia, but not, like theirs, liable to be disturbed by passion or broken off by jealousy. The modest retirement of private life constituted all they knew or conceived of happiness, and beyond the little circle of their own select coteries, their virtues and accomplishments were never heard of.

‘It was in the beginning of 1791,’ says M. Boileau, her biographer, ‘that having accepted the place of tutor to the son of M. Jauge,’ (the husband of another sister of M. Cottin’s) I had the happiness of being admitted to the society of Madame Cottin, and of seeing her every day. She was then in the flower of youth, and of an interesting figure. The whiteness of her complexion, her large blue eyes, and the melody of her voice (*le timbre de sa voix*) announced

the beauties of her soul : the whole of her physiognomy bore the impression of an excessive sensibility ; and no man who has witnessed the smile of benevolence that played upon her lips, or the tears of compassion that trembled in her eye-lids, will ever lose the remembrance of her angelic sweetness. Her deportment, her looks, announced a degree of timidity which can hardly be conceived, but which was most singularly contrasted with that heroism of virtue which she so eminently possessed as to give the idea of something romantic to those who were unable to elevate themselves to the same enthusiasm for the fair and good. Sincerely attached to him with whom she was united, she fulfilled all the duties of a wife with the most scrupulous fidelity and the most genuine tenderness. Like her own *Claire d'Albe*, she had consulted all the feelings of her soul as to which were most calculated to contribute towards the happiness of her husband ; she would have given her life for him ; and yet I do not think I violate truth in asserting that her heart had never known the passion of love. The almost superhuman conceptions which her ardent imagination had suggested to her of the irresistible empire which that passion assumed over the soul, made her often suspect that her lot had not been cast so happily as it might have been, and transported her into an ideal world, where she hoped to find the happiness which she fancied to be denied her in this ; nevertheless these reveries, dangerous for a heart less idolatrously devoted to virtue, did not alter her ever even temper. All in her character was harmony : like her *Malvina*, she possessed that genuine complacency which is the result of goodness. It was not by effort or by calculation that she bent her taste to the taste of others ; but because the pleasure of others always preceded her own in the thoughts of her heart.\*

Having occasion to visit England sometime after her marriage, M. Boileau informs us that she did not neglect that opportunity of becoming acquainted with *the language of the author of Clarissa*, which was taught her by Messrs. Plimley and Kelly, masters of a commercial school in Finsbury square. We are not apprized of any further advantages that she gained from her residence among us. She returned to her native country on the first surmise of an approaching rupture between the court of St. James's and the French republic, and not long afterwards, death deprived her of him with whom she had found reason 'to suspect that her lot had not been so happily cast as it might have been.'

As this event happened in the very worst period of revolutionary commotion, we expected that some allusion would have been made to the alarming situation in which a young and rich widow must have found herself placed by the loss of her protector in such critical circumstances. It is not easy to conceive that she could have been entirely overlooked by the rapacious leaders of parties, who successively held the country in a state of terror and bondage, or could have felt herself secure amidst the many changes to which that eventful period gave

birth. Nevertheless, we cannot collect from M. Boileau's memoir that Madame Cottin suffered any unusual difficulty or alarm from the agitated state of public affairs. She retired from the capital soon after her husband's death, and in the solitude of an elegant country seat, gave herself up to the romantic visions of imaginary love which she had begun to indulge in her former situation. Yet, though now left at liberty to seek that 'happy lot,' which she had not hitherto experienced except in dreams, it does not appear that she ever availed herself of the privilege which chance afforded her, or perhaps she never met with an actual object to which she could transfer the ideal enthusiasm of her fancy.

'Love,' says her biographer, 'that ardent love, of which her lively imagination had painted so delicious an image, and of which she still felt herself to be susceptible, although her knowledge of the world made her regard it with fear and suspicion, brought nothing but trouble to a heart, which felt the necessity of loving.'

In this state of mind (which, however delicately expressed by M. Boileau, we old-fashioned critics shall never be persuaded that it is quite delicate for a lady to avow) she resorted to a very fantastic expedient for alleviating her pain, and directing her sensibility 'to an innocent object.' She set about composing romances, in which, under feigned characters, she might be at liberty to paint all the trembling wishes, unsatisfied desires, and wandering fancies of her own heart, an expedient which we should imagine to have been better calculated for driving her to insanity than for restoring her to reason.

*Claire d'Albe* was her first production. It was the work of a fifteen days delirium, executed at a beautiful country seat in the neighbourhood of Rouen, and published at Paris in 1798. It was followed in 1800 by *Malvina*, which, it is said, was composed at a seat belonging to Madame Cottin at Champlan, near Paris, where she enjoyed the society of Madame Verdier, a friend of her infancy who had been left a widow with two amiable daughters. *Amelia Mansfeld* made her appearance two years later. During the short peace of Amiens she amused herself in (what we are compelled to think) a much more sensible way, in making the tour of Italy and Switzerland. The year 1804 gave birth to a little poem, which is unknown to us, entitled *la Prise de Jericho*; and the following year ushered to the world *Mathilde*, a novel, which has been classed (as M. Boileau thinks improperly) among the *romans devots*, just at that period quite the rage in every female coterie at Paris. In 1806 she produced her last and most celebrated, though in magnitude her least considerable, work, *Elizabeth, ou les Exilés de Sibirie*, which, from its good sense, and exquisite purity of sentiment, lead us to reflect with pleasure that its writer had

probably outlived the extravagances of her heated imagination, while she retained all that refinement of sensibility which constitutes the sovereign grace and attraction of the female character. It is said that a posthumous work has since been published at Paris, but it has not yet come to our hands.

These are all the facts relating to Madame Cottin's life and character with which her biographer has furnished us; and they are such as in a great degree to supersede the necessity or use of a comment on her writings. At the hazard of being thought very unfashionable, or very cold-blooded critics, we must repeat the opinion expressed by us in a former volume while noticing her first production, *Claire d'Albe*,\* that, amidst all the language of exalted and virtuous sentiment, with which these works abound, there is in the avowed principle which inspired and pervades them, an insidious sophistry most dangerous to the heart, and most pernicious to the understanding, of young and susceptible females. Nay, so firmly are we impressed with this opinion, that we should without any the smallest hesitation, recommend to our daughters the perusal of such books as young ladies in general are ashamed to own, the works of Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne, in preference to the poisoned sensibilities of this *moral* writer. The former can only rub away some of that exterior delicacy and exquisite polish of refinement which (however desirable to be preserved) constitute rather the charm, than the virtue, of the sex; the latter subtilly insinuate themselves into the heart, and there, if not expelled by the strongest innate principles of virtue, and the soundest powers of intellect, will gradually weaken the mind, and contaminate the soul, leaving only the smooth and glittering surface to be admired, while all within is emptiness or corruption.

Far be it from us to suppose that this must be the case with all young readers of Madame Cottin's romances. We are persuaded that the purity of many female minds is such as neither the open attacks, nor the more dangerous insinuations of immorality and licentiousness can subdue or wound. But, as Falstaff says, 'the soundest part of valour is discretion,' and we would in all cases, rather recommend it to avoid an enemy whom there is no honour in encountering, than to encounter him for the idle satisfaction of saying that he has been overcome.

Love is the most universal instinct of our nature, and, when united with esteem and guided by reason, it is not only an innocent, but a virtuous passion, not only an allowable feeling, but that which confers the greatest and most unbounded happi-

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\* See Vol. xv. p. 278. of this Review.

ness of which 'frail mortality is capable.' But, with Madame Cottin, it is an over-ruling and irresistible impulse, a second nature, which, if it were possible, it would be impious to deny, a law paramount to the laws of man and God, or (as she might term it) the great, first, most sacred law of God himself, a bond more indissoluble than the strictest bonds of religion and society, than the holy tie of marriage or the tender and imperious duties of parentage. In compliance with the law of custom, to one, and one only, act of love, she affixes the name, or imputes the idea, of *criminal*: and it is here that her self-delusion is most manifest, her sophistry most glaring. If every preceding step to actual vice be not only innocent, but virtuous; if to admit the first impressions of a voluptuous passion without examination or reflection, be consistent with the strictest duties of the virgin, the wife, or the mother; if to encourage and foster them at the expence of every moral feeling and habit which those conditions of life respectively demand, be a just and virtuous compliance with the law of God; if the rules of chastity can be preserved with the indulgence of every warm and instinctive emotion, if the marriage-vow can be kept by a mere external reserve with the alienation of all that is good or valuable of the heart and soul, if the whole woman may be sacrificed to the extent of every thing short of one little worthless punctilio of honour, and yet hold her place among the pure and the virtuous of her sex, how can the fall of that frail and tottering barrier which remains, battered by the incessant engines of passion, nature, and opportunity, be stigmatised with the name of *vice*? Our plain unsentimental fathers preached a different doctrine. They inculcated that the first approaches to vice are vicious, that reason is given to combat against, not argue for, our passions, that the seat of virtue is the soul, and that no act is in itself sinful but as it proceeds from, and betokens the criminality of the heart and mind.

The novel of '*Malvina*,' may not, at first view, appear so objectionable in its moral tendency as that of '*Claire d'Albe*,' which we have analyzed on a former occasion. Here there is no violation of the marriage-vow, nor any infringement (in the sense of the world) of the rules of chastity. But from what we have before observed it may appear to be our opinion, that this change of circumstance makes in reality very little difference, where the great leading principle remains the same. *Malvina* is, indeed, represented as the most incorruptibly pure and virtuous of her sex; but still it is the pernicious glare of enthusiasm, more than the calm steady light of real virtue in which Madame Cottin has depicted her character; and in the midst of her most high-sounding professions, there is nothing but the will of the writer that should prevent her from throwing herself into the arms of *sir Edmond Scymour* as well before as

after marriage. This is not the case, even with the fiction of real virtue. It is beyond the reach of Richardson's wildest caprice that *Clarissa* should voluntarily yield to the abandonment of her honour; nor could Miss Burney, with all the claims of invention, have permitted *Cecilia* to be guilty of a criminal action, without violating every rule of consistency and common sense. It is still the *omnipotence* of love which pervades the work; and *omnipotence* is a term, incapable of reserve or modification.

The heroine of this romance binds herself by a very silly vow made at the death-bed of a dear friend, to take to herself the charge of that friend's infant daughter, and never to suffer any other object 'to partake of the affection exclusively bestowed upon that sacred relique.' The absurdity of this vow, only excused by the melancholy and heart-rending circumstances in which it was taken, is heightened by the scruples to which it afterwards gives birth in the mind of the taker. *Malvina's* hour arrives; the hour, destined (according to *Madame Cottin's* creed) for every being of *sensibility* upon earth; the hour of inspiring that over-ruling passion to which all nature is created only to yield the most unlimited obedience. The fatal object is sir Edmond Seymour, a young man of the most winning exterior, of great *refinement of soul*, and unbounded generosity of temper, but withal, a most profligate rake and unrelenting seducer of female innocence. This mixture of character is in itself generally unnatural, and always accompanied with an immoral tendency; but how much is the immorality enhanced when we find a female, represented as in all respects completely virtuous, surrendering herself without reserve to the influence of the passion with which he has inspired her, after full notice has been given her not only of his past irregularities, but of an intrigue which he carries on with another girl in the very house where she is residing, and even while he is professing an exclusive attachment to herself? and what shall we say of the delicacy of that fair writer who finds nothing in the least reprehensible in this proceeding, either on the part of the gentleman or the lady?

All this time, her unlucky vow is the only circumstance that weighs heavy on *Malvina's* heart, and restrains her from confessing her love for sir Edmond and throwing herself into his arms. The strange and apparently inconsistent behaviour to which this scruple gives rise creates a misunderstanding in the mind of the gentleman. The lovers are separated; and some jealous friends of both contrive to widen the breach by artful misrepresentations. Sir Edmond all this time has three mistresses, *Malvina*, who (in spite of all his endeavours to shake her off) remains proprietor of his heart, Miss Kitty Melmor, who is a puppet to amuse his leisure hours, and 'My

Lady Sumerhill,' to whom he pays his *honourable* devoirs in compliance with the desire of his ambitious aunt Mrs. Birton.

Meanwhile, this Mrs. Birton (with whom Malvina has all along resided,) breaks up her summer-quarters in the Highlands of Scotland, and goes, with her fair protégée and all her household to partake of the winter gaieties of Edinburgh. Here Sir Edmond rejoins them and an explanation takes place between the lovers. 'Mistress Birton' discovering their good understanding, soon makes the house too hot to hold Malvina any longer; and our heroine, after a promise of marriage has at length been extorted from her by the importunities of her admirer, seeks refuge in the house of an almost accidental acquaintance, an elegant retired widow of the name of Clare. From this lady she hears several hints thrown out more strongly to the disadvantage of Sir Edmond than any that had before reached her, nevertheless her 'constant heart' admits not a single idea to the prejudice of her love till her vow is all of a sudden recalled to mind by a letter from Lord Sheridan, the father of the child, demanding the resignation of her sacred charge the moment she shall have rendered herself incapable, according to the tenor of her oath, of retaining it longer. This letter, as may be supposed, is a contrivance of Mistress Birton; but it produces the desired effect. Malvina sees her intended husband, and surprises him with her sudden resolution to break off all further connection with him. Sir Edmond will not wait for an explanation—attributes all her conduct to caprice and treachery—runs back to Edinburgh with all the rage of a madman, falls into a phrenzy fever and is soon declared to be in the most imminent danger of death. Malvina hears of his situation, and flies to his relief, and here follows one of those scenes which calls forth all Madame Cottin's best and finest powers of description and sentiment; which no reader, however fortified by dislike for the general immorality of her principles, can help feeling, nor feel without the strongest emotions of sympathy and affection. She introduces herself to the bed-side of the dying man, in the disguise of a common nurse (for he lay in Mrs. Birton's house) which it was impossible for her to enter in her own character, she watches over him with all the anxious solicitude of the most tender wife for many days and nights, during which he is incapable of knowing to whom his gratitude is due—she preserves her fortitude unshaken during the most alarming crisis of a deadly contagious disorder—she witnesses his unexpected return to sense and life—and, having accomplished her imagined duty, has the yet higher courage to retire without making herself known to him for whose sake she had undergone the greatest distresses that ever female suffered, or seeking to receive the offering of his love and gratitude which her conduct so nobly merited.

We will not do Madame Cottin the injustice to spoil, as an English translation must, the exquisite delicacy and beauty of this most affecting scene. We only wish that another disagreeable duty had not been in store for us in the relation of the succeeding part of our history. Malvina leaves the sick man's chamber by stealth, and returns to her asylum at Mrs. Clare's. Her wild and impetuous lover gradually recovers his health, and at last meets with accidental circumstances which reveal to him the generous conduct of Malvina at a time when he thought she had abandoned him without pity to all the extravagance of his affliction. They are restored to each other, and the lady, unable to resist any longer the importunities of her admirer and the violence of her own passion, yields her consent to a private marriage. But she first questions Sir Edmond concerning the mysterious hints which had been thrown out by her friend Mrs. Clare; and he, (with an ingenuousness and candour which, in Madame Cottin's perverted sense of morality, outweigh all his past misconduct, but which, in fact, it is morally impossible that one so overcharged with guilt could upon such an occasion assume) unfolds to his *patient* hearer the whole detail of one of the most horribly infamous acts of systematic and cold-blooded seduction that was ever perpetrated by the most selfish and unfeeling of debauchees, and of which he himself had been the *enactor*. The pure, the gentle, the compassionate, the virtuous Malvina does not shrink with horror from the abominable recital, but at the conclusion sinks into the arms of the worse than murderer of a defenceless female, and murmurs a confession that she is all his own!!!

They are privately married, and retire to a cottage of Sir Edmond's on the banks of the Clyde, where they pass away some days in all the delirium of permitted love and happiness. The bridegroom then takes a reluctant leave of his enamoured mistress, in order to fulfil the engagement which he had made with her previous to the marriage, to seek out Lord Sheridan and obtain from him a revocation of his fatal edict which she still deemed necessary to her public appearance in the world as a married woman.

Meanwhile intelligence of the fatal union is conveyed to the ears of the jealous Mrs. Birton, and her emissaries are instantly set at work to seduce the husband, and drive the wife to misery and despair. Edmond falls into the snare with a facility unaccountable even in the weakest of men, and within two or three short days of his quitting a young, beautiful, and adoring bride, falls a willing victim to the charms of an infamous woman with whom he had been connected, and whom he had abandoned from satiety, long before his marriage!!! The history of the human mind undoubtedly abounds in inconsistencies and contradictions, but it was reserved for Madame Cottin to



present a picture more absurd and incongruous than aught that the imagination has ever fabled in its wildest mood,

‘Of Harpy, Gorgon, or Chimæra dire.—’

The news of Edmond's infidelity, industriously circulated and maliciously overcharged with every possible aggravation, spreads like wild-fire to the place of Malvina's retirement; but its shock is somewhat allayed by her incredulity. When Mrs. Birton (another monstrous character, a fanciful compound of *disinterested* cruelty and iniquity) completes the ruin of her peace and of her intellect, by seizing the person of her adopted child under the colour of my lord Sheridan's former authority.

Edmond at length tears himself from the shameful fetters in which he has been held captive, succeeds in obtaining from lord Sheridan a revocation of his cruel edict, succeeds in extricating himself from another deep laid scheme of Mrs. Birton's for getting him *deported as a jacobin*, to the West Indies, (a very deep understanding, by the way, Madame Cottin evinces herself to possess of the laws of England!!) and full of hope and joy flies back to Scotland to throw himself into the forgiving arms of his *only love!!!*

He finds her, indeed, but finds her for ever lost to him, to the world, to herself, the wreck of an exquisite mind, the ruin of what was once Malvina. The heart-rending scenes which follow again afford evidence of the writer's uncommon powers in exciting the feelings of horror, tenderness, compassion, love, and sorrow in the reader. Many of the shades and touches of pathos with which they abound might have been claimed by Shakespear himself, or by any of the greatest masters of the human passions; the alternations of hope, fear, and despondency, the strange wanderings of distempered reason, the occasional gleams of intervening sense, which keep the mind in a state of awful suspense and lingering uncertainty to the very close of a long, minute, and eventful detail of suffering and action, are such as to leave impressions of the author's talents which yield only to regret for their abuse and misapplication.

It is possible we may be thought to have borne rather hard upon the writer of this story, since the *moral* (as it is vulgarly called) is so just and unexceptionable. Vice is at last punished with excessive misery, and even the indulgence of a passion, represented as in itself blameless, meets with a chastisement only less awfully severe than that which awaits on actual guilt. All this is very true; and yet not the less do we pronounce this tale and all others of a similar description, greatly and dangerously immoral. The *moral* which may, or may not, be drawn from the conclusion of a tale like this is a very weak and inefficient antidote to the deleterious poison which it conveys. We have hitherto had reason to boast of our superior

morality as a nation to that of our great and dangerous rival, a superiority, which, as long as we assert and support it, will (we confidently hope and trust) preserve us against all the assaults of her hatred, malice, and overbearing power. But we do lament that the edicts of Napoleon which lay an effectual embargo upon all the graver and more useful literature of the continent, should be only inefficient to prevent the importation of its pernicious romances.

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ART. VII.—*Recit Historique de la de Buonaparte en Italie, dans les Années 1796, et 1797. Par un Temoin oculaire.*

*Historical Account of the Campaign of Buonaparte in Italy, in the Years 1796, and 1797. 8vo. pp. 286. No Publisher's name: London. 1808.*

IT was the campaign of Buonaparte in Italy which first made his name celebrated in Europe. From this epoch we may date his military renown. The author says that he has long had this work in contemplation, and that it would have been published many years ago, if he had not been restrained by a regard to personal considerations.

‘Many persons,’ says the author, ‘imagine that Napoleon possesses the magnanimity of a hero; but what is much more certain is that he is vindictive in the extreme. To speak of him without praising him, is in his eyes to do him an injury. But to speak ill of him, is an unpardonable crime even on the part of those who do not live under his laws; it is a crime for which only the death of the offender can atone. The fate of Palm justifies the observation. I had therefore to wait till providence had placed me in an asylum where liberty is established, where truth is respected, and where the homicidal hand of the irascible despot cannot reach.’

The author affects to depreciate the military talents of Buonaparte, and affirms that he is more indebted for his success to artifice and to accident, than to wisdom and sagacity. He thinks that any general, placed in the same circumstances and having the disposal of the same means, would have done as much, or more, than Napoleon the Great.

‘Buonaparte,’ says he, ‘was the same in his first campaign, as in his last. He was the same in his first, when he was a novice in the military art, and in his last when he had acquired a long experience; in the first, in which he was the servant of a republican directory, and in the last in which he was the master of a mighty empire, we see a man who is full of boasting; who is intoxicated with success, which he exaggerates with impudence; who speaks most contemp-

tuously of his enemies, who cajoles the people by fallacious proclamations, and who never regards one of the promises which he has made. You see him employing the same perfidy to deceive cabinets, to paralyse the vigour of his enemies, to masque the most destructive projects under an affected moderation.—You see the same callous insensibility to the happiness of mankind; the same propensity to sacrifice to his lust of aggrandizement, the whole French people, as well as those whom he has subdued, or may still subdue; spilling blood like water; a soul inflated, but not dignified by pre-eminence; of which prosperity has invigorated all the old vices, and produced new.’

The author says that his book is particularly designed as a refutation of a work printed at Paris in 1797, and intitled ‘*Campagne de Buonaparte en Italie pendant les années iv. et v. de la Republique Française; par un officier general.*’ The force, which the Austrians and Sardinians could oppose to the enemy, at the commencement of the campaign, did not amount to more than fifty-eight thousand four hundred men, though it has been exaggerated to more than four times the amount by those who wish to exalt the courage of the French and the genius of Napoleon. Napoleon, at the same time, commanded an army of at least fifty-six thousand men: and this force was perpetually recruited and augmented by fresh troops. Buonaparte was, at the same period, a favoured menial of the directory, whom he had obliged by a copious discharge of grape-shot on the citizens of Paris on the fifth of October in the preceding year. The directory, therefore, omitted no opportunity to supply the army of Buonaparte with every possible means of insuring his success.

The Italian campaign opened with what has been termed the battle of Montenotte, in which Buonaparte, with his usual disregard to truth, pretended to have gained a victory over Beaulieu in person, though Beaulieu was, at the time, fifty miles distant from the spot. A partial conflict was magnified into a general battle and a feeble opposition into a sanguinary resistance. Of the three Austrian generals, Beaulieu, Roccamano, and d’Argenteau, who are said to have been present in the action, the first was at a considerable distance from the spot, the second was disabled the evening before, and the third instead of making a gallant defence, fled with precipitation. The battle of Millesimo, which was an inconsiderable action, was magnified by Buonaparte in his dispatches to the directory into an affair of importance. Notwithstanding the pompous narrative of Buonaparte the whole honour of the action seems to have belonged to the Austrian general Provera, who with a force of only fifteen hundred men made a gallant stand against a very superior body of the enemy. Provera had posted his small force in the ruins of the old castle of Cossena,

where he sustained the repeated attacks of Buonaparte during two whole days, when he obtained an honourable capitulation.

The author next points out the gross misrepresentations in the French accounts of the battle and the capture of Dego. After the surrender of the latter place the Austrians under Colonel Wokazowich surprised a body of French at Spigno. The French fled with precipitation; and Dego again fell into the hands of the Austrians. The garrison was struck with a panic and fled without making any resistance. The Austrian colonel was ill-supported by D'Argenteau, whose conduct was a tissue of treachery or cowardice. Dego was again invested by the French, when Wokazowich having exhausted all his means of defence, determined with his little band of warriors to force his way through the enemy by the sabre and the bayonet. The attempt was successful, and the Austrians reached Acqui. Buonaparte in his dispatches to the directory made no mention of the enterprising gallantry of Wokazowich; for, as the author remarks, Napoleon never mentions the exploits of his enemies, except when their intrepidity can serve as an addition to the splendour of his own renown.

When General Rusca was ordered by Buonaparte to summon the commander of Ceva to surrender the citadel, he threatened to put the whole garrison to the sword if the place made the smallest resistance. But the commander, who was an old soldier and a man of honour, returned an answer to this insolent summons, which Buonaparte took care to suppress.

'The citadel, which your general in chief summons me with so much arrogance to abandon, and that even before I have had the pleasure of seeing the army to which I am to deliver it up, was confided to my care by the favour of my sovereign. I have sworn to defend it to the last extremity. Ought I then to disgrace my old age by an infamous surrender before I have fired a gun? I will defend it as long as I am able; and I pledge my honour to blow it up into the air when I can defend it no longer. This is the answer which my honour dictates and I will not make any other.'

After this Buonaparte made no attack on Ceva, but repaired to Mondovi, where he obtained some advantages over the Sardinians under Colli, which he magnified into a signal victory. In the report of this battle which Buonaparte sent to the directory, he said that the enemy were *twenty to one*; and that General Colli having maintained the contest for two days with the greatest obstinacy had retired on the second night to Coni and Cherasco.

Cherasco was treacherously surrendered to the enemy. This unfortunate event determined the court of Sardinia to negotiate a peace with the French. This change in

the sentiments of the king of Sardinia was a fatal blow to the Austrian army. Beaulieu made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the three citadels of Alexandria, Tortona, and Valenza, by which means he could have prevented the French army from approaching the Po, and have acted on the defensive till reinforcements could arrive.

As soon as an armistice was concluded between Buonaparte and the Sardinian general, Beaulieu received peremptory orders from the Sardinian court to retire beyond the Po. Beaulieu had too small a force to defend the passage of that river. All that he could do was to keep the enemy in check for a short interval till he could withdraw his little army across the Adda by the way of Lodi.

Beaulieu had left a detachment of less than four thousand men to impede the passage of Buonaparte over the Po. This detachment surprised General la Harpe at Codogno, whom he defeated with great slaughter and made about two thousand prisoners. Beaulieu had entrenched himself with his rear-guard on the other side the bridge of the Adda, while the rest of his army continued its march to the Tyrol. These events bring us to the battle of Lodi, which has been the subject of so much boasting on the part of the French, and about which so many falsehoods have been told. It was at Lodi that Buonaparte had first to encounter Beaulieu in person, whom he had never seen before, though he had had the audacity to assert, that he twice fought, and beat him twice. But Buonaparte's contempt for truth is hardly exceeded by his ambition. The account which he gives of the battle of Lodi, is full of exaggerations and lies.

'My advanced guard,' said he, 'beat in the posts of the enemy, and got possession of a piece of cannon.' We entered Lodi pursuing the enemy who had already crossed the bridge over the Adda. Beaulieu had drawn up *his whole army* in order of battle! the bridge was defended by thirty pieces of cannon; I made use of all my artillery and a violent cannonade was kept up for several hours. As soon as the army reached the spot, it formed in close column, with the second battalion of carbineers in front, and followed by all the grenadiers with shouts of *Vive la Republique*. They presented themselves on the bridge; the enemy commenced a terrible fire; the head of the columns appeared to hesitate. If this hesitation had continued a moment all would have been lost. The generals Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, d'Allemagne, the chief of brigade Lannes, and the chief of battalion Dupat, perceived this, threw themselves at the head of the troops and determined the uncertainty of the event. This formidable column bore down every thing before it; every piece of artillery was taken on the spot; Beaulieu's order of battle was

broken; terror, flight, and death were scattered around. In the twinkling of an eye, the enemy's army was dissipated, &c. &c.

This is a specimen of the braggart style of Buonaparte. On his side we have an instantaneous and splendid victory, on that of the enemy a prompt and total defeat. The author does not deny that Buonaparte was victorious at Lodi; that he forced the passage of the Adda, which was vigorously defended by numerous batteries, and brave battalions commanded by a distinguished general; but he maintains that the French commander inserted many falsehoods in his official reports. He says that Beaulieu had drawn up *his whole army in order of battle*, when he had not in the whole more than ten thousand men to oppose the accumulated force of Buonaparte. What could Beaulieu do in such circumstances with only a handful of men? Abandoned by the king of Sardinia, who had given up his strong places into the hands of the French, he adopted the prudent resolution of retiring into the Tyrol to wait for reinforcements. He would not have even thought of defending the passage of the Adda, if he had not felt a cogent interest in retarding the progress of the French, in order to gain time to rescue the stores of the emperor from their grasp.—Beaulieu succeeded in saving his magazines; this service was performed by a part of his army; and another part was sent to reinforce the garrison of Mantua. After these deductions from his original force, Beaulieu had not more than ten thousand men at Lodi; with which he made a memorable resistance against a vast superiority of numbers.

Buonaparte allows that the fire of the enemy was terrible, but according to him, it had no other effect than to make the French columns *hesitate*, or rather *appear to hesitate*. But the author says that the column felt not only hesitation, but fear; and to such a degree, as to fall back, and refuse to advance. He asserts this to be a positive fact; and he says that Buonaparte was so astounded, that he had recourse to stratagem to revive the courage of his troops. He ordered a republican flag to be fixed in the middle of the bridge, and pointing out this standard of liberty to his soldiers, which they could not without shame suffer to fall into the hands of the Austrians, he stifled the sentiment of fear by that of national honour.

It is not certain who it was that set up this flag in the middle of the bridge. Buonaparte has boasted of this act of heroism, which has been reclaimed by Augereau. Whoever might be the author of such an act of bravery certainly deserves to be recorded in history. But what a little diminishes the heroism of the deed is, that the bearer of the standard had not advanced a step before Beaulieu ordered the fire of his batteries to cease. He thought that the officer came to propose a parley, and he directed one of his own troops to go to meet him, and

the fire did not recommence till the French officer had rejoined his army. It is not a little remarkable that Buonaparte in his official dispatch does not mention this circumstance, which was a matter of so much notoriety. Was he unwilling to confess that his soldiers were intimidated?

Buonaparte says that his terrible column bore down every thing before it, took the enemy's cannon, and dissipated the Austrian force in the twinkling of an eye. But the author says that the Austrian army made a bold and vigorous stand even after the French had become masters of the bridge. Beaulieu had thrown up entrenchments in haste; but the French could not dislodge him from the position which he occupied. He kept up a fire of musquetry and frequent discharges of grape-shot till late at night; and he retreated the following night in good order, and without any interruption. This at least was no evidence of a total rout. Buonaparte says that he lost *only a few men*, while he makes the loss of the Austrians amount to two or three thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. It is the invariable practice of Buonaparte to exaggerate the loss of his enemies; but it is certain that in this instance he greatly extenuated that of the French, who sustained a terrible carnage from the fire of thirty cannon which raked the bridge of Lodi as they advanced. And Buonaparte himself allows that the cannonade lasted several hours.

The slaughter was so great that the French were seized with consternation and refused to advance, though they had lived in the midst of conflicts and were familiarized with danger.—But the battle was not confined merely to the attack and capture of the bridge; for there was a second attack after the bridge was taken, which was not less destructive than the first, particularly to the French, who were more exposed than the Austrians, as the latter were entrenched. Had the loss of Buonaparte been as slight as he represented it, he would never have suffered Beaulieu to retreat without further molestation. There are two sentiments, to which the bosom of Buonaparte seems as entire a stranger, as any of those persons who are most infamous in history,—the sentiment of humanity and of truth. He regards no waste of life however great, no accumulation of suffering, however enormous, which can at all contribute to advance his ambitious projects: and truth is never heeded when he feels the smallest interest to deceive.

Notwithstanding the continued and accumulated spoiliations of the French troops, the author says that only one French soldier was punished for pillage during the campaign in Italy. This man was condemned to be shot at Bassano in the state of Venice. When he was conducted to the place of execution, he spoke as follows to his comrades who were present at the scene.

' You see, my friends, the dreadful punishment which I am about to undergo. As I am afraid that you are not all acquainted with the reasons which have caused me to be punished with so much severity, I will explain them to you, in few words. It is because I stole the value of three hundred livres from the wife of my host, *who is under the immediate protection of the aid de camp to the Commander in chief.* Beware of imitating such a scandalous example, lest you experience a similar fate. I would rather advise you to imitate the conduct of our generals. They all rob and plunder, from first to last ; but their robberies are very different from mine ; as you may judge from the enormous fortunes which they have amassed since they entered Lombardy.' When he had finished this harangue he threw up his cap in the air, crying *au diable la republique* ; when a discharge of musquetry in an instant laid him dead upon the spot.'

When the French entered Italy, they made the people a promise of *friendship and fraternity*, and engaged to deliver them from the *yoke of the Austrians*. But this friendship was manifested only in a system of indiscriminate spoliation. Buonaparte had even the cruelty to lay his rapacious hands on the charitable establishments called '*Monts de Piété*,' which had hitherto been always respected, as the most inviolable property. But the conqueror was not restrained in the work of destruction by any considerations of usefulness or humanity. The bishop of Imola by his earnest and repeated supplication, at last prevailed on the general to spare the *Mont de Piété* of that place. But Buonaparte did not grant this favour without ample compensation ; for though he had been hospitably entertained in the palace of the bishop, he yet deprived him of all the plate, jewels, crosses, and diamonds, which he had in his possession.

After the battle of Lodi, Buonaparte gave his troops some repose, when he marched towards the territory of Venice, but was recalled on his way by the report of a conspiracy in the states of Milan, which menaced the most fatal consequences. At the commencement of the insurrection, which was meditated, the tocsin was to be rung in the towers of one of the churches at Milan, which was to be the signal to the adjacent country. But a Corsican priest, who belonged to the church, where the tocsin was to be rung, was made acquainted with the conspiracy a short time before the time appointed for the explosion. The priest immediately removed and secreted the ladder which led to the bell that was to be rung, and, at the same time, cut the ropes of all the bells. When the time arrived for the tocsin to sound the conspirators retired disconcerted, they suspected that their secret was discovered, and they could no longer doubt it when they found large bodies of French troops.



parading the streets of Milan, and arresting all the citizens, whose sentiments they suspected.

The tocsin which could not be rung at Milan, was rung at Pavia at the time appointed; and a general insurrection against the French immediately commenced. A violent and bloody conflict ensued, which lasted for three days. The armed force was hardly sufficient to quell the resistance of a people who were reduced to despair by accumulated ravage and insult. Buonaparte seeing the danger which threatened his army, and fearing lest the insurgents should be assisted by Beaulieu, before they could be reduced, flew to Milan, where he forced the archbishop to get into his chariot, and accompany him on the road to Pavia. Wherever he met with any bodies of armed peasantry, he ordered the carriage to stop, and made the archbishop alight to harangue the people. An old ecclesiastic with grey hairs was an imposing sight; he promised the exasperated multitude that their wrongs should be redressed, and their rights respected; and his promise was believed. Buonaparte engaged to execute what he promised. The ferment was appeased and the peasants returned peaceably to their homes. When Buonaparte and the archbishop arrived at the gates of Pavia, the inhabitants, who had got rid of the French garrison, refused to receive them within the walls. Buonaparte was thrown into the greatest consternation, he knew that if he lost a moment in subjecting Pavia, the city would be succoured by the Austrians, and the example of the insurrection followed by the rest of Italy. The Archbishop was again employed in the office of pacification; and his proposals, which the French undertook faithfully to execute, were at last accepted. But Buonaparte had no sooner obtained admission into the city, than he ordered the inhabitants to be disarmed: and abandoned the place to a general pillage for twenty-four hours.

The author says that Buonaparte erred in not pursuing the Austrians after the battle of Lodi, by which means he might have cut off their retreat and have opened an easy passage into the Tyrol. But his delay gave time to Beaulieu to throw succours of every description into Mantua, and to take a strong position in the Tyrol, where he was enabled to make an effectual stand against a very superior force. From the middle of June to the end of July the Austrians did not lose an inch of ground. Buonaparte sustained a great loss of men; and the author affirms that, for a long time, the Adige was so glutted with the dead bodies of the French, that the inhabitants refused to eat any fish taken out of that river.

The cabinet of Vienna sent a new army into the field under the command of Wurmser. This army began its operations with success; and Buonaparte acknowledged in his dispatches

to the directory, that he had *experienced some reverses*. He did not mention what these reverses were; and this defect the author of these pages undertakes to supply. The army of Wurmser consisted of about forty thousand men, including his cavalry, which could not act in the ground where he made his first attack. Buonaparte had collected a superior force. On the 28th or 29th of July, Wurmser made an attack on the whole French line, which was defended by numerous batteries. The Austrians forced the entrenchments of the enemy and made a terrible carnage with the bayonet. The French gave way at all points and fled with precipitation. Night only put an end to the pursuit.

‘Wurmser took almost all the cannon of the enemy and made eight thousand prisoners. The number of the killed and wounded amounted to more than that, and the inhabitants of the country spent more than two days in burying the dead.’

This, says the author, is the action which Buonaparte modestly called *a reverse*. The next day the enemy raised the siege of Mantua; and left behind their artillery and ammunition. But the French, from their immense superiority of numbers, soon recovered the advantages they had lost; and Wurmser retraced his steps to the Tyrol, whence he had descended six days before; but not till he had thrown powerful reinforcements into Mantua; captured the artillery of the besiegers, and enabled the place to hold out for many months.

After this, the basest treachery seems to have made its way into the army of Wurmser; for though the Austrians occupied the most advantageous points in the mountains of the Tyrol, where the nature of the ground would have enabled them to stop the progress of an enemy, however numerous, for many days, yet they abandoned those formidable positions almost without a show of resistance. The author mentions an anecdote to this purpose, which he says that he received from the marquis Guistiniani, an inhabitant of Vicenza, to whom it was told by an officer in the division of Massena. This officer with a force of only five hundred men had made three thousand Austrians prisoners, without striking a blow. He mentioned this fact at the table of the marquis Guistiniani, and with a *naïveté*, which banished all suspicion of deceit.

‘What would you think, Monsieur le Marquis, if I were to assure you that, with five hundred soldiers, I made three thousand Austrians prisoners in the Tyrol? But it is a fact which I will pledge my honour to be true. These were the circumstances. Whilst our division was advancing towards Roveredo, General Massena ordered me to take five hundred men and dislodge the enemy from

a height which gave him great advantage over us. 'But citizen general,' said I, 'would you have me with such a handful of men —' he immediately interrupted me—'obey my orders instantly,' said he, 'and I will be answerable for the success.' No sooner said than done. I made my appearance at the foot of the mountain, and manœuvred like a man who meditated an attack. I did not observe that the enemy exhibited any symptoms of resistance; I suspected that it was a stratagem to lead me into a snare. I stopped and reflected on what it was best to do. Seeing the enemy continue inactive, I detached a flag of truce to tell the Austrian commander that, if he had rather surrender than fight, he must order his men to lay down their arms. This is what he did, and with such a small force I had the honour of making three thousand prisoners, who had not fired a shot.'

The author mentions several other instances which prove that Buonaparte was indebted for his success at least as much to treachery as to skill. It was owing to this treachery that Wurmser was once surprized and in danger of falling into the hands of the French; and that, prevented from retiring into the Frioul, he was obliged to shut himself up in Mantua. The author seems to think that gold was the most successful means which Buonaparte employed to paralyze the arms of the Austrians, who seemed to have experienced a sudden deprivation of their courage and their strength. It was gold which caused this sudden metamorphosis.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
Et perrumpere amat castra, potentius  
Ictu fulmineo.

The author affirms that it was a common saying among the French officers, that 'the *louis* of France in the hands of Buonaparte were much more formidable engines of destruction than his whole army.' The author cites the following fact as a proof of the corruption which was practised to disorganize the Austrian army. He says that the information was furnished by a chaplain in that army, who had attended an Austrian soldier who was dying in the hospital,

'This soldier was wounded in the village of Marostica, between Bassano and Vicenza, when besides other wounds, he had his arm cut off by the stroke of a sabre. He was removed to the hospital of Vicenza, where he died; but some hours before his decease he was asked by the chaplain who had ministered religious consolation to him, how he lost his arm, 'Father,' said the unfortunate young man, 'if I had received the blow from an enemy, I should have been content; it is the fate of war; but the blow was given by my own officer, which rouses my indignation. I was a private in the artillery; we had placed six field-pieces in an advantageous position for

the protection of our troops. The enemy was advancing rapidly upon us. When they were within cannon shot ; I informed my officer of it, that he might give me orders to fire ; he told me to wait. I waited till the enemy almost touched our battery, and was on the point of getting possession of it, when without soliciting any direction I applied the match to the cannon. In an instant I received the stroke of a sabre on my arm. I turned round to see whence the blow came, when I saw the sabre of my officer reeking with blood. This officer was a major of artillery. He was made prisoner with all my comrades, except two, who conveyed me here.

Two Austrian armies had almost disappeared, and the wreck of the second was shut up in Mantua ; when the court of Vienna sent a third under Alvinzi ; but who possessed not the talents of Beaulieu, nor of Wurmser. Alvinzi was at first successful at what is called the battle of Caldiero, when the French were vanquished, with a great loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, though Buonaparte had the effrontery to assert that he threw the Austrians into confusion as with a thunderbolt, and scattered them like hail. The next battle, which was that of Arcole, was the most obstinate which was fought between the Austrians and the French. It lasted almost for three whole days without any intermission except during the night. It began at day break on the fifteenth of November, and did not end till the evening of the seventeenth. The French could not reach the Austrian entrenchments at Arcole without passing a small bridge which was vigorously defended. Every attack was attended with an enormous carnage without producing any good effect. The columns were so much dismayed that Buonaparte had recourse to the same stratagem which succeeded so well at Lodi. Augereau took the standard of liberty in his hand and carried it to the extremity of the bridge, where he remained several minutes without producing the effect which he desired. Buonaparte says that he repaired thither in person ; that he asked his soldiers, whether they were the conquerors of Lodi ; and that his presence so animated the troops, as to determine him to attempt the passage of the bridge. But the author of this work, who was present at the battle, asserts that he distinctly saw *one* French officer, who advanced to the bridge with a standard in his hand, and that General Alvinzi supposing this to be a flag of truce, gave orders to stop the fire. But he says that he saw no *second* officer follow the first ; and that this could not have taken place without his observation.

Upon the evening of the 17th, the balance of advantages was rather in favour of the Austrians, for the French had not yet carried the bridge. They had indeed passed it on the 16th, but they were soon driven over again with great loss. But notwithstanding this to the great regret and astonishment

of his army Alvinzi gave orders to quit the position of Arcole and retire to Vicenza.

In the battle of Arcole Buonaparte is said by Berthier to have been thrown off his horse into a marsh, whence he escaped with difficulty, as he was exposed to the fire of the enemy. The author says that the following were the circumstances of this occurrence :

‘The French army having passed the little bridge which led to Arcole, and having approached too near our entrenchments, were exposed to a terrible fire of cannon and musquetry. The terror was augmented by a sally from our troops, who began pursuing the French. Buonaparte was involved among the fugitives.’—‘He repassed the bridge at full gallop, and his horse fell into a marsh; his position was very critical; he might easily have been taken or killed.’

A black, who had entered the republican ranks, is said to have been the only soldier who flew to the assistance of the general, and rescued him from his situation. Buonaparte made him a captain of horse.

The battle of Rivoli is the last which attracts the animadversions of the author. In this battle he says that Alvinzi had the victory in his hands and suffered it to escape. The battle was fought in the middle of January. Alvinzi had detached a body of four thousand men who according to the confession of Berthier had entirely turned the French army, and cut off all communication between Verona and Peschiera. Buonaparte, finding himself in this embarrassing situation demanded an armistice for an hour,

‘Under the pretext that in this interval, he would be able to draw up propositions for a capitulation,’—‘Alvinzi ought to have returned no other answer than that ‘the French must lay down their arms and surrender at discretion.’ This is what the Austrian army expected. Even the soldiers shouted on all sides *we have them fast, we have them fast.*’

But, contrary to the general desire so loudly expressed, Alvinzi acceded to an armistice for an hour. In this short space Buonaparte sent an aid-de-camp to confer with Alvinzi. As soon as this officer returned, Buonaparte made a sudden attack on the unsuspecting Austrians, a quarter of an hour before the armistice expired. In a moment the face of affairs was changed, and victory deserted to the banners of the French.

‘The general opinion of the army was that Alvinzi had betrayed his trust. This opinion prevailed at Vienna; he was recalled; and every body expected that he would lose his head on a scaffold.’

But he was made president of the council of war and commander in chief of all Hungary!!!

We have no reason to believe that the author of these pages was not, as he professes in his title, an eye-witness of the events which he describes. His details have a strong appearance of impartiality and truth; and they are curious and important from the light which they reflect on the character of the enemy, with whom we seem doomed to wage a war of extermination. It appears that Buonaparte owes the splendid success of his first Italian campaigns less to his own vigour and skill than to the misconduct and treachery of his opponents; less to bravery than to stratagem, to wisdom and energy than to perfidy and imposture. We have little to dread from the open force of Buonaparte; but we have much to apprehend from his invisible machinations and his insidious wiles.

ART. VIII.—*Klopstock's Werke.* 8vo. Leipzig.  
*Klopstock's Works.* Vol. VII. and VIII. 1804.

IN the first volume of our third series was begun (p. 481.) an account of the new edition of Klopstock's collective works. In the second volume (p. 473.) that account was continued. We invite from motives of vanity a reperusal of it. Over all these portions of the edition which the author lived to superintend, namely, his earlier odes and the Messiah, our remarks have already extended, we have now to analyze the posthumous volumes.

Of these the seventh is but an uninteresting one. It contains, first, an aftermath of odes, chiefly directed against incidents of the French revolutionary war, which in its progress excited the animosity of Klopstock to a Burke-like eloquence of detestation.

The third ode, an obscure and driftless one, entitled 'joy and sorrow,' is for this remarkable, that it originally contained a stanza in praise of Nelson, which the poet has since degraded into a note, saying, that he retracts the praise, *because Nelson did not keep the promise given by his subaltern, commodore Foote*, and that whoever knows history, must feel the pernicious consequences of such conduct. O that every poet were thus lofty-minded; that he would weigh his praise and his blame in the balance of the sanctuary; and apportion, with the equity of the final judge of mankind, his cautious verdict! So may true glory best be separated from noisy conspicuity; and the love of fame be rendered a mighty motive for the practice of virtue.

The eleventh ode, entitled 'the new Python,' may serve as a specimen of these effusions: it is dated July 1800.

'Not the mountain, but Allegory was in labor, In the greenest

of plains towers toward heaven a mountain girdled with flowery trees. It promised : I will bring forth a paradise. Softer breezes rustled ; but lo ! a dragon crawled abroad.

'While suckled at the rills of the mountain, it was already a giant, and when its swelling growth was complete, the shape of horror if it climbed, far-overshadowed immense fields.

'One of the strangest of marvellous shapes is the dragon : glittering scales trace on his forehead the name freedom ; and when, rejoicing in mischief, he whistles shrilly and aloud, the name he whistles is freedom.

'See on far-arching spires he rolls abroad among the nations (all-low poetry to make a nation one being) and falls on the astonish'd, angry, good, people with hot impatience.

'When he is about to attack, the eyes more sparkling redden with blood, and the greedy tongue licks thirsting the dry gums ; then he springs, narrows his screwing spires, crushes, and swallows his prey. Thrice happy the people screen'd from the monster by the loud prohibition of the almighty ocean ! In vain the threatening Python is trying to swim ; every time the wave thunders him back.'

The fifteenth ode entitled 'the conquerors and the conquered,' has fine passages ; but is too full of individual proper names to be here felt in all its historic force, the four last stanzas are especially impressive.

On the whole, these odes fall short in poetic merit of the prior efforts of the author in that line of composition. They are chiefly valuable, as an enduring record of the change of opinion concerning the French revolution, which a warm and disinterested friend of liberty underwent, from the progress of his observation. In the judgment of the philosopher, the original exultation and the eventual discouragement will probably appear alike premature. The licentiousness of anarchy usually diffuses principles, which, in the course of a generation, ripen into causes of liberal institution ; for this grievous licentiousness, the immediate remedy has been always the despotism of the leading military character in the community. The death of a Cromwell, of a Buonaparte, must be awaited, before the real tendency of an enlightened nation can be discerned, and can be matured into practical realization. To the Julius, who has acquired, may succeed the Augustus, who will so use, empire, as to render unlimited monarchy a welcome form of sway in France. But the insignificance of the Bourbons may again be invoked ; as the best chance for founding a chieftaincy, quietly hereditary, and too impotent to disobey the overawing authority of a senatorial and a representative body. Despotism seems, to us not to have struck root in France ; it is maintained by the treasury of its rapacity, by the income of its plundering exactions, by a power of recompense, in short, which any retrogression of conquest or any

permanence of peace would suspend, and thus endanger. It is not systematically supported by the aristocracy of property, which is perhaps an incoercible force; still less by any diffusive superstition, whose advocates cohere; or by any select legion of intellect, who would not betray the public interest for a day longer than exigency compelled.

To the odes succeed a collection of hymns altered, for the purposes of public worship, from those of Luther, and the other Sternholds of Germany. An æsthetic dissertation is prefixed, tending to evolve the theory of religious songs. It is justly inferred that the hereditary popularity and traditional veneration, of which the Jewish psalms are possessed, render it expedient and necessary to imitate their forms, which are habitually and generally associated with pious impressions, rather than those of the moral odes of Horace and other heathen poets. Care however should be taken to suppress and obliterate the traces of those harsh, hostile, and vindictive passions, which David, Jeremiah, and the other contributors to the psalms, have too frequently expressed in all the bitterness and nakedness of barbaric feeling. The christian hymnist should infuse the tender passive philanthropic sentiments of Jesus, and write as the authors of the psalms would have written, had they profited by the suavity of his instructions.

Klopstock observes that, if the psalms be divided into those of a lofty and those of a gentle cast, the sublimer will commonly be found to require the bolder changes. The Jehovah of the Jews is described as a god, who interferes habitually with the order of nature, who by special interposition is the cause of tempests and hurricanes, of earthquakes and volcanoes, who maketh the wind his messengers, who toucheth the hills and they smoke. To him pestilence and famine, to him wealth and victory are ascribed, with a reliance and an immediateness, tending to intercept the requisite human precautions in such cases. Correcter ideas of the real constitution of the universe must be substituted; yet there is a loss of fear and hope and sympathy to be apprehended from such changes, which in our present circumstances renders the gentler psalms of preferable application. These are not susceptible of equal poetic grandeur, but the poet is to consult utility at the cost of admiration.

‘Let it not be supposed,’ continues Klopstock, ‘that I disapprove the attempt to compose serious and sublime parodies of the loftier Jewish odes, and to colossalize those confined ideas, which occasionally appear in them, into conceptions worthy of our now enlarged knowledge. I only say that, for purposes of public worship, such poems are ill adapted; our own vulgar can seldom follow them. Pious feeling and moral sentiment, plainly, naturally, and neatly expressed, constitute the more operative and useful portions of church songs.’



‘Nor would I much encourage these poets among us to reform our hymns, to whom religion is but a secondary concern, but an opportunity the more for placing rhymes and displaying genius or art, or even by an instrument of morality. There are little touches in the poems of such men, which the critic, which the philosopher might applaud, but which interfere with those pious associations of idea, with that entirety of holy feeling, in which the comfort of a christian man consists. Great is the difference between merely imitating devotion and inspiring it.

‘The contents of a hymn ought however not to be doctrinal dissertation. Short dogmatic propositions may at most be tolerated. I advise every poet to write down his composition in plain prose, he will then become aware how much he has sacrificed to partialities of opinion, and how much to metrical embellishment. Above all things the soul is to be moved: more men are made for feeling than for reflection: true piety is rather heart than head. Complaints of our sorrows and sufferings should seldom be indulged; gratitude ought to be the predominant emotion; for God is good.

The deeds of Jesus ought more frequently to be celebrated. Lyric narrative is among the most difficult enterprizes of poetry. The orderly plainness of the ballet would degrade, the bold transitions of the ode would bewilder. It is in this line of hymn especially that our literature is without model. A freer use of what may be called christian mythology, of ominous marvels and angelic appearances, could be made in such lyrical narrations. As the catholic painter, so the protestant poet, may venture, to describe; the decorations of fancy do not rob the surrounding scene of its impression of reality.

‘Nor is it only the poetry, the music of our liturgic songs admits and requires much amelioration. For concerts and operas alone shall the symphonist employ his talent? Perhaps it might be advisable more commonly to compose our hymns with chorusses, and to employ the masses of singers in a congregation only to support the burden. Many of the Jewish psalms are evidently written on this plan. I have inserted several hymns in the following collection composed in a form not unlike dialogues, where the responses only are intended for the multitude to join in.’

After other similar remarks, follows a set of spiritual songs. Some are in rhyme; some in blank stanzas; many are written to be sung unitedly; a few are separated into song and chorus. All are preciouslly anointed with the nard of holiness; and, if they are sometimes childish, they are always christian. In variety of form, and in occasionally rising above the scriptural model kept in view, they may excel the hymns of Dr. Isaac Watts; but not in sweetness of sound, in natural range of idea, or in moral worth of sentiment. Both poets are too

doctrinal ; yet Watts leans more to orthodoxy and Klopstock more to mysticism. Indeed the quantity of unmeaning exclamation, of rhapsodical phrase, of idle interjection, of driftless invocation, of Hebrew gibberish, the long litanies of vain repetition, with which no rational ideas can be connected, is here so considerable, as to be derogatory to the good sense of Klopstock. One would think he placed the comfort of a christian man in exhaling inanity. To the endearing but irrational doctrine of the atonement Klopstock is anxiously attached ; but he is no where so glowingly successful, as in painting the exultations of resurrection. *Die Geistliche Auferstehung, Die Auferstehung, Die Auferstehung Jesu, &c.* seem written, like the hundred and forty-ninth psalm, for the purpose of being accompanied with dance. An oratorio made out of the Apocalypse, and called ' the Seven Churches,' deserves notice for its singularity : it is well adapted, both by its formal structure, and by the aptness of the matter, to be performed at one of those anniversary guilds of the sectaries, when the ministers, chief-singers, and lay-elders of different congregations, assemble to display their spiritual gifts in amicable rivalry. For moral value, the hymn entitled ' Sinai and Golgotha,' merits in our judgment the preference. It is in fact a versification of the decalogue, nearly as fortunate in its way as Pope's universal prayer ; where every sentence of the scriptural model drops mended from the pen of the poet, Yet the concluding stanza *Der Gottmensch king, &c.* is incoherent and superfluous. These hymns of Klopstock are not worthy of so capacious a mind ; they fall very short of that idea of perfection, which he sketches in the prefatory dissertations, nor is his idea itself conspicuously just and beautiful. The object of public worship is public instruction ; the use of song and eloquence is to draw attention : but when they are employed only to excite a mechanical fervor, and to detain notice on insignificant propositions, they preoccupy uselessly the memory, and intercept the exertion of intellect.

Sixty-seven epigrams fill the remainder of the volume. They seem to have been provoked by captious reviewers, for they mostly relate to some points of criticism. Many of them contain striking sentiments ; but they have neither wit enough nor conciseness enough to rank highly among the models in this form of composition ; the *Xenia* of Schiller and Göthe are livelier far.

ART. IX.—*L'Honneur Français, &c.*

*An Account of such Personages as have contributed to the Honour of the French Name from 1789 to the present Period. 2 Vols. 8vo. A Paris, chez Leopold Collin et de Normant. 1808.*

‘ONE of the most precious advantages of honour, considered as a political engine in the hands of government, is to create public spirit in the breast of the nation, or in other words, to dispose all minds to a perfect and unanimous concurrence in every measure which can tend to the welfare of the state, and to induce them to confound all selfish or individual objects with the common interest.’

This definition of honour, assumed by the author as the text upon which he enlarges, differs in some measure from what Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, has advanced respecting the same principle, considered as an engine in a monarchical government. So far from considering it as proper for creating public spirit in the minds of men, we may rather conclude from what he says, that it can serve no other purpose than that of dividing the citizens, and keeping alive hatred and jealousies. ‘The nature of honour,’ he tells us, ‘is to demand preferences and distinctions; of necessity, therefore, it belongs to a monarchical form of government.’ If this were the case, it would perhaps be easy to calculate the sum total of honour which exists in a government from the mass of distinctions and rewards at the sovereign’s disposal.

With all due deference to the great name of Montesquieu, it will probably appear, upon reflection, that the primary idea upon which he has founded his system is not rigorously just. Nay, his opinion has been clearly refuted by authors of celebrity equal to his own. His avowed panegyrist, d’Alembert himself, in analyzing the *Spirit of Laws*, has not adopted the opinion of his friend without restriction; it is true that he artfully dissembles what he evidently conceives to be unpalatable in the principle laid down by Montesquieu; he does not ascribe to *honour* the base motives of self-interest assumed by the above writer; but merely defines it to be the *ambition and love of esteem*.

It is strange that Voltaire who has entered the lists with a view to tarnish the reputation of Montesquieu, should have apparently given way to the opinions of his antagonist in the midst of the struggle. Voltaire tells us that there is less honour about courts than any where else, and he quotes some Italian verses of Pastor Fido as his authority! But

If it is not all, with all the vanity peculiar to the dictator of Ferney, he adds some verses of his own, by way of summing up the evidence.

The lines are not bad, however, and, as the author assures us they contain his real sentiments, they are perhaps worth giving.

Ramper avec bassesse en affectant l'audace  
S'engraisser de rapines en attestant les lois,  
Etouffer en secret son ami qu' on embrasse  
Voilà l'honneur qui regne à la suite des rois.

To these may be added the celebrated saying of the regent Orleans; *C'est un parfait courtisan; il n'a ni humeur ni honneur.* In Voltaire's opinion this erroneous acceptance of the word honour is sufficient of itself to destroy the credit of the Spirit of Laws. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the honour regarded by Montesquieu, as forming the principle of monarchies, bears no analogy whatever to the 'old morality,' which actuated the heroes of the ages of chivalry in Europe. Chevalier Bayard, Conde, and Turenne, would never have assumed the word honour as their device, if they considered it as equivalent to the words *ambition and self-interest.*

Montesquieu subsequently admits that honour is capable of inspiring the most praiseworthy actions, and that when united with energetic laws, it may be equally conducive to the interests of government with virtue itself. Here then we have a different kind of honour, a contradiction in terms, and the reader remains in doubt from which point he ought to set out. It is indispensable, therefore, when we establish systems, and when these systems are like Montesquieu's reduced to *formulae* to give a precise and rigorous definition of the terms employed; words which express metaphysical and moral ideas, being generally susceptible of an infinite variety of acceptations.

But if the author of the Spirit of Laws has ascribed but a bastard kind of principle to monarchies, it must be admitted that he supposes a very sublime and lofty idea to pervade democracies. Perhaps we may ask what he here means by *virtue*, for he does not explain it, although he endeavours to make his readers understand it, when he says (Chap. v. book iii.)

'A monarchy subsists independently of the love of country, of the desire of true glory, of the renouncing of self-interest, of the sacrifice of our dearest interests, and of all those heroic virtues which we meet with among the ancients, and which we know by name only.'

Thus *virtue* comprehends the love of country, the sacrifice of self-interest, and this principle only existed among the ancients. Here we have the effects of rooted prejudices in this blind admiration of the ancient republics. The Greeks and Romans have been exalted beyond all bounds, but if those who have been their panegyrists, and Montesquieu among the rest, had seen the effects of the French republic in modern days, perhaps their declamation in praise of the ancients, would have been less seductive, and their unfortunate disciples less numerous.

It is but too true that the pages of the ancient historians are interlarded with the high sounding words *virtue*, *patriotism*, and *magnanimity*, while the facts they record are continually giving the lie to the pompous qualifications of their heroes. Where, we may ask, was the disinterestedness of those ancient republics, in which the patricians and plebeians waged continual war against each other: the former that they might preserve their authority unbroken, and the latter that they might snatch a few rays from their splendour? Where was this *amor patriæ* when the tribunes permitted the approach of enemies to ravage the Roman territory, and even refused to co-operate in the levying of the troops until their demands were complied with, and when the hollow expedient of the agrarian law was resorted to, in order to entrap the people?

These are considerations which render somewhat questionable the claims of the Romans to that stern virtue ascribed to them by schoolboys and their teachers.

The author of this Biographical Collection seems to be fully impressed with the idea of the superiority of the French nation, over every other in the world, ancient or modern. This is a sweeping declaration, but we are surely justified in our conclusions by the following quotation.

After a rhapsody about the Greek and Roman historians, our author exclaims:

‘Let us not be seduced then by vain declamations, let us consider things in their true light; let us consult our own history; but *above all* the collection now published, and we shall find that what we term *l’honneur François*, has produced as many and as magnanimous actions as the *virtue* of the ancient Romans.’

An extent of signification is given to the word honour, which is perhaps equally incompatible with the claims of other nations, as it is vague and indefinite when applied to France. He refers to this principle not only the great actions which have so widely extended the fame of the imperial Corsican

eagles, but also every thing relating to arts and science, letters, commerce, and industry.

Leaving the work in the hands of our readers with this short sketch of its general tendency, we shall briefly notice the arrangement adopted.

The work is divided into two parts, the military and civil department.

The first chapter is devoted to a detail of the notable exploits of Napoleon, where of course we meet with little else except fulsome panegyric. There is some interesting matter, however, when his civil and military talents are discussed. It is neatly enough said of him that he has secured the glory of France abroad, and healed her dissensions at home.

The succeeding chapter is by far the most interesting in the work; it treats of the operations of the French armies; the most memorable events which have signalized the various campaigns from 1792 to the peace of Tilsit, are detailed in a manner which does credit to their historian, while his claims as a biographer are no less equitable when he records the names of the military characters who distinguished themselves on these occasions. To this part of the work are added the names of the different corps and their officers, with notices of the men of genius and learning, who accompanied the French expedition to Egypt. In the introduction to this chapter, the author brings in review before his readers, the generals and other superior officers who have died in the field of battle.

The third chapter relates to the war in La Vendée which is detailed with great impartiality. The chiefs of the republican, and of the royal parties are alternately held up to public admiration for their bravery and other magnanimous qualities.

A subsequent chapter contains an account of the achievements of the French navy, and, as an English reader will naturally conclude, the details are compressed within a very narrow compass.

The medical officers attached to the French armies are consigned to public gratitude in the concluding chapter of the volume.

The civil department of the state, is the subject of the second volume of the work. It treats of the magistrates, of commerce, of the acts of the legislature, of discoveries, interesting to humanity, the sciences or learning, and finally of voyages and travels undertaken by order of the French government, and of the progress of French industry.

ART. X.—*Lettres et Pensees, &c.*

*Letters and Reflections of the Marshal Prince de Ligne, published by Madame the Baroness of Staël, Holstein, containing unpublished Anecdotes of Joseph II. Catharine II. Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, &c. &c. and interesting Remarks on the Turks, 12mo. 2 vols. Dulau.*

MADAME de Staël has prefixed to this collection an eulogium of the author, written in her own sprightly manner; but from which we learn little, except that the Prince de Ligne was distinguished by a cheerfulness of temper and liveliness of conversation, which made his company to be much sought after by the most exalted personages of his time; and that he possessed a *naïveté*, and simplicity of manners, which is very unusual among courtiers. He was a general in the Austrian service, principally under Maria Theresa and her successor Joseph II. The editor has given us very little information concerning the writer; the two most interesting traits which we have met with are, that he lost a large fortune with great composure, never troubling himself to take any steps to repair his misfortune; and that the evenness of his temper was never disturbed, but by the loss of his eldest son, who was killed in battle. We are pleased by observing that the feelings of nature cannot be extinguished, in the breast even of a courtier and a warrior.

Frederic II. and the emperor Joseph had an interview, and passed some days together at Newstadt in Moravia in 1770. The Prince de Ligne made one of the party, and writes an account of what passed fifteen years afterwards to the king of Poland. Accident brought these two sovereigns near to each other; the emperor who was young and enthusiastic, seized the opportunity of indulging his personal admiration for the king; and the old fox humoured him, probably to forward his own selfish purposes. Though there was much civility and abundance of professions there was little confidence on either side. The only effect of the meeting was to sour them against each other; a common consequence, says Philip de Comines, of the interviews of sovereigns.

‘The king,’ says our author, ‘was sometimes too ceremonious which was disagreeable to the emperor. For example, whether the motive was to shew how well disciplined an elector he was, when the emperor put his foot in the stirrup, the king took hold of his horse’s bridle; and when the emperor passed his leg over the saddle, the king put his foot into the stirrup, and so on. The emperor had most the air of sincerity, in paying him much attention, as was be-

coming in a young prince to an old king, and in a young captain to the first general of the age.'

Frederic, philosopher as he was, had many foibles. He was a great talker; and Lucchesini artfully contrived to secure his favour by leading the conversation to subjects on which the king liked to hear himself talk. He knew too how to listen, a thing not very easy, and in which fools always fail. Frederic was abundantly vain, and did not readily forgive those who reminded him of things he would rather have forgotten. An Austrian officer, M. de Ried, spoke to him of the capture of Berlin by Marshal Haddick; and the king could never hear him afterwards. The prince de Ligne had more discretion. He took care to conceal from him that he had himself entered Berlin with the troops which took possession of it in 1769 under the orders of M. de Lacy. Frederic the Great, the prince de Ligne seems to think one of the first of mortals. Doubtless he was a very great king. But how far distant is this from being a very great man?

On the shores of the Euxine. Joseph and the Empress Catharine met to plot the partition of the Turkish empire, after the example of the recent partition and plunder of unhappy Poland. No wonder that the French revolution was so odious to crowned heads, since it crushed in the embryo this project, and dissolved as a mist, many a dream of unprincipled ambition. The prince de Ligne was again in the suite of his imperial masters, and reports in a very agreeable style what passed, to his correspondent at Paris, a French marchioness, of whom he seems to have been an adorer. The conversation seems to have been little more than the tittle-tattle, which may be supposed to pass in any polite drawing room. The observations he makes on men and manners are slight and superficial. But there are some which have given us pleasure. Among these we shall select the following on civilization, a condition of society which every community arrogates to itself; and wishes to deny to all whose customs differ from their own. The Greeks called all other nations barbarians. Europeans in general conceive that civilization does not exist in other quarters of the world. The Esquimaux too believe themselves to be the only civilized people on the face of the globe. Let us attend to the testimony of an impartial witness.

\* Caffa, the ancient Theodosia,

‘The charm still continues, but is about to be dissolved. Here is a large city, remarkable for its mosques, its baths, its ancient temples, its ancient commercial magazines, its port, in a word, by the remains of grandeur, which is about to be renewed.

‘I have gone into many coffee-houses, and shops. Here are to



be found strangers from the most distant countries; Greeks, Asiatic Turks, manufacturers of arms from Persia and Caucasus. There is no civility, said I, on seeing them, but among those who are not civilized. Their manner of address is gentle and respectful. Their language is as noble as the Greek, or the Spanish. It has neither the lisping, nor the grossness, nor the drawl, nor the stinging, which disfigure the languages of Europe. A Tartar would be much astonished, on arriving in a city, the very seat of urbanity and grace, to hear on the Boulevard a coachman speaking to his horses, or, at la Place Maubert, a market-woman talking with her neighbour. What comparison can be made between the insolence, the avarice, and the filthiness of the European nations, and the civility, and cleanliness of this! Nothing is done here without being preceded or followed by libations. The libation of the hair-dressers regales their customers, and is a little extraordinary. They take the head between the knees, and pour one of their fountains over it.

I have seen only a single woman. She was a princess of the blood, the niece of the late Sultan Saym Gheray. The empress made me hide myself behind a skreen, before the princess unveiled herself; she was as beautiful as the day, and had more diamonds than all our ladies of Vienna together, which is a great deal. Besides these I have seen no other faces, but those of a battalion of Albanian women, from a little Macedonian colony settled at Balaclava; a corps of two hundred, pretty women or girls, with fuses, bayonets and lances, with the breasts of Amazons and long hair gracefully woven, came to meet us in order to do us honour, but not from curiosity. There are no gapers in this country. Gaping, as well as impertinence and flattery, belong to civilization. The people neither run after us, nor fled from us. We were looked upon with indifference, without disdain, and even with a sort of benevolence when we stopped to make any enquiry.

If they were not beginning to persecute the monks in the countries of philosophers under the colour of toleration, I should say that here, *thank God*, there are neither beggars nor capuchins. The worst bed of the poorest Tartar, none of whom neither ask or have need of charity is a good Turkey carpet, with cushions, extended upon a large board. The new population of this superb amphitheatre upon the shores of the Black Sea will be very happy; the ancient which inhabited the environs of salt-marshes, was constantly exposed to the plague. If ennui, which insensibly invades the best of societies, if this ennui becomes too powerful at Paris, even in your drawing-room, fly hither, dear Marchioness; I will receive you much better than my predecessor Thoas.

Of the savage ferocity of Prince Potemkin we have the following trait. Nor does the gaiety with which de Ligne speaks of the transaction correspond with the character for humanity, which he has received from the editor.

Although, (he is writing to his master the emperor Joseph II.)

'there is not a syllable in all this to provoke a laugh, the following anecdote gave me a strong inclination. Our Cossacks, by their extraordinary speed, had taken four rascally Tartars, who had not the honour to be Turks. The prince sent for me; they were before him with an air of consternation. At first I tremble, but soon after that I hope that he is too humane to cut off their heads. The men partook of my fears, with partaking of my hopes. The prince ordered them to be seized. I tremble still more, but see no sabre raised. In an instant they are precipitated into an immense tub which I had not remarked. Thank heaven, said the prince, the Mahometans are baptized by our Greek immersion. And well soused, said I, but God be praised.'

This monster, too, conceived himself to be under the peculiar protection of Heaven.

'Prince Potemkin said to me, let us go to see a trial of some new mortars. I have ordered a sloop to conduct us to a vessel on which the experiment is to be made. We go down to the banks of the Limon; there was no sloop; they had forgotten to order one. The experiment begins and succeeds. But some sloops of the enemy are perceived, fastened by rings, under the walls of the place: they are let loose in order to approach us. Measures of defence are taken; they forget that there is some powder on the bridge slightly covered. Some is taken without any care to discharge on the barks, which seemed at the first dawn of day to be advancing. The powder takes fire. The vessel, a lieutenant colonel, a major and sixty men are blown into the air, under our eyes, and the prince and myself should have suffered the same fate, if heaven, as he immediately observed, with as much confidence as devotion, had not taken him under its special protection, and did not watch, night and day, over his preservation.'

After this we cannot be surprised if Alexander seriously thought himself to be the son of Jupiter Ammon; and we dare say that Buonaparte too is firmly persuaded that his *fortune* was a sort of guardian angel, which protects him night and day.

Among other grand qualities Potemkin is praised for his humanity. How excellent a judge the Prince de Ligne was of humanity our readers may collect from the following passage:

'As I thought they were going to employ means to take possession of the place, that is to say, either an assault or a regular siege, which would have been a business of eight days, I was eager to be present at the skirmishes as I had never seen the Spahis. Our Circassians killed some of them with arrows. That was very amusing.'

The Prince de Ligne excels greatly in the delineation of

characters. The following portrait of the unfortunate *Paul* was so completely verified by his subsequent conduct, that it is a strong proof of the correctness and skill of the painter.

‘ May God preserve to us the immortal empress ; but as she will be so only in history, I think it essential to attend to the Grand Duke, who in reforming a million of abuses, will create others ; laborious, changing too often his opinion and his friends to have a favourite, a counsellor or a mistress ; prompt, ardent, irregular, he will one day perhaps excite terror, if his mother leaves him the empire ; but I believe if she has time, she will make her grandson Alexander her heir ; for she removes her son from political matters and gives all her confidence to her grandson. Young as he is, she herself forms him for the affairs of government. His father is at this moment wholly Prussian ; but he is only so perhaps as the Dauphin was a devotee, because Louis XV. was not so.

‘ In addition to these traits, he is wrong-headed ; his heart is upright ; he judges wholly at random ; he is suspicious, susceptible, amiable in society, intractable in affairs, disposed to equity, but carried away by his passions, which do not permit him to see the truth, grumbling, pretending to be persecuted, because his mother wishes the people to pay their court to him, and gives him every opportunity to amuse himself as much as he pleases. Woe to his friends, to his enemies, to his allies, and his subjects ! Besides, he is very fickle ; but as long as he desires, or loves, or hates, it is with the greatest violence. He detests his nation, and said to me once at Gatschina things which I cannot repeat.’

Unhappy is it for the human race that the well-being of millions is made to depend upon the personal character of an individual, whom the accident of birth has placed upon a throne. Unhappy too for the individual to be called to an office for which nature has denied him the proper qualifications. But in human society, we are obliged to select out of a choice of evils ; and of the mass this is perhaps far from the greatest.

The prince de Ligne seems to have been personally acquainted with all the sovereigns of his day ; and to have corresponded or to have received personal favours from most of them. The emperor Francis I. was his patron, at whose court he was fixed, it would seem, by the charms of love, and the bounty of his master. The emperor Joseph II. continued his kindness to him, though there is reason to suspect that with all their high-sounding professions there was little real confidence between them. During the commotions in the Netherlands Joseph entertained the strongest suspicions of the prince's fidelity. From the emperor Joseph he had a mission to the court of France, became a favourite of the Count d'Artois, and the unfortunate queen Maria Antoinette ; and subsequently of prince Henry of Prussia. The consequence of this last

acquaintance was,—‘acts of goodness from the one, a zealous attachment from the other, a strict correspondence and meetings at Spa and Rheinsberg.’ Next the king of Prussia, Frederick II. perceived, as he expresses himself, his adoration of great men, and invited him to Berlin, ‘where the esteem and kindness of the first of heroes overwhelmed him with glory.’ He enjoyed also the rare felicity of being as grateful to his nephew and successor, at that time prince royal, as he was to his uncle. The two other kings of the north were not suited to his taste: the feebleness of the one (Denmark) and the vivacity of the other (Sweden) were equally in attractive; and he escaped the endless insipidity of a journey to Copenhagen and Stockholm, by giving some fetes to one of these kings, and receiving some from the other.

Some money matters of his son, who had married a Polish lady, gave him pretensions upon the court of Russia. In his way he passed through Poland, became a Pole, intrigued in behalf of a king, who owed his security to a tissue of intrigues, like all kings whose thrones depend upon the pleasure either of their neighbours or their subjects: finds him good, amiable, and attractive, and forms with him the strictest intimacy. At Petersburg he was received with so much attention that he forgot the object of his journey, thinking it indelicate to convert the kindness of his entertainment to the obtaining of favours; and the confiding and seductive simplicity of Catharine the Great, wholly captivated his heart.

Such is the writer’s account of his success with the great men of his day. If then *principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est*, the prince de Ligne must be assigned the palm of having been the foremost in this career of honour. What were the arts by which he out-stripped so many competitors? Perhaps something may be attributed to the candid description he has given of himself. ‘I have more friends (says he) than most men, because, having no peculiar pretensions of any kind, my history has nothing extraordinary, and my merit nothing alarming.’ In this there is something, but it cannot have been all. Effects must have adequate causes; and we cannot doubt that the art of pleasing his superiors was the great study of his life. He confesses in one place, that he had learnt Frederic’s dull poem on the art of war by heart, and took due occasions to quote it before him. It may be doubted whether all his measures were so innocent. He had been a tool of the nephew (William Frederic II.) even before he had seen him. ‘Some little commissions of love, confidence, money, and acts of friendship to a woman whom he loved, had united us at a distance.’ And yet he assures us he disliked restraint, and that honours, money, and favours, had no attractions for him; and wonders how in such a frame of mind, he could have passed his life at court in

every country of Europe. He probably deceived himself; but he has described himself faithfully, there must have been another passion at the bottom; which seeks for gratification as steadily as avarice, ambition, or pride: it is vanity. But in these pages we see no more than the polished exterior of the Prince de Ligne. He may have been every thing that his editor assures us he was, polite, humane, and amiable. We do not wish to go beyond the record; nor to seek for meanesses, foibles, or vices of which we have received no evidence from the documents before us.

ART. XI.—*Theatre des Auteurs du second Ordre, &c.*

*Collection of Tragedies and Comedies as at present acted on the French Stage, intended as a Continuation to the Stereotype Editions of Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Regnard, Crebillon, and Voltaire, with biographical Notices of the Authors, a List of their Pieces, with the Dates of their first Representations. 8 Vols. in 18mo. A Paris chez Nicolle et le Normant. 1808.*

WE believe the above to be the first attempt made to collect the works of the minor French dramatists; the editors do not seem, however, to have been indiscriminate in the choice of the materials for their volumes, and their notices of various dramatic authors, and of their productions, exhibit appearances of being dictated by a correct and elegant taste for polite literature.

If we can pardon the unblushing national vanity displayed in the following introductory remarks, they contain some truths which have been but too much overlooked by the English dramatists of modern times.

Our theatre exhibits the most brilliant portion of our literary glory. The various geniuses who have contributed to its lustre, have equalled the ancients in the exhibition of the passions, and have almost always excelled them in the management of the fable; it would be easy to demonstrate as an incontrovertible truth, that in this latter department of the drama, they have only followed the truly regular pieces of the Greek authors, which are but few in number, while none of the productions of our modern French dramatists wander from these severe rules, which are nothing else than the term of perfection to which good sense and experience must inevitably bring all the arts and sciences by degrees: in short these rules, against which some neighbouring nations have so absurdly declaimed that they almost deserve the epithet of barbarians, are merely the result of the constant com-

parison which we usually make between objects, represented with a view to please, and the more or less pleasure, which these imitative representations afford. Productions which have at times charmed the ignorant and the learned of all countries and of all conditions have necessarily been regarded as of superior excellence; this has been uniformly demonstrated by an effect equally constant in proportion to the correctness of the relations kept up by the author with the intellectual powers of the human mind; it has been from this incontestible experience, that correct and penetrating minds have long meditated upon literary productions of celebrity, for the sake of unravelling the causes of the numerous profound and lasting impressions which they have made upon the human mind in general. Dramatic rules are nothing else than an exposition of these latent causes, which they have brought up from the recesses of the human mind; and according to this definition which cannot well be contested, we may lay it down as a principle, (the rules so foolishly ridiculed by ignorance and bad taste being simply founded upon the observation of nature), that we lose sight of what is true and natural, when we refuse to submit to her dictates without reservation or restriction. These were the opinions which regulated Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, and Quintilian, and to adopt a different way of thinking, would be to renounce from mere wantonness, the first elements of common sense.'

The author of this introduction then proceeds to express his surprise that with these great truths constantly before their eyes, the English should continue to tolerate what he is pleased to call the *literary monstrosities* of Shakespeare; here we discover the malignity of a pupil of Voltaire, and whose ignorance of the genius of our language, is perhaps more to be censured than the nationality peculiar to the French character. He proceeds to exult over our barbarism in a strain of affected liberality of sentiments, although nothing can exceed the *charlatanerie* of the latter part of the following passage.

'We must search for the causes of such prodigious contradictions, elsewhere than in the vices of the mind, in fact it would be absurd to refuse good sense and judgment to whole generations, or to assert that men who have shewn themselves to be rational in many departments of literature should become extravagant on one particular subject. A mystery like this can only be explained by referring to the weaknesses of the heart, it is in the humiliation of their national pride, it is from the vexation of being left at such a distance behind us, that they can never expect to become our rivals, it is this despair and consciousness of their inferiority, which has induced them to seek for consolation, by inventing frivolous systems against which their reason must revolt every moment.'

After consigning the English stage to a state of eternal infancy and imbecility, we find some well written panegyrics upon Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, the fathers of the French stage, and in which all men of taste will cheerfully concur, notwithstanding the depreciation in which our immortal bard has been uniformly held by the French critics.

In his zeal for the superiority of the French theatre, over all others, our author tells his readers, that even the dramatic works in his collection which may be regarded as below mediocrity in France, possess an incontestible superiority over the most celebrated foreign dramas, particularly in the essentials of the conduct and composition of the fable. It is but justice, however, to admit that the selections before us teem with varieties of every description. In the comic department, we find correct and lively pictures of manners, and the dialogue is generally spirited and easy: while the national aptitude for intrigue is not more strikingly displayed in any department of French literature, than in the select effusions of the comic muse.

Those who are familiar with the sublimities of Corneille and Racine will be struck with a lamentable falling off in the tragic productions of their successors as exhibited in the selections before us. With respect to tragedy, the age of chivalry seems to be gone in France as well as throughout Europe.

The principal modern tragedies given to the public through the medium of the above publication are the *Coriolanus* of La Harpe; the *Mustapha* and *Zéangir* of Champfort and the *Stri-ach* of Poinset. Of this last it must be confessed that the fable is romantic, but the sentiments are often distinguishable for great beauty: in point of style it approaches nearer to the great models of Corneille and Racine than any of the selections, which we have perused.

The admirers of Thalia will find about thirty comedies in these volumes, which at this moment enjoy great celebrity on the French stage. Of these the most classical are the *Bourgeoises à la mode* of Dancourt, the *Mariage secret*, of Desfaucherets, the *Philinte* of Fabre; the *Femme jalouse* of Desforges and the *Barbier de Seville* of Beaumarchais. Besides these we find almost the whole of the dramatic works of Collin d'Harleville who is described as

'A playful and spirited author, with an eloquent and graceful style, his imagination being more conspicuous than his talent for observation, and possessing the real quality of being amiable, even in his faults.'

The volumes of which we have given the present sketch are stereotyped in Didot's best manner, and are so arranged that the works of any particular author may be detached from the whole, and bound up separately.

ART. XII.—*Vertheidigung des grosser Cölln.*  
*Defence of the Great Cölln*, 8vo. Cologne. 1808.

UNDER the title 'Vienna and Berlin,' a travelled nobleman, named Von Cölln, published a series of letters, describing his tour, and criticising, with offensive sincerity, the places and people he fell in with. The satirical character of his remarks, the unusual inurbanity of his notices, procured him readers of the coarser sort. And now a critic starts up, who, under pretext of apologizing for this abusive traveller, in fact composes a pasquinade against the original work; which is here dissected letter by letter, and made to supply, as Blackmore in Pope's essay on the Bathos, a series of examples of the art of *sinning* on the road. His cynicisms, his military criticisms, his various personalities, and his topographic libels, are successively ridiculed, but by no means in so lively a manner as Sir John Carr in the Pocket-book.

The locality of this work renders all extract preposterous; it betrays the displeasure of a Berlin-man, who is piqued at the preference given to Vienna, and at the ridicule cast on his own metropolis. One ludicrous anecdote of ignorance can be understood here. Among the errata in Von Cölln's book occurs the following:

For *Adieu nous marchons un gloire*, read *Adieu nous marchons au gloire* where the very correction leaves one blunder in *adieu* and another in the gender of *gloire*.

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ART. XIII.—*Levana or Erziehungslehre von Jean Paul.*  
*Levana, or the doctrine of Education, by John Paul.* 2 Vols. Brunswick. 1807.

THIS comprehensive subject is discussed by Mr. Paul under the following heads, which constitute the contents of the work.

Importance of education. Declamation against its influence. Declamation for its influence. Spirit and principle of education. The individuality of the ideal man. On the spirit of the times. Religious culture. Digression on the origin of man and of education. Gaiety of children. Sports of children. Dancing. Music. Commands, prohibitions. Punishments. Crying of children. On the credulity of children. On physical education. Female education. Madame Jequeline's confession respecting education. Destination of the female



sex. Nature of women ; proof of their transcendent purity of heart. Female culture, in respect to the rational faculty ;—to purity of heart ;—to benignity of disposition ;—to domestic economy ;—to knowledge and accomplishments ;—to captivations and dress ;—to serenity of mind. Private instructions of a prince to the chief governess of his daughter. Education of a prince. Letter on the education of a Prince. Moral education of boys. Moral strength or dignity. Physical corroborants. Admiration. Injurious influence of fear. Love of life. Insufficiency of passion. Necessity of a virtuous ideal. Veracity. Culture of benevolence. Means of exciting it. Benevolence to animals. Dependence of the accomplishment on moral culture. Miscellaneous consolatory rules. Danger of the premature excitement of shame, and on the destiny of youth. More immediate object of education. Language and writing. Attention and imagination, mathematics and philosophy. Cultivation of wit. Culture of reflection, abstraction, self-consciousness. On the improvement of the memory. Improvement of the taste. Beauties determined by the external senses, by the internal sense. Classical culture. Conclusion.

On these topics the author sometimes favours us with sagacious and pertinent observations ; but his ideas are often involved in such a labyrinth of metaphysical obscurity that it is difficult to find out his meaning ; the *idiom of thinking* among the literati in Germany is so very different from that in this country, that it is almost impossible to give a close version of what they say, so as be intelligible to the common reader.

The author tells us that he has not read all the authors who have written on the subject of education ; but the Emilius of Rousseau appears to have engaged his attention more than any other work. He thinks that no preceding works can be compared with his, and that the succeeding are rather copies than originals. It is not says he, the particular rules of Rousseau, of which many may be incorrect without injury to the whole, but it is *the spirit of education*, which pervades and animates his performance, that produced a salutary change in the schools of Europe, even down to the nursery. In no previous work on education were theory and practice so beautifully combined as in his ; he was a man who could readily transform himself into a child ; and thus he could best protect and explain the nature of children.

'No age,' says the author, has said and advised, and done so much with respect to education as ours, and no country so much as Germany, where the winged seeds of the philosophy of Rousseau have been wafted from France, and cultivated wherever a genial soil was found. The Ancients wrote and did little on the

subject; their schools were more for young men than children; and in the philosophical schools of Athens, the scholar was as old as the teacher. Sparta was a garrison-school both for old men and boys. The Romans had Grecian slaves for their school-masters, without the children becoming either Greeks or slaves. In those times when the great and splendid achievements of chivalry and of chivalry arose like stars in the dark horizon of Europe, the schools, which were scattered about, were only damp, small, gloomy hovels, or monkish cells.

The above remarks occur in the harangue which the author delivers on the practical incompetence of education. This harangue is succeeded by another on the advantages of education, in which we find the following remarks:

'No preceding period nor people since the invention of printing can be compared with this, for since that period there is no longer any state which is excluded from all communication with the rest, and consequently no state which can concentrate advantages of which the rest have no participation. Books establish an universal republic, an aggregate unity of nations, or a *societas Jesu* in a better sense, which constitute a second Europe that like London branches into several counties and jurisdictions.'

We select the following passage from the chapter, 'über den geist der zeit,' on the spirit of the times:

'One religion after another sinks into oblivion, but the religious feeling which gave birth to them all cannot be extinguished in the human heart.' "As long as the word GOD is retained in a language, it will elevate the mind of man to something above the earth." "The present times are indeed both criticising and critical, fluctuating between the wish and the incapacity to believe; a chaos of conflicting elements; but even a chaotic world must revolve on a centre, and be surrounded by an atmosphere. There is no such thing as pure unqualified disorder and strife, for each state supposes its opposite, if only to receive a beginning. The present religious wars, which are carried on on paper, and in the brain, are different from the preceding, which were storms mixed with flame, wind, and desolation; they are more like northern lights, storms in a higher and a colder region, full of tumultuous coruscations, of varied and capricious forms." "It is a surprising but a constantly recurring phenomenon, that every age considers every new burst of light as a flame injurious to morality, though every age finds that it rises a step higher in the scale of knowledge, than the preceding without any detriment to the heart. As light travels more rapidly than heat, is the illumination of the head more readily performed than the amelioration of the heart? and does the sudden burst of intellectual light appear injurious to the heart, which is not previously prepared to receive it?" "The

present age is characterized by exuberance and mutability of opinions, and at the same time by indifference to opinions. But the last symptom cannot proceed from the first, for throughout the whole space of corrupt Europe, there is no one who can be indifferent to truth, as truth; but individuals have been rendered cold and suspicious by the numerous teachers, and preachers of error in the garb of truth." "The present state of intellectual activity, promises any thing rather than a state of stagnant quiescence; but it is only this last which produces and eternizes evil; as storms and tempests break on the breathless air. But it is impossible to foresee in what manner a period of more luminous serenity, than the present will emerge from this cloudy ferment in which we are living. For every change in the times is only a new soil, for intellectual culture; but we know not what extraneous seed the winds may scatter over the ground."

As religion is no longer a national, so much as a domestic divinity, the author thinks that we should take more pains to make the hearts of our children a house of prayer wherethey may reverence the INVISIBLE with folded hands and bended knees, if we believe in a religion, and separate it from morality.

"But what is religion? The devout answers, "belief in God," but if the question be asked, what do you mean by the word God, I will," says the author, "let an old German, Sebastian Frank answer for me," "God is an inexpressible sigh, at the bottom of the heart."

We have not space for further selections, and the book is hardly worth noticing a second time.

### *Digest of English Literature, for the last four months.*

#### HISTORY.

THE Chronicle of the Cid, of which the industry and the taste of Mr. Southey have presented us with an excellent translation from the Spanish, is an interesting performance. Though in this work historical facts may be blended with the embellishments of fiction, yet the whole forms a pleasing picture of the state of chivalry in Spain during the eleventh century. The heroism of the Cid while it excites our admiration, interests our affections from the softer qualities to which it is attached, and the domestic virtues with which it is entwined. There

is a degree of pathos in some parts of the narrative which will make its way to every heart. For a proof of this we need only refer to the passage which describes the parting of the Cid from his wife Donna Ximena, and his daughters, which we quoted in p. 16 of this volume. The character of the Cid presents altogether one of the most pleasing pictures of chivalrous virtue, with which we are acquainted — The historical account of the Charter house, by Mr. Smythe, will probably be gratifying to Carthusians; but its value might have been increased if the author could have obtained permission to consult the original records of this excellent institution; and if it had at the same time been enriched with biographical notices of all the men of genius, of learning, and science, whom that seminary of education has produced. — The narrative which Dr. Vaughan of Oxford, has published, of the siege of Zaragoza, exhibits a simple and luminous detail of that ever memorable event. The instances of patriotic devotion, which it records, are sufficient to kindle emotions of enthusiasm in the coldest breast. This small performance is at this time, particularly valuable, because it shows that the genius of liberty can create resources in the most adverse circumstances, and that if the same spirit, which inspired the citizens of Zaragoza, had been felt in the other towns in Spain, every Frenchman would long since have been put to the sword or expelled from the peninsula. — Mr. Chatfield's Review of the State of Hindostan is a highly judicious and erudite performance. It bears ample testimony to the learning, the discrimination, and the philanthropy of the author; and it exhibits an instructive and agreeable account of the politics, the commerce, and the manners of Hindostan from the earliest times. — The history of Cleveland in the north riding of the county of York, which has been written by Mr. Graves, contains no large portion either of instruction or amusement.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Of the works which we have to notice in the biographical department — the first is Lord Woodhouselee's *Life of Lord Kames*. This ample work is a mine which contains a great deal of pure ore, though it is sometimes mixed with matter of a less valuable kind. It comprehends, in some measure, a literary history of Scotland during more than half a century. We have noticed a few of the defects in the copious account which we have given of the work itself, and we shall not enlarge on them here. We have always more pleasure in commending excellences, than in censuring defects; and the two well furnished volumes of Lord Woodhouselee contain much more that deserves eulogy than blame. — *The Memoirs of Robert*  
 APP. Vol. 16. N n

Cary, earl of Monmouth written by himself, and the history of Queen Elizabeth's favourites, by Sir Robert Naunton, contain striking and characteristic pictures of the times.—Bancroft's life of General Washington contains few particulars which were not previously known, but it is perhaps not inferior in execution to any of the accounts of that truly great and amiable man which have hitherto appeared.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The picture of Valentia, by Christian Augustus Fischer, is a lively description of this enchanting part of Spain.—M. Fischer is one of those travellers who seldom suffers the attention of his reader to become languid and inert; he makes him in general a spectator of the scene, and communicates a portion of the interest which he himself felt. His diction is rather too florid, and his colouring too warm; but these defects are perhaps more excusable in this than in most other species of composition. The rich views of nature, or the varied works of art, when the sensation of novelty is added to the interest, will cause the spectator when he endeavours to invest his ideas in the drapery of words, to employ those which are perhaps more gorgeous and resplendent than a correct taste would admit, or than the subject required.—Sir John Carr's Caledonian Sketches, of which we have given a copious account, contain a variety of amusing particulars which will render his book a pleasant lounge in an idle hour.—In Burgoing's Modern State of Spain, we find a large mass of information relative to a country which, till the recent revolution, excited but little interest, and was but little known in the rest of Europe.

## POLITICS.

Comber's 'Enquiry into the State of national Subsistence,' is a sensible and useful work. It throws considerable light on some very intricate questions in political economy, and it proves in opposition to the anti-commercial theory that the supply of food is most defective and irregular in those countries which are purely agricultural. The letter which Sir Richard Phillips has addressed to the livery of London, contains much useful instruction to those who are destined to execute the important office of sheriff. The author has developed various abuses in the prisons of the metropolis, and has recommended some useful reforms, of which we hope to see the accomplishment for the honour of the country and for the alleviation of the sufferings of those, whose misery is usually most destitute of solace, and whose distress is always attended with circumstances of bitter aggravation.—In our number for March we

paid a good deal of attention to Mr. Wyvill's pamphlet on intolerance; and we embraced that opportunity of explaining the ecclesiastical reformation which was patronized by the court in the glorious reign of King William III. but of which the execution was frustrated by the bigotry, the selfishness and the malice of some narrow-minded priests. Mr. Wyvill deserves no common praise for the *constancy* which he has exhibited amid numerous mortifications, violent opposition, and heart-rending disappointments, in defending the cause of that civil and ecclesiastical reform which would perpetuate the constitution both in church and state.

## PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

The Philosophical Transactions for 1808, Parts I. and II. will be found analyzed in this volume. Many of the papers are important, and do honour to that truly venerable society. We have given particular attention to those of Mr. Davy, because they contain facts which are the most important of any which modern chemistry has brought to light. They open new views in all the sciences connected with analytical researches; and they will assuredly confer immortality on the author, who is equally modest, industrious, and acute.

## MEDICINE.

Dr. Reece's 'Medical Dictionary,' will be found a useful manual even by professional men for occasional reference and consultation; but it is more particularly adapted for the use of the clergy and other benevolent persons who reside in the country, and are anxious to acquire a sufficient knowledge of pharmacy to enable them to minister relief to their sick and suffering fellow-creatures. Dr. Uwins's 'Modern Medicine,' does not contain any novelty of information; but the author is an agreeable writer, and never provokes our contempt by his shallowness, though he does not excite our admiration by his profundity.—In his remarks on diseases and particularly consumption, Dr. Woolcombe has brought together a good deal of important information. He has displayed much industry and research, and has evinced a degree of candour and a love of truth, which are creditable to his understanding and his integrity.—Dr. Kentish deserves our praise for his 'Essay on warm and vapour Baths.'

## POETRY.

The author of 'Fowling,' has produced a very pleasing poem,

which is not only free from any infection of the prevailing bad taste; but is distinguished by many true and legitimate beauties. The author who is said to be a young man has furnished an attractive specimen of poetical powers, which we hope that he will not suffer to wither in neglect, but cultivate with that constant care without which permanent excellence is seldom attained.—The poems of Miss Evance manifest sensibility, delicacy, and taste.—Mr. Cromeck's *Reliques of Robert Burns* will undoubtedly gratify the numerous admirers of that enthusiastic son of song, though they will not make any addition to his stock of fame. We do not always approve the prevailing fashion of scraping together every line which even genius wrote. The object is often not so much to do honour to the departed author as to make money by the impress of his name. We are far from saying that this is the motive with Mr. Cromeck, but the practice is too common not to deserve pointed reprobation.

### NOVELS.

In *Amphlet's Ned Bently* some of the characters are well-drawn, and the author, though he has lost sight of probability in many parts of his fiction, has preserved a strict and scrupulous delicacy in his love scenes.—*Geraldine Fauconberg* is a correct and faithful picture of genteel life, and of what genteel life ought to be. The characters are easy, natural, and well-drawn; the lights and shades are properly varied, and the whole picture displays good keeping. We can with a safe conscience, recommend to our young female friends the imitation of the amiable *Geraldine*. Her winning gentleness, her retiring elegance, her steady judgment, exhibit an excellent example.—In her '*Ida of Athens*,' Miss *Owenson* has delineated the character of her heroine with a just and glowing pencil; but we again request this ingenious lady in her future productions, to repress the luxuriance of her fancy, and to guard against those vices of style which we have reluctantly noticed in her present performance.—In a work entitled '*Cœlebs in search of a wife*' we have noticed some trivial defects, but they are greatly out-numbered by the general merits of the performance. Some of the theological tenets are such as do not coincide with our own, but we cannot but highly commend any sincere attempt, such as this appears to be, to check the progress of fashionable dissipation and to promote the interest of virtue, and of piety.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The work entitled '*Juvenile Dramas*' is a pleasing performance. The characters are delineated with delicacy and discri-

mination; and exhibit that refinement of manners and sobriety of thought, on what may be termed family matters, which it is of essential importance to impress on the minds of youth of the softer sex.—Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic proves that the author was well acquainted with those qualifications which are requisite to constitute an accomplished and dexterous debater. In our account of this work we made an ample selection of the rules which it contains. Many of the observations are as acute as they are just.—In his 'Institutes of Latin Grammar,' Mr. Grant has evinced much thought, judgment, and experience.

*In this Appendix we have omitted the 'Digest of Politics' in order to devote the space which it occupied, to what more immediately constitutes the office of a literary Review.*

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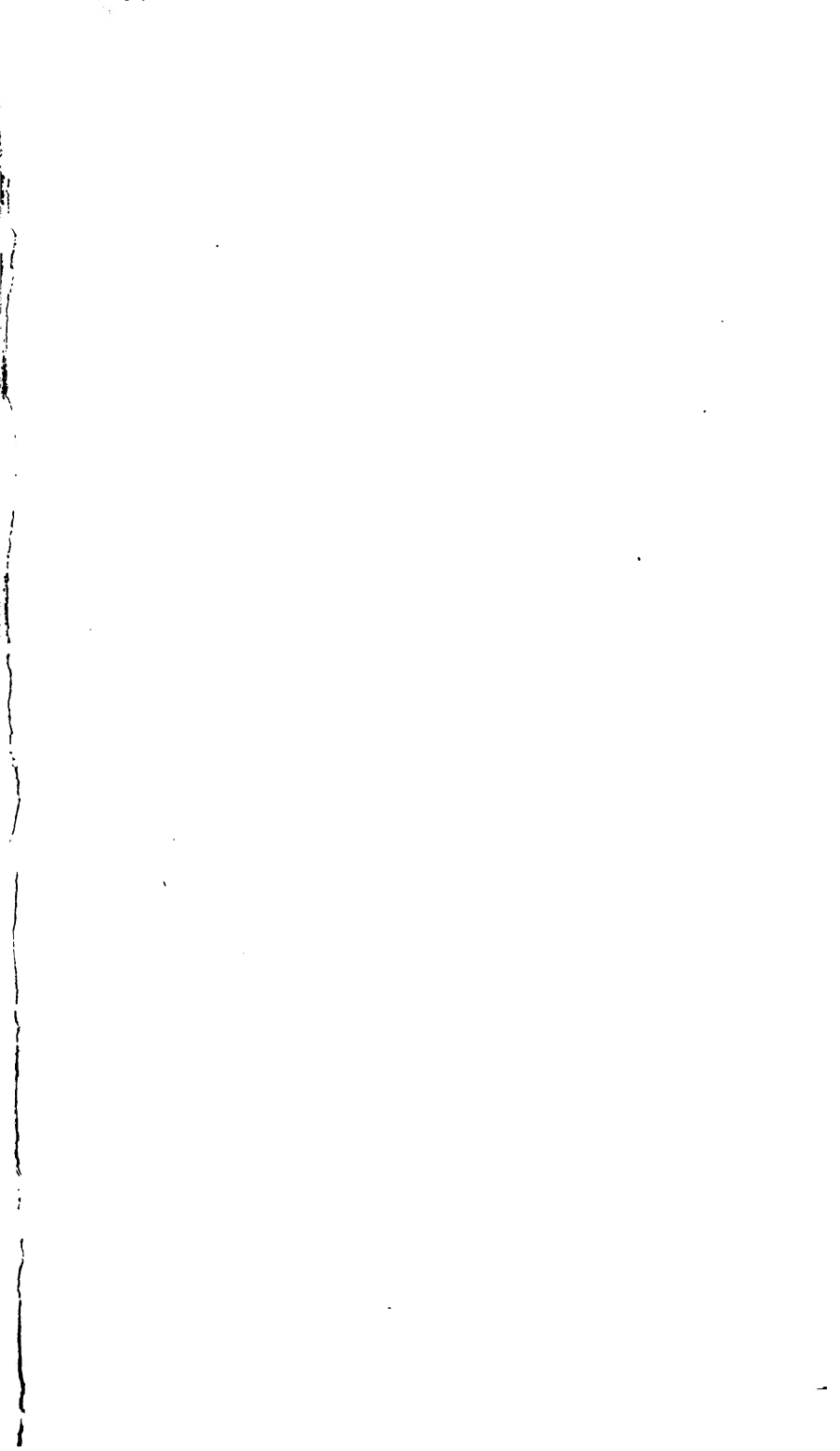
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